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THE HOME BOOK OF VERSE

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH

1580-1912

With an Appendix Containing a Few Well-known Poems
in Other Languages

Selected and Arranged

By

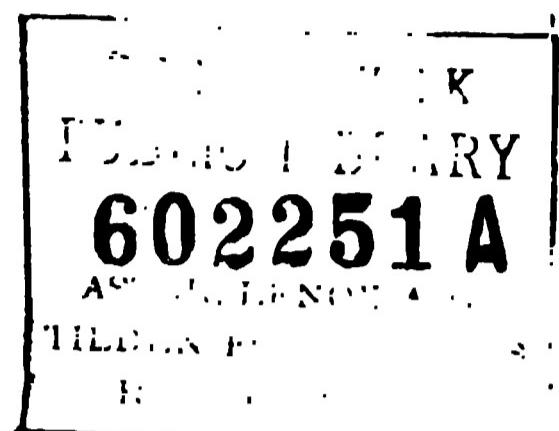
BURTON EGBERT STEVENSON

VOLUME VIII
POEMS OF SORROW, DEATH
AND IMMORTALITY



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PART VII

**POEMS OF SORROW, DEATH AND
IMMORTALITY**

“DEATH, BE NOT PROUD”

From “Holy Sonnets”

DEATH, be not proud, though some have callèd thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so:
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death; nor yet canst thou kill me.
From Rest and Sleep, which but thy picture be,
Much pleasure, then from thee much more must flow;
And soonest our best men with thee do go—
Rest of their bones and souls' delivery!
Thou'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell;
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well
And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more: Death, thou shalt die!

John Donne [1573-1631]

IN THE SHADOW

MELANCHOLY

From "The Nice Valor"

HENCE, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights,
Wherein you spend your folly:
There's naught in this life sweet
If man were wise to see't,
But only melancholy,
O sweetest Melancholy!

Welcome, folded arms, and fixèd eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fastened to the ground,
A tongue chained up without a sound!
Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed save bats and owls!
A midnight bell, a parting groan!
These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley;
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

John Fletcher [1579-1625]

ON MELANCHOLY

No, no! go not to Lethe, neither twist
Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;
Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kissed
By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine;
Make not your rosary of yew-berries,

Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be
 Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl
 A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;
 For shade to shade will come too drowsily,
 And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

But when the melancholy fit shall fall
 Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,
 That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,
 And hides the green hill in an April shroud;
 Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,
 Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,
 Or on the wealth of globèd peonies;
 Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,
 Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,
 And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die;
 And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
 Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,
 Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips:
 Ay, in the very temple of Delight
 Veiled Melancholy has her sovereign shrine,
 Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
 Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine:
 His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,
 And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

John Keats [1795-1821]

THE RAINY DAY

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
 It rains, and the wind is never weary;
 The vine still clings to the moldering wall,
 But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
 And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
 It rains, and the wind is never weary;

My thoughts still cling to the moldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow [1807-1882]

THE PRECEPT OF SILENCE

I KNOW you: solitary griefs,
Desolate passions, aching hours!
I know you: tremulous beliefs,
Agonized hopes, and ashen flowers!

The winds are sometimes sad to me;
The starry spaces full of fear:
Mine is the sorrow on the sea,
And mine the sigh of places drear.

Some players upon plaintive strings
Publish their wistfulness abroad:
I have not spoken of these things,
Save to one man, and unto God.

Lionel Johnson [1867-1902]

“MOAN, MOAN, YE DYING GALES”

MOAN, moan, ye dying gales!
The saddest of your tales
Is not so sad as life;
Nor have you e'er began
A theme so wild as man,
Or with such sorrow rife.

Fall, fall, thou withered leaf!
Autumn sears not like grief,
Nor kills such lovely flowers;
More terrible the storm,
More mournful the deform,
When dark misfortune lowers.

In the Shadow

Hush! hush! thou trembling lyre,
 Silence, ye vocal choir,
 And thou, mellifluous lute,
 For man soon breathes his last,
 And all his hope is past,
 And all his music mute.

Then, when the gale is sighing,
 And when the leaves are dying,
 And when the song is o'er,
 O, let us think of those
 Whose lives are lost in woes,
 Whose cup of grief runs o'er.

Henry Neele [1798-1828]

SORROW

COUNT each affliction, whether light or grave,
 God's messenger sent down to thee; do thou
 With courtesy receive him; rise and bow;
 And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
 Permission first his heavenly feet to lave;
 Then lay before him all thou hast; allow
 No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
 Or mar thy hospitality; no wave
 Of mortal tumult to obliterate
 The soul's marmoreal calmness. Grief should be,
 Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate;
 Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;
 Strong to consume small troubles; to commend
 Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.

Aubrey Thomas De Vere [1814-1902]

TIME AND GRIEF

O TIME! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
 Softest on Sorrow's wound, and slowly thence
 (Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
 The faint pang stealest unperceived away;

On thee I rest my only hope at last,
And think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on every sorrow past,
And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile:
As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
Sings in the sunbeam, of the transient shower
Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while:—

Yet ah! how much must that poor heart endure,
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!

William Lisle Bowles [1762-1850]

GRIEF

I TELL you, hopeless grief is passionless;
That only men incredulous of despair,
Half-taught in anguish, through the midnight air
Beat upward to God's throne in loud access
Of shrieking and reproach. Full desertness,
In souls as countries, lieth silent-bare
Under the blanching, vertical eye-glare
Of the absolute Heavens. Deep-hearted man, express
Grief for thy Dead in silence like to death—
Most like a monumental statue set
In everlasting watch and moveless woe
Till itself crumble to the dust beneath.
Touch it; the marble eyelids are not wet:
If it could weep, it could arise and go.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning [1806-1861]

PAIN

DISMAL and purposeless and gray
The world and all its woe, we say,
Poor slaves! who in hot hours of pain
Yearn for the night to come again.

Like tortured men at length set free,
We stagger from our misery,
And watch with foolish, pain-dimmed eyes
Vague lands and unremembered skies.

In the Shadow

When lo! what sudden splendor spreads
 Its heaven of rose above our heads!
 What soft winds visit our despair;
 What lights, what voices everywhere!

Ere sorrow taught us, knew we these
 Stupendous hills, amazing seas?
 Shone there such moonlight on the lawn;
 So deep a secret in the dawn?

What wandering hue from Paradise
 Has found a home in children's eyes?
 What women these, whose faces bless
 Life with such tranquil tenderness?

When earth and sky and man seem fair,
 Be this my watchword, this my prayer:
 Grant me, O Gods, to prize aright
 Sorrow, since sorrow gives me sight.

St. John Lucas [18 -

A FAREWELL

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
 Thy tribute wave deliver
 No more by thee my steps shall be,
 For ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,
 A rivulet, then a river:
 No where by thee my steps shall be,
 For ever and for ever.

But here will sigh thine alder-tree,
 And here thine aspen shiver;
 And here by thee will hum the bee,
 For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,
 A thousand moons will quiver;
 But not by thee my steps shall be,
 For ever and for ever.

Alfred Tennyson [1809-1892]

“THE DAY IS DONE”

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies

Such songs have power to quiet
 The restless pulse of care,
 And come like the benediction
 That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
 The poem of thy choice,
 And lend to the rhyme of the poet
 The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
 And the cares, that infest the day,
 Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
 And as silently steal away.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow [1807-1882]

THE BRIDGE

I STOOD on the bridge at midnight,
 As the clocks were striking the hour,
 And the moon rose o'er the city,
 Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection
 In the waters under me,
 Like a golden goblet falling
 And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance
 Of that lovely night in June,
 The blaze of the flaming furnace
 Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters
 The wavering shadows lay,
 And the current that came from the ocean
 Seemed to lift and bear them away,

As, sweeping and eddying through them,
 Rose the belated tide,
 And, streaming into the moonlight,
 The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, oh, how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, oh, how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old subdued and slow!

And forever and forever,
 As long as the river flows,
 As long as the heart has passions,
 As long as life has woes;

The moon and its broken reflection
 And its shadow shall appear,
 As the symbol of love in heaven,
 And its wavering image here.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow [1807-1882]

"MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE"

My life is like the summer rose
 That opens to the morning sky,
 But, ere the shades of evening close,
 Is scattered on the ground—to die!
 Yet on the rose's humble bed
 The sweetest dews of night are shed,
 As if she wept the waste to see,—
 But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf
 That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
 Its hold is frail,—its date is brief,
 Restless,—and soon to pass away!
 Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
 The parent tree will mourn its shade,
 The winds bewail the leafless tree,—
 But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints, which feet
 Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
 Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
 All trace will vanish from the sand;
 Yet, as if grieving to efface
 All vestige of the human race,
 On that lone shore loud moans the sea,—
 But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

Richard Henry Wilde [1789-1847]

"AS I LAYE A-THYNKYNGE"

As I laye a-thynkyngē, a-thynkyngē, a-thynkyngē,
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the spraye;

There came a noble Knyghte,
With his hauberke shynynge brighte,
And his gallant heart was lyghte,
Free and gaye;

As I laye a-thynkyngē, he rode upon his waye.

As I laye a-thynkyngē, a-thynkyngē, a-thynkyngē,
Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the tree!

There seemed a crimson plain,
Where a gallant Knyghte lay slayne,
And a steed with broken rein
Ran free,

As I laye a-thynkyngē, most pitiful to see!

As I laye a-thynkyngē, a-thynkyngē, a-thynkyngē,
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the boughe;

A lovely maide came by,
And a gentil youthe was nyghe,
And he breathed many a syghe
And a vowe;

As I laye a-thynkyngē, her hearte was gladsome now.

As I laye a-thynkyngē, a-thynkyngē, a-thynkyngē,
Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the thorne;

No more a youth was there,
But a Maiden rent her haire,
And cried in sad despaire
"That I was borne!"

As I laye a-thynkyngē, she perishec forlorne.

As I laye a-thynkyngē, a-thynkyngē, a-thynkyngē,
Sweetly sang the Birde as she sat upon the briar;

There came a lovely Childe,
And his face was meek and mild,
Yet joyously he smiled
On his sire;

As I laye a-thynkyngē, a Cherub mote admire.

But I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
And sadly sang the Birde as it perched upon a bier;

That joyous smile was gone,
And the face was white and wan,
As the downe upon the Swan
Doth appear,

As I laye a-thynkyng—oh! bitter flowed the tear!

As I laye a-thynkyng, the golden sun was sinking,
O merrie sang that Birde as it glittered on her breast
With a thousand glorious dyes,
While, soaring to the skies,
'Mid the stars she seemed to rise,
As to her nest;

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
As I laye a-thynkyng, her meaning was expressed:—
“Follow, follow me away,
It boots not to delay,”—
“Twas so she seemed to saye,
“HERE IS REST!”

Richard Harris Barham [1788-1845]

THE HARP OF SORROW

SORROW has a harp of seven strings
And plays on it unceasing all the day;
The first string sings of love that is long dead,
The second sings of lost hopes burièd;
The third of happiness forgot and fled.
Of vigil kept in vain the fourth cord sings,
And the fifth string of roses dropped away.
The sixth string calls and is unanswered,
The seventh with your name for ever rings—
I listen for its singing all the day!

Ethel Clifford [18 -

THE JOURNEY ONWARDS

As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still looked back

To that dear Isle 'twas leaving.
So loth we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts, as on we rove,
To those we've left behind us!

When, round the bowl, of vanished years
We talk with joyous seeming,
With smiles, that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming;
While memory brings us back again
Each early tie that twined us,
Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then
To those we've left behind us!

And when, in other climes, we meet
Some isle, or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flowery, wild, and sweet,
And naught but love is wanting;
We think how great had been our bliss
If Heaven had but assigned us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us!

As travelers oft look back at eve
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing,—
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consigned us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us.

Thomas Moore [1779-1852]

SONG

IN LEINSTER

I TRY to knead and spin, but my life is low the while.
Oh, I long to be alone, and walk abroad a mile;
Yet if I walk alone, and think of naught at all,
Why from me that's young should the wild tears fall?

The shower-sodden earth, the earth-colored streams,
 They breathe on me awake, and moan to me in dreams,
 And yonder ivy fondling the broke castle-wall,
 It pulls upon my heart till the wild tears fall.

The cabin-door looks down a furze-lighted hill,
 And far as Leighlin Cross the fields are green and still;
 But once I hear the blackbird in Leighlin hedges call,
 The foolishness is on me, and the wild tears fall!

Louise Imogen Guiney [1861-

SPIRIT OF SADNESS

SHE loved the Autumn, I the Spring,
 Sad all the songs she loved to sing;
 And in her face was strangely set
 Some great inherited regret.

Some look in all things made her sigh,
 Yea! sad to her the morning sky:
 “So sad! so sad its beauty seems”—
 I hear her say it still in dreams.

But when the day grew gray and old,
 And rising stars shone strange and cold,
 Then only in her face I saw
 A mystic glee, a joyous awe.

Spirit of Sadness, in the spheres
 Is there an end of mortal tears?
 Or is there still in those great eyes
 That look of lonely hills and skies?

Richard Le Gallienne [1866-

NO MORE

THIS is the Burden of the Heart,
 The Burden that it always bore:
 We live to love; we meet to part;

And part to meet on earth No More:
We clasp each other to the heart,
And part to meet on earth No More.

There is a time for tears to start,—
For dews to fall and larks to soar:
The Time for Tears, is when we part
To meet upon the earth No More:
The Time for Tears, is when we part
To meet on this wide earth—No More.

Byron Forcey the Willson [1837-1867]

"'TIS BUT A LITTLE FADED FLOWER"

'Tis but a little faded flower,
But oh, how fondly dear!
'Twill bring me back one golden hour,
Through many a weary year.
I may not to the world impart
The secret of its power,
But treasured in my inmost heart,
I keep my faded flower.

Where is the heart that doth not keep,
Within its inmost core,
Some fond remembrance, hidden deep,
Of days that are no more?
Who hath not saved some trifling thing
More prized than jewels rare—
A faded flower, a broken ring,
A tress of golden hair?

Ellen Clementine Howarth [1827-1899]

TO EACH HIS OWN

EACH hath his drug for Sorrow
(Or else the pain would slay!)
For one, it is "To-morrow";
For one, 'tis "Yesterday."

"And hast thou lost, my Brother?"

"Yea, but in dreams I find."

"And I" (so saith another)

"Leave buried dead behind!"

For each, when gyves are fretting,
A different balm must be.

Some find it in forgetting,
And some in memory.

Margaret Root Garvin [18 -

SONG

RARELY, rarely comest thou,
Spirit of Delight!
Wherfore hast thou left me now
Many a day and night?
Many a weary night and day
'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me
Win thee back again?
With the joyous and the free
Thou wilt scoff at pain.
Spirit false! thou hast forgot
All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade
Of a trembling leaf,
Thou with sorrow art dismayed;
Even the sighs of grief
Reproach thee, that thou art not near,
And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty
To a merry measure:
Thou wilt never come for pity,
Thou wilt come for pleasure;
Pity then will cut away
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,
Spirit of Delight!
The fresh Earth in new leaves dressed,
And the starry night,
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow, and all the forms
Of the radiant frost;
I love waves, and winds, and storms—
Everything almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,
And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good;
Between thee and me
What difference? But thou dost possess
The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love—though he has wings,
And like light can flee;
But above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee!—
Thou art love and life! Oh, come,
Make once more my heart thy home!

Percy Bysshe Shelley [1792–1822]

STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION NEAR NAPLES

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent might:
The breath of the moist earth is light
Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds, the birds, the ocean-floods,
The City's voice itself is soft like Solitude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor
 With green and purple seaweed strown;
 I see the waves upon the shore,
 Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown:
 I sit upon the sands alone;
 The lightning of the noontide ocean
 Is flashing round me, and a tone
 Arises from its measured motion,—
 How sweet, did any heart now share in my emotion!

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
 Nor peace within nor calm around,
 Nor that Content surpassing wealth
 The sage in meditation found,
 And walked with inward glory crowned,—
 Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
 Others I see whom these surround—
 Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;—
 To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
 Even as the winds and waters are;
 I could lie down like a tired child,
 And weep away the life of care
 Which I have borne, and yet must bear,
 Till death like sleep might steal on me,
 And I might feel in the warm air
 My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
 Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
 As I, when this sweet day is gone,
 Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
 Insults with this untimely moan;
 They might lament—for I am one
 Whom men love not,—and yet regret,
 Unlike this day, which, when the sun
 Shall on its stainless glory set,
 Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.

Percy Bysshe Shelley [1792–1822]

SUNSET WINGS

To-NIGHT this sunset spreads two golden wings
Cleaving the western sky;
Winged too with wind it is, and winnowings
Of birds; as if the day's last hour in rings
Of strenuous flight must die.

Sun-steeped in fire, the homeward pinions sway
Above the dovecote-tops;
And clouds of starlings, ere they rest with day,
Sink, clamorous like mill-waters, at wild play,
By turns in every copse:

Each tree heart-deep the wrangling rout receives,—
Save for the whirr within,
You could not tell the starlings from the leaves;
Then one great puff of wings, and the swarm heaves
Away with all its din.

Even thus Hope's hours, in ever-eddyng flight,
To many a refuge tend;
With the first light she laughed, and the last light
Glowes round her still; who natheless in the night
At length must make an end.

And now the mustering rooks innumerable
Together sail and soar,
While for the day's death, like a tolling knell,
Unto the heart they seem to cry, Farewell,
No more, farewell, no more!

Is Hope not plumed, as 'twere a fiery dart?
And oh! thou dying day,
Even as thou goest must she too depart,
And Sorrow fold such pinions on the heart
As will not fly away?

Dante Gabriel Rossetti [1828-1882]

MORALITY

We cannot kindle when we will
 The fire which in the heart resides;
 The spirit bloweth and is still,
 In mystery our soul abides.

But tasks in hours of insight willed
 Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

With aching hands and bleeding feet
 We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
 We bear the burden and the heat
 Of the long day, and wish 'twere done.

Not till the hours of light return
 All we have built do we discern.

Then, when the clouds are off the soul,
 When thou dost bask in Nature's eye,
 Ask, how *she* viewed thy self-control,
 Thy struggling, tasked morality—
 Nature, whose free, light, cheerful air,
 Oft made thee, in thy gloom, despair.

And she, whose answer thou dost dread
 Whose eye thou wast afraid to seek,
 See, on her face a glow is spread,
 A strong emotion on her cheek!
 “Ah, child,” she cries, “that strife divine,
 Whence was it, for it is not mine?”

“There is no effort on *my* brow—
 I do not strive, I do not weep;
 I rush with the swift spheres and glow
 In joy, and when I will, I sleep.
 Yet that severe, that earnest air,
 I saw, I felt it once—but where?

“I knew not yet the gauge of time,
 Nor wore the manacles of space;
 I felt it in some other clime,
 I saw it in some other place.

'Twas when the heavenly house I trod,
And lay upon the breast of God.

Matthew Arnold [1822-1888]

CUI BONO

WHAT is Hope? A smiling rainbow
Children follow through the wet;
'Tis not here, still yonder, yonder:
Never urchin found it yet.

What is Life? A thawing iceboard
On a sea with sunny shore;
Gay we sail; it melts beneath us;
We are sunk, and seen no more.

What is Man? A foolish baby,
Vainly strives, and fights, and frets;
Demanding all, deserving nothing;
One small grave is what he gets.

Thomas Carlyle [1795-1881]

MUTABILITY

THE flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow dies;
All that we wish to stay
Tempts, and then flies.
What is this world's delight?
Lightning that mocks the night,
Brief even as bright.

Virtue, how frail it is!
Friendship how rare!
Love, how it sells poor bliss
For proud despair!
But we, though soon they fall,
Survive their joy, and all
Which ours we call.

In the Shadow

Whilst skies are blue and bright,
 Whilst flowers are gay,
 Whilst eyes that change ere night
 Make glad the day,
 Whilst yet the calm hours creep,
 Dream thou—and from thy sleep
 Then wake to weep.

Percy Bysshe Shelley [1792-1822]

A FANCY FROM FONTENELLE

De mémoires de Roses on n'a point vu mourir le Jardinier

THE Rose in the garden slipped her bud,
 And she laughed in the pride of her youthful blood,
 As she thought of the Gardener standing by—
 “He is old—so old! And he soon must die!”

The full Rose waxed in the warm June air,
 And she spread and spread till her heart lay bare;
 And she laughed once more as she heard his tread—
 “He is older now! He will soon be dead!”

But the breeze of the morning blew, and found
 That the leaves of the blown Rose strewed the ground;
 And he came at noon, that Gardener old,
 And he raked them gently under the mold.

*And I wove the thing to a random rhyme:
 For the Rose is Beauty; the Gardener, Time.*

Austin Dobson [1840-]

“OH, EARLIER SHALL THE ROSEBUDS BLOW”

Oh, earlier shall the rosebuds blow,
 In after years, those happier years,
 And children weep, when we lie low,
 Far fewer tears, far softer tears.

Oh, true shall boyish laughter ring,
 Like tinkling chimes, in kinder times!
 And merrier shall the maiden sing:
 And I not there, and I not there.

Like lightning in the summer night
Their mirth shall be, so quick and free;
And oh! the flash of their delight
I shall not see, I may not see.

In deeper dream, with wider range,
Those eyes shall shine, but not on mine:
Unmoved, unblest, by worldly change,
The dead must rest, the dead shall rest.

William Johnson Cory [1823-1892]

THE DOVE

I HAD a dove, and the sweet dove died;
And I have thought it died of grieving:
O, what could it grieve for? Its feet were tied
With a silken thread of my own hand's weaving;
Sweet little red feet! why should you die—
Why would you leave me, sweet bird! why?
You lived alone in the forest tree,
Why, pretty thing! would you not live with me?
I kissed you oft and gave you white peas;
Why not live sweetly, as in the green trees?

John Keats [1795-1821]

“SIT DOWN, SAD SOUL”

Sit down, sad soul, and count
The moments flying;
Come—tell the sweet amount
That's lost by sighing!
How many smiles?—a score?
Then laugh and count no more;
For day is dying!

Lie down, sad soul, and sleep,
And no more measure
The flight of time, nor weep
The loss of leisure;
But here, by this lone stream,
Lie down with us, and dream
Of starry treasure!

In the Shadow

We dream; do thou the same;
 We love—for ever;
 We laugh, yet few we shame—
 The gentle, never.
 Stay, then, till sorrow dies;
 Then—hope and happy skies
 Are thine for ever!

Bryan Waller Procter [1787-1874]

ON A TEAR

O THAT the chemist's magic art
 Could crystallize this sacred treasure!
 Long should it glitter near my heart,
 A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,
 Its luster caught from Chloe's eye;
 Then, trembling, left its coral cell,—
 The spring of Sensibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light!
 In thee the rays of Virtue shine,
 More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
 Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul!
 Who ever fliest to bring relief,
 When first we feel the rude control
 Of Love or Pity, Joy or Grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,
 In every clime, in every age,
 Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream,
 In Reason's philosophic page.

That very law which molds a tear,
 And bids it trickle from its source,—
 That law preserves the earth a sphere,
 And guides the planets in their course.

Samuel Rogers [1763-1855]

THE ROSARY OF MY TEARS

SOME reckon their age by years,
Some measure their life by art;
But some tell their days by the flow of their tears,
And their lives by the moans of their heart.

The dials of earth may show
The length, not the depth, of years—
Few or many they come, few or many they go,
But time is best measured by tears.

Ah! not by the silver gray
That creeps through the sunny hair,
And not by the scenes that we pass on our way,
And not by the furrows the fingers of care

On forehead and face have made,—
Not so do we count our years;
Not by the sun of the earth, but the shade
Of our souls, and the fall of our tears.

For the young are oft-times old,
Though their brows be bright and fair;
While their blood beats warm, their hearts are cold—
O'er them the spring—but winter is there;

And the old are oft-times young
When their hair is thin and white;
And they sing in age, as in youth they sung,
And they laugh, for their cross was light.

But, bead by bead, I tell
The rosary of my years;
From a cross to a cross they lead; 'tis well,
And they're blest with a blessing of tears.

Better a day of strife
Than a century of sleep;
Give me instead of a long stream of life
The tempests and tears of the deep.

A thousand joys may foam
 On the billows of all the years;
 But never the foam brings the lone back home,—
 He reaches the haven through tears.

Abram J. Ryan [1839-1888]

ENDURANCE

How much the heart may bear, and yet not break!
 How much the flesh may suffer, and not die!
 I question much if any pain or ache
 Of soul or body brings our end more nigh:
 Death chooses his own time; till that is sworn,
 All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife,
 Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel
 Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life;
 Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal,
 That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,
 This also can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way,
 And try to flee from the approaching ill;
 We seek some small escape: we weep and pray;
 But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still;
 Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,
 But that it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life;
 We hold it closer, dearer than our own:
 Anon it faints and fails in deathly strife,
 Leaving us stunned and stricken and alone;
 But ah! we do not die with those we mourn,—
 This also can be borne.

Behold, we live through all things,—famine, thirst,
 Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery,
 All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
 On soul and body,—but we can not die.
 Though we be sick, and tired, and faint, and worn,—
 Lo, all things can be borne!

Elizabeth Akers [1832-1911]

LANGLEY LANE

In all the land, range up, range down,
Is there ever a place so pleasant and sweet,
As Langley Lane in London town,
Just out of the bustle of square and street?
Little white cottages all in a row,
Gardens where bachelors'-buttons grow,
Swallows' nests in roof and wall,
And up above the still blue sky,
Where the woolly white clouds go sailing by—
I seem to be able to see it all!

For now, in summer, I take my chair,
And sit outside in the sun, and hear
The distant murmur of street and square,
And the swallows and sparrows chirping near;
And Fanny, who lives just over the way,
Comes running many a time each day,
With her little hand's-touch so warm and kind,
And I smile and talk, with the sun on my cheek,
And the little live hand seems to stir and speak—
For Fanny is dumb and I am blind.

Fanny is sweet thirteen, and she
Has fine black ringlets and dark eyes clear,
And I am older by summers three,—
Why should we hold one another so dear?
Because she cannot utter a word,
Nor hear the music of bee or bird,
The water-cart's splash or the milkman's call.
Because I have never seen the sky,
Nor the little singers that hum and fly,—
Yet know she is gazing upon them all!

For the sun is shining, the swallows fly,
The bees and the blueflies murmur low,
And I hear the water-cart go by,
With its cool splash-splash down the dusty row;
And the little one, close at my side, perceives
Mine eyes upraised to the cottage eaves,

Where birds are chirping in summer shine,
 And I hear, though I cannot look, and she,
 Though she cannot hear, can the singers see,—
 And the little soft fingers flutter in mine.

Hath not the dear little hand a tongue,
 When it stirs on my palm for the love of me?
 Do I not know she is pretty and young?
 Hath not my soul an eye to see?
 'Tis pleasure to make one's bosom stir,
 To wonder how things appear to her,
 That I only hear as they pass around;
 And as long as we sit in the music and light,
 She is happy to keep God's sight,
 And I am happy to keep God's sound.

Why, I know her face, though I am blind—
 I made it of music long ago:
 Strange large eyes and dark hair twined
 Round the pensive light of a brow of snow;
 And when I sit by my little one,
 And hold her hand and talk in the sun,
 And hear the music that haunts the place,
 I know she is raising her eyes to me,
 And guessing how gentle my voice must be,
 And seeing the music upon my face.

Though, if ever the Lord should grant me a prayer
 (I know the fancy is only vain),
 I should pray: Just once, when the weather is fair,
 To see little Fanny and Langley Lane;
 Though Fanny, perhaps, would pray to hear
 The voice of the friend she holds so dear,
 The song of the birds, the hum of the street,—
 It is better to be as we have been,—
 Each keeping up something, unheard, unseen,
 To make God's heaven more strange and sweet!

Ah, life is pleasant in Langley Lane!
 There is always something sweet to hear!
 Chirping of birds or patter of rain;
 And Fanny, my little one, always near;

And though I am weakly and can't live long,
And Fanny my darling is far from strong,
 And though we can never married be,—
What then?—since we hold one another so dear,
For the sake of the pleasure one cannot hear,
 And the pleasure that only one can see?

Robert Buchanan [1841-1901]

THE WEAKEST THING

WHICH is the weakest thing of all
 Mine heart can ponder?
The sun, a little cloud can pall
 With darkness yonder?
The cloud, a little wind can move
 Where'er it listeth?
The wind, a little leaf above,
 Though sere, resisteth?

What time that yellow leaf was green,
 My days were gladder;
But now, whatever Spring may mean,
 I must grow sadder.
Ah me! a *leaf* with sighs can wring
 My lips asunder?
Then is mine heart the weakest thing
 Itself can ponder.

Yet, Heart, when sun and cloud are pined
 And drop together,
And at a blast which is not wind
 The forests wither,
Thou, from the darkening deathly curse
 To glory breakest,—
The Strongest of the universe
 Guarding the weakest!

Elizabeth Barrett Browning [1806-1861]

SONG

We only ask for sunshine,
 We did not want the rain;
 But see the flowers that spring from showers
 All up and down the plain.

We beg the gods for laughter,
 We shrink, we dread the tears;
 But grief's redress is happiness,
 Alternate through the years.

Helen Hay Whitney [18 -

THE HOUSE OF PAIN

UNTO the Prison House of Pain none willingly repair—
 The bravest who an entrance gain
 Reluctant linger there—
 For Pleasure, passing by that door, stays not to cheer the
 sight,
 And Sympathy but muffles sound and banishes the light.

Yet in the Prison House of Pain things full of beauty blow—
 Like Christmas roses, which attain
 Perfection 'mid the snow—
 Love, entering in his mild warmth the darkest shadows
 melt,
 And often, where the hush is deep, the waft of wings is felt.

Ah, me! the Prison House of Pain!—what lessons there are
 bought!
 Lessons of a sublimer strain
 Than any elsewhere taught—
 Amid its loneliness and gloom, grave meanings grow more
 clear,
 For to no earthly dwelling-place seems God so strangely
 near!

Florence Earle Coates [1850-

WISE

An apple orchard smells like wine;
A succory flower is blue;
Until Grief touched these eyes of mine,
Such things I never knew.

And now indeed I know so plain
Why one would like to cry
When spouts are full of April rain—
Such lonely folk go by!

So wise, so wise—that my tears fall
Each breaking of the dawn;
That I do long to tell you all—
But you are dead and gone.

Lizette Woodworth Reese [1856–]

“MULTUM DILEXIT”

SHE sat and wept beside His feet; the weight
Of sin oppressed her heart; for all the blame,
And the poor malice of the worldly shame,
To her was past, extinct, and out of date:
Only the sin remained,—the leprous state;
She would be melted by the heat of love,
By fires far fiercer than are blown to prove
And purge the silver ore adulterate.

She sat and wept, and with her untressed hair
Still wiped the feet she was so blessed to touch;
And He wiped off the soiling of despair
From her sweet soul, because she loved so much.
I am a sinner, full of doubts and fears:
Make me a humble thing of love and tears.

Hartley Coleridge [1796–1849]

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

ONE more Unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements:
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
O, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed:
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch
Or the black flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

In the Shadow

In she plunged boldly—
 No matter how coldly
 The rough river ran—
 Over the brink of it,
 Picture it,—think of it,
 Dissolute Man!
 Lave in it,—drink of it,
 Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
 Lift her with care;
 Fashioned so slenderly,
 Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
 Stiffen too rigidly,
 Decently, kindly,
 Smooth and compose them;
 And her eyes, close them,
 Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
 Through muddy impurity,
 As when with the daring
 Last look of despairing,
 Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
 Spurred by contumely,
 Cold inhumanity,
 Burning insanity,
 Into her rest.—
 Cross her hands humbly
 As if praying dumbly,
 Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
 Her evil behavior,
 And leaving, with meekness,
 Her sins to her Saviour!

Thomas Hood [1799-1845]

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread,—
 Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the “Song of the Shirt!”

“Work—work—work
 While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work
 Till the stars shine through the roof!
It’s oh! to be a slave
 Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
 If this is Christian work!

“Work—work—work
 Till the brain begins to swim!
Work—work—work
 Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
 Band, and gusset, and seam,—
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
 And sew them on in a dream!

“O men with sisters dear!
 O men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you’re wearing out,
 But human creatures’ lives!
 Stitch—stitch—stitch,
 In poverty, hunger and dirt,—
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
 A shroud as well as a shirt!

“But why do I talk of death,—
 That phantom of grisly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
 It seems so like my own,—

It seems so like my own
 Because of the fasts I keep;
 O God! that bread should be so dear,
 And flesh and blood so cheap!

“Work—work—work!
 My labor never flags;
 And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
 A crust of bread—and rags.
 That shattered roof—and this naked floor—
 A table—a broken chair—
 And a wall so blank my shadow I thank
 For sometimes falling there!

“Work—work—work
 From weary chime to chime!
 Work—work—work
 As prisoners work for crime!
 Band, and gusset, and seam,
 Seam, and gusset, and band,—
 Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed,
 As well as the weary hand.

“Work—work—work
 In the dull December light!
 And work—work—work
 When the weather is warm and bright!
 While underneath the eaves
 The brooding swallows cling,
 As if to show me their sunny backs,
 And twit me with the Spring.

“Oh but to breathe the breath
 Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,—
 With the sky above my head,
 And the grass beneath my feet!
 For only one short hour
 To feel as I used to feel,
 Before I knew the woes of want
 And the walk that costs a meal!

“ Oh but for one short hour,—
A respite, however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart;
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!”

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread,—
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
She sang this “Song of the Shirt!”

Thomas Hood [1799-1845]

STANZAS

IN a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity:
The north cannot undo them,
With a sleety whistle through them;
Nor frozen thawings glue them
From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy brook,
Thy babblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer look;
But with a sweet forgetting,
They stay their crystal fretting,
Never, never petting
About the frozen time.

Ah! would 'twere so with many
 A gentle girl and boy!
 But were there ever any
 Writhed not at passèd joy?
 To know the change and feel it,
 When there is none to heal it,
 Nor numbèd sense to steal it,
 Was never said in rhyme.

John Keats [1795-1821]

THE DEAD FAITH

SHE made a little shadow-hidden grave
 The day Faith died;
 Therein she laid it, heard the clod's sick fall,
 And smiled aside—
 “If less I ask,” tear-blind, she mocked, “I may
 Be less denied.”

She set a rose to blossom in her hair,
 The day Faith died—
 “Now glad,” she said, “and free at last, I go,
 And life is wide.”
 But through long nights she stared into the dark,
 And knew she lied.

Fannie Heaslip Lea [1884-]

THE BALLAD OF THE BOAT

THE stream was smooth as glass, we said, “Arise and let’s away”:

The Siren sang beside the boat that in the rushes lay;
 And spread the sail, and strong the oar, we gaily took our way.

When shall the sandy bar be crossed? When shall we find the bay?

The broadening flood swells slowly out o'er cattle-dotted plains,

The stream is strong and turbulent, and dark with heavy rains;

The laborer looks up to see our shallop speed away.
When shall the sandy bar be crossed? When shall we find
the bay?

Now are the clouds like fiery shrouds; the sun, superbly
large,

Slow as an oak to woodman's stroke sinks flaming at their
marge.

The waves are bright with mirrored light as jacinths on our
way.

When shall the sandy bar be crossed? When shall we find
the bay?

The moon is high up in the sky, and now no more we see
The spreading river's either bank, and surging distantly
There booms a sullen thunder as of breakers far away.
Now shall the sandy bar be crossed, now shall we find the
bay!

The sea-gull shrieks high overhead, and dimly to our sight
The moonlit crests of foaming waves gleam towering through
the night.

We'll steal upon the mermaid soon, and start her from her
lay,

When once the sandy bar is crossed, and we are in the bay.

What rises white and awful as a shroud-enfolded ghost?
What roar of rampant tumult bursts in clangor on the coast?
Pull back! pull back! The raging flood sweeps every oar
away.

O stream, is this thy bar of sand? O boat, is this the bay?

Richard Garnett [1835-1906]

ELDORADO

GAILY bedight,
A gallant knight
In sunshine and in shadow
Had journeyed long,
Singing a song,
In search of Eldorado.

In the Shadow

But he grew old—
 This knight so bold—
 And o'er his heart a shadow
 Fell, as he found
 No spot of ground
 That looked like Eldorado.

And, as his strength
 Failed him at length,
 He met a pilgrim shadow:
 “Shadow,” said he,
 “Where can it be—
 This land of Eldorado?”

“Over the mountains
 Of the moon,
 Down the valley of the Shadow
 Ride, boldly ride,”
 The shade replied,
 “If you seek for Eldorado!”

Edgar Allan Poe [1809-1849]

A LOST CHORD

SEATED one day at the Organ,
 I was weary and ill at ease,
 And my fingers wandered idly
 Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
 Or what I was dreaming then;
 But I struck one chord of music,
 Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
 Like the close of an Angel’s Psalm,
 And it lay on my fevered spirit
 With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
 Like love overcoming strife;
 It seemed the harmonious echo
 From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexèd meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the Organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again,—
It may be that only in Heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

Adelaide Anne Procter [1825-1864]

“THE DESPOT’S DESPOT”

VITÆ SUMMA BREVIS SPEM NOS VETAT IN-COHARE LONGAM

THEY are not long, the weeping and the laughter,
Love and desire and hate;
I think they have no portion in us after
We pass the gate.

They are not long, the days of wine and roses:
Out of a misty dream
Our path emerges for a while, then closes
Within a dream.

Ernest Dowson [1867-1900]

DEATH’S FINAL CONQUEST

From “The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses”

THE glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Scepter and Crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill:
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still:
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds:
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

James Shirley [1596-1666]

DEATH'S SUBTLE WAYS

From "Cupid and Death"

VICTORIOUS men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are:
Though you bind in every shore,
And your triumphs reach as far
As night or day,
Yet you, proud monarchs, must obey,
And mingle with forgotten ashes when
Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

Devouring famine, plague, and war,
Each able to undo mankind,
Death's servile emissaries are;
Nor to these alone confined,
He hath at will
More quaint and subtle ways to kill:
A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,
Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

James Shirley [1596-1666]

MAN'S MORTALITY

From "Microbiblion"

LIKE as the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the morning of the day,

“The Despot’s Despot”

Or like the sun, or like the shade,
 Or like the gourd which Jonas had;
 Even such is man, whose thread is spun,
 Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.
 The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
 The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
 The sun sets, the shadow flies,
 The gourd consumes, and man—he dies!

Like to the grass that’s newly sprung,
 Or like a tale that’s new begun,
 Or like a bird that’s here to-day,
 Or like the pearlèd dew of May,
 Or like an hour, or like a span,
 Or like the singing of a swan;
 Even such is man, who lives by breath,
 Is here, now there, in life and death.
 The grass withers, the tale is ended,
 The bird is flown, the dew’s ascended,
 The hour is short, the span not long,
 The swan near death,—man’s life is done!

Like to a bubble in the brook,
 Or in a glass much like a look,
 Or like a shuttle in a weaver’s hand,
 Or like the writing on the sand,
 Or like a thought, or like a dream,
 Or like the gliding of a stream;
 Even such is man, who lives by breath,
 Is here, now there, in life and death.
 The bubble’s out, the look’s forgot,
 The shuttle’s flung, the writing’s blot,
 The thought is past, the dream is gone,
 The water glides,—man’s life is done!

Like to a blaze of fond delight,
 Or like a morning clear and bright,
 Or like a frost, or like a shower,
 Or like the pride of Babel’s tower,
 Or like the hour that guides the time,
 Or like to Beauty in her prime;

Even such is man, whose glory lends
That life a blaze or two, and ends.
The morn's o'ercast, joy turned to pain,
The frost is thawed, dried up the rain,
The tower falls, the hour is run,
The beauty lost,—man's life is done!

Like to an arrow from the bow,
Or like swift course of water-flow,
Or like that time 'twixt flood and ebb,
Or like the spider's tender web,
Or like a race, or like a goal,
Or like the dealing of a dole;
Even such is man, whose brittle state
Is always subject unto Fate.
The arrow's shot, the flood soon spent,
The time's no time, the web soon rent,
The race soon run, the goal soon won,
The dole soon dealt,—man's life is done!

Like to the lightning from the sky,
Or like a post that quick doth hie,
Or like a quaver in a short song,
Or like a journey three days long,
Or like the snow when summer's come,
Or like the pear, or like the plum;
Even such is man, who heaps up sorrow,
Lives but this day, and dies to-morrow.
The lightning's past, the post must go,
The song is short, the journey's so,
The pear doth rot, the plum doth fall,
The snow dissolves,—and so must all!

Simon Wastell [? -1632]

TO DEATH

O KING of Terrors! whose unbounded sway
All that have life must certainly obey;
The king, the priest, the prophet, all are thine,
Nor would even God (in flesh) thy stroke decline.

My name is on thy roll, and sure I must
 Increase thy gloomy kingdom in the dust.
 My soul at this no apprehension feels,
 But trembles at thy swords, thy racks, thy wheels,
 Thy scorching fevers, which distract the sense,
 And snatch us raving, unprepared, from hence;
 At thy contagious darts, that wound the heads
 Of weeping friends who wait at dying beds.—
 Spare these, and let thy time be when it will;
 My office is to die, and thine to kill.
 Gently thy fatal scepter on me lay,
 And take to thy cold arms, insensibly, thy prey.

Anne Finch [? -1720]

THE GENIUS OF DEATH

WHAT is death? 'Tis to be free,
 No more to love or hope or fear,
 To join the great equality;
 All, all alike are humbled there.
 The mighty grave
 Wraps lord and slave;
 Nor pride nor poverty dares come
 Within that refuge-house,—the tomb.

Spirit with the drooping wing
 And the ever-weeping eye,
 Thou of all earth's kings art king;
 Empires at thy footstool lie;
 Beneath thee strewed,
 Their multitude
 Sink like waves upon the shore;
 Storms shall never raise them more.

What's the grandeur of the earth
 To the grandeur round thy throne?
 Riches, glory, beauty, birth,
 To thy kingdom all have gone.
 Before thee stand
 The wondrous band,—

Bards, heroes, sages, side by side,
Who darkened nations when they died.

Earth has hosts, but thou canst show
Many a million for her one;
Through thy gates the mortal flow
Hath for countless years rolled on.
Back from the tomb
No step has come,
There fixed till the last thunder's sound
Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound.

George Croly [1780-1860]

“OH, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD? ”

OH, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
As the young and the old, the low and the high,
Shall crumble to dust and together shall lie.

The child that a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose brow, on whose cheek, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure,—her triumphs are by;
And alike from the minds of the living erased
Are the memories of mortals who loved her and praised.

The hand of the king, that the scepter hath borne;
The brow of the priest, that the mitre hath worn;
The eyes of the sage, and the heart of the brave,—
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
 The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
 The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,—
 Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
 The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
 The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
 Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or weed,
 That withers away to let others succeed;
 So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
 To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same things our fathers have been;
 We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
 We drink the same stream, we feel the same sun,
 And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers did think;
 From the death we are shrinking our fathers did shrink;
 To the life we are clinging our fathers did cling,
 But it speeds from us all like the bird on the wing.

They loved,—but the story we cannot unfold;
 They scorned,—but the heart of the haughty is cold;
 They grieved,—but no wail from their slumbers will come;
 They joyed,—but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died,—ah! they died;—we, things that are now,
 That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
 And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
 Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
 Are mingled together in sunshine and rain:
 And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
 Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye; 'tis the draught of a breath
 From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
 From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud;
 Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

William Knox [1789-1825]

THE HOUR OF DEATH

LEAVES have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
 And stars to set,—but all,
 Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

Day is for mortal care:
 Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth;
 Night, for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer,
 But all for thee, thou Mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour—
 Its feverish hour—of mirth and song and wine;
 There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
 A time for softer tears,—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
 May look like things too glorious for decay,
 And smile at thee,—but thou art not of those
 That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
 And stars to set,—but all,
 Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
 When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
 When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain,—
 But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when Spring's first gale
 Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
 Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?
 They have *one* season—all are ours to die!

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Thou art where billows foam;
 Thou art where music melts upon the air;
 Thou art around us in our peaceful home;
 And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
 Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;
 Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
 The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north-wind’s breath,
 And stars to set,—but all,
 Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans [1793-1835]

THE SLEEP

“He giveth his beloved sleep.”—*Psalm cxxvii. 2*

Of all the thoughts of God that are
 Borne inward into souls afar,
 Along the Psalmist’s music deep,
 Now tell me if that any is,
 For gift or grace, surpassing this:
 “He giveth his beloved—sleep”?

What would we give to our beloved?
 The hero’s heart to be unmoved,
 The poet’s star-tuned harp to sweep,
 The patriot’s voice to teach and rouse,
 The monarch’s crown, to light the brows?
 He giveth *his* beloved—sleep.

What do we give to our beloved?
 A little faith all undisproved,
 A little dust to overweep,
 And bitter memories to make
 The whole earth blasted for our sake:
 He giveth *his* beloved—sleep.

“Sleep soft,” beloved! we sometimes say,
Who have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep:
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
He giveth *his* belovèd—sleep.

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delvèd gold, the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And giveth his belovèd—sleep.

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap:
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
He giveth his belovèd—sleep.

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man
Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
But Angels say, and through the word
I think their happy smile is *heard*—
“He giveth his belovèd—sleep.”

For me, my heart, that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the mummers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on his love repose
Who giveth his belovèd—sleep.

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let One, most loving of you all,
Say “Not a tear must o'er her fall!
He giveth his belovèd sleep.”

Elizabeth Barrett Browning [1806-1861]

THE DESERTED HOUSE

LIFE and Thought have gone away
 Side by side,
 Leaving door and windows wide:
 Careless tenants they!

All within is dark as night:
 In the windows is no light;
 And no murmur at the door,
 So frequent on its hinge before.

Close the door, the shutters close,
 Or through the windows we shall see
 The nakedness and vacancy
 Of the dark deserted house.

Come away: no more of mirth
 Is here or merry-making sound.
 The house was builded of the earth,
 And shall fall again to ground.

Come away: for Life and Thought
 Here no longer dwell;
 But in a city glorious—
 A great and distant city—have bought
 A mansion incorruptible.
 Would they could have stayed with us!

Alfred Tennyson [1809–1892]

“WHERE LIES THE LAND”

From “Songs in Absence”

WHERE lies the land to which the ship would go?
 Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
 And where the land she travels from? Away,
 Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck’s smooth face,
 Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace;
 Or, o’er the stern reclining, watch below
 The foaming wake far widening as we go.

On stormy nights, when wild north-westers rave,
How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave!
The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

Arthur Hugh Clough [1819-1861]

UP-HILL

DOES the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow, dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you waiting at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

Christina Georgina Rossetti [1830-1894]

THE BOURNE

UNDERNEATH the growing grass,
Underneath the living flowers,
Deeper than the sound of showers:
There we shall not count the hours
By the shadows as they pass.

Youth and health will be but vain,
 Beauty reckoned of no worth:
 There a very little girth
 Can hold round what once the earth
 Seemed too narrow to contain.

Christina Georgina Rossetti [1830-1894]

THE CONQUEROR WORM

Lo! 'tis a gala night
 Within the lonesome latter years.
 An angel throng, bewinged, bedight
 In veils, and drowned in tears,
 Sit in a theater to see
 A play of hopes and fears,
 While the orchestra breathes fitfully
 The music of the spheres.

Mimes, in the form of God on high,
 Mutter and mumble low,
 And hither and thither fly;
 Mere puppets they, who come and go
 At bidding of vast formless things
 That shift the scenery to and fro,
 Flapping from out their condor wings
 Invisible Woe.

That motley drama—oh, be sure
 It shall not be forgot!
 With its Phantom chased for evermore
 By a crowd that seize it not,
 Through a circle that ever returneth in
 To the self-same spot;
 And much of Madness, and more of Sin,
 And Horror the soul of the plot.

But see amid the mimic rout
 A crawling shape intrude:
 A blood-red thing that writhes from out
 The scenic solitude!

It writhes!—it writhes!—with mortal pangs!
The mimes become its food,
And seraphs sob at vermin fangs
In human gore imbued.

Out—out are the lights—out all!
And, over each quivering form,
The curtain, a funeral pall,
Comes down with the rush of a storm,
While the angels, all pallid and wan,
Uprising, unveiling, affirm
That the play is the tragedy, “Man,”
And its hero, the Conqueror Worm.

Edgar Allan Poe [1809–1849]

THE CITY IN THE SEA

Lo! Death has reared himself a throne
In a strange city lying alone
Far down within the dim West,
Where the good and the bad and the worst and the best
Have gone to their eternal rest.
There shrines and palaces and towers
(Time-eaten towers that tremble not)
Resemble nothing that is ours.
Around, by lifting winds forgot,
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.

No rays from the holy heaven come down
On the long night-time of that town;
But light from out the lurid sea
Streams up the turrets silently,
Gleams up the pinnacles far and free:
Up domes, up spires, up kingly halls,
Up fanes, up Babylon-like walls,
Up shadowy, long-forgotten bowers
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers,
Up many and many a marvelous shrine,
Whose wreathèd friezes intertwine
The viol, the violet, and the vine.

Resignedly beneath the sky
 The melancholy waters lie.
 So blend the turrets and shadows there
 That all seem pendulous in air,
 While from a proud tower in the town
 Death looks gigantically down.

There open fanes and gaping graves
 Yawn level with the luminous waves;
 But not the riches there that lie
 In each idol’s diamond eye,—
 Not the gaily-jeweled dead
 Tempt the waters from their bed;
 For no ripples curl, alas,
 Along that wilderness of glass;
 No swellings tell that winds may be
 Upon some far-off happier sea;
 No heavings hint that winds have been
 On seas less hideously serene!

But lo, a stir is in the air!
 The wave—there is a movement there!
 As if the towers had thrust aside,
 In slightly sinking, the dull tide;
 As if their tops had feebly given
 A void within the filmy Heaven!
 The waves have now a redder glow,
 The hours are breathing faint and low;
 And when, amid no earthly moans,
 Down, down that town shall settle hence,
 Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
 Shall do it reverence.

Edgar Allan Poe [1809-1849]

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS

THERE is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
 And, with his sickle keen,
 He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
 And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;
"Have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
The Reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where He was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow [1807-1882]

THE CLOSING SCENE

WITHIN his sober realm of leafless trees,
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air;
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns looking from their hazy hills
O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed farther and the streams sang low;
As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood, like some sad, beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time’s remotest blue.

On slumbrous wings the vulture held his flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate’s complaint,
And like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel-cock upon the hillside crew,—
Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before,—
Silent till some replying warder blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay, within the elm’s tall crest,
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young,
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a censer swung—

Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,
The busy swallows, circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year;—

Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast,
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reaper of the rosy east,—
All now was songless, empty, and forlorn.

Alone from out the stubble piped the quail,
And croaked the crow through all the dreamy gloom;
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night;
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by, passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this, in this most cheerless air,
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the Year stood there
Firing the floor with his inverted torch;—

Amid all this, the center of the scene,
The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien,
Sat, like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known Sorrow,—he had walked with her,
Oft supped, and broke the bitter ashen crust;
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned and she gave her all;
And twice War bowed to her his sable plume,—
Re-gave the swords to rust upon the wall.

Re-gave the swords,—but not the hand that drew
And struck for Liberty its dying blow,
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped,—her head was bowed;
Life dropped the distaff through his hands serene;—
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene.

Thomas Buchanan Read [1822-1872]

MORS ET VITA

We know not yet what life shall be,
 What shore beyond earth’s shore be set;
 What grief awaits us, or what glee,
 We know not yet.

Still, somewhere in sweet converse met,
 Old friends, we say, beyond death’s sea
 Shall meet and greet us, nor forget

Those days of yore, those years when we
 Were loved and true,—but will death let
 Our eyes the longed-for vision see?
 We know not yet.

Samuel Waddington [1844–]

“WHAT IS TO COME”

WHAT is to come we know not. But we know
 That what has been was good—was good to show,
 Better to hide, and best of all to bear.
 We are the masters of the days that were:
 We have lived, we have loved, we have suffered . . .
 even so.

Shall we not take the ebb who had the flow?
 Life was our friend. Now, if it be our foe—
 Dear, though it spoil and break us!—need we care
 What is to come?

Let the great winds their worst and wildest blow,
 Or the gold weather round us mellow slow:
 We have fulfilled ourselves, and we can dare,
 And we can conquer, though we may not share
 In the rich quiet of the after-glow
 What is to come.

William Ernest Henley [1849–1903]

A ROUNDDEL OF REST

If rest is sweet at shut of day
For tired hands and tired feet,
How sweet at last to rest for aye,
If rest is sweet!

We work or work not through the heat:
Death bids us soon our labors lay
In lands where night and twilight meet.

When the last dawns are fallen gray
And all life's toil and ease complete,
They know who work, not they who play,
If rest is sweet.

Arthur Symons [1865-

“WHEN THE MOST IS SAID”

WHAT'S love, when the most is said? The flash of the lightning fleet,
Then, darkness that shrouds the soul,—but the earth is firm to my feet;
The rocks and the tides endure, the grasses and herbs return,
The path to my foot is sure, and the sods to my bosom yearn.

What's fame, when the truth is told? A shout to a distant hill,
The crags may echo a while, but fainter, and fainter still;
Yet forever the wind blows wide the sweetness of all the skies,
The rain cries and the snow flies, and the storm in its bosom lies.

What's life, what's life, little heart? A dream when the nights are long,
Toil in the waking days,—tears, and a kiss, a song.

What’s life, what’s life, little heart? To beat and be glad
of breath

While death waits on either side,—before and behind us,
Death!

Mary Ainge De Vere [1844-

THE GARDEN OF PROSERPINE

HERE, where the world is quiet,
Here, where all trouble seems
Dead winds’ and spent waves’ riot
In doubtful dreams of dreams,
I watch the green field growing
For reaping folk and sowing,
For harvest-time and mowing,
A sleepy world of streams.

I am tired of tears and laughter,
And men that laugh and weep;
Of what may come hereafter
For men that sow to reap:
I am weary of days and hours,
Blown buds of barren flowers,
Desires and dreams and powers,
And everything but sleep.

Here life has death for neighbor,
And far from eye or ear
Wan waves and wet winds labor,
Weak ships and spirits steer;
They drive adrift, and whither
They wot not who make thither;
But no such winds blow hither,
And no such things grow here.

No growth of moor or coppice,
No heather-flower or vine,
But bloomless buds of poppies,
Green grapes of Proserpine,

Pale beds of blowing rushes,
Where no leaf blooms or blushes
Save this whereout she crushes
For dead men deadly wine.

Pale, without name or number,
In fruitless fields of corn,
They bow themselves and slumber
All night till light is born;
And like a soul belated,
In hell and heaven unmated,
By cloud and mist abated
Comes out of darkness morn.

Though one were strong as seven,
He too with death shall dwell,
Nor wake with wings in heaven,
Nor weep for pains in hell;
Though one were fair as roses,
His beauty clouds and closes;
And well though love reposes,
In the end it is not well.

Pale, beyond porch and portal,
Crowned with calm leaves, she stands
Who gathers all things mortal
With cold immortal hands;
Her languid lips are sweeter
Than Love's, who fears to greet her,
To men that mix and meet her
From many times and lands.

She waits for each and other,
She waits for all men born;
Forgets the earth her mother,
The life of fruits and corn;
And spring and seed and swallow
Take wing for her and follow
Where summer song rings hollow
And flowers are put to scorn.

“The Despot’s Despot”

There go the loves that wither,
 The old loves with wearier wings;
 And all dead years draw thither,
 And all disastrous things;
 Dead dreams of days forsaken,
 Blind buds that snows have shaken,
 Wild leaves that winds have taken,
 Red strays of ruined springs.

We are not sure of sorrow,
 And joy was never sure;
 To-day will die to-morrow;
 Time stoops to no man’s lure;
 And Love, grown faint and fretful,
 With lips but half regretful
 Sighs, and with eyes forgetful
 Weeps that no loves endure.

From too much love of living,
 From hope and fear set free,
 We thank with brief thanksgiving
 Whatever gods may be,
 That no life lives forever;
 That dead men rise up never;
 That even the weariest river
 Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Then star nor sun shall waken,
 Nor any change of light:
 Nor sound of waters shaken,
 Nor any sound or sight:
 Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,
 Nor days nor things diurnal;
 Only the sleep eternal
 In an eternal night.

Algernon Charles Swinburne [1837-1909]

THE CHANGING ROAD

BENEATH the softly falling snow,
The wood whose shy anemones
We plucked such little while ago
Becomes a wood of Christmas trees.

Our paths of rustling silken grass
Will soon be ermine bands of white
Spotted with tiny steps that pass
On silent errands in the night.

The river will be locked in hush,
But frosted like a fairy lawn
With knots of crystal flowers that flush
By moonlight, blanching in the dawn.

Flown are our minstrels, golden-wing
And rosy-breast and ruby-throat,
But all the pines are murmuring
A sweet, orchestral under-note.

So trustfully our hands we lay
Within the old, kind hands of Time,
Who holds on his mysterious way
From rime to bloom, from bloom to rime,

And lets us run beside his knee
O'er rough and smooth, and touch his load,
And play we bear the burden, we,
And revel in the changing road.

Till ivory dawn and purple noon
And dove-gray eve have one by one
Traced on the skies their ancient rune,
And all our little strength is done.

Then Time shall lift a starry torch
In signal to his gentle Twin,
Who, stooping from a shining porch,
Gathers the drowsy children in.

I wonder if, through that strange sleep,
 Unstirred by clock or silver chime,
 Our dreams will not the cadence keep
 Of those unresting feet of Time,

And follow on his beauteous path
 From snow to flowers, from flowers to snow,
 And marvel what high charge he hath,
 Whither the fearless footsteps go.

Katharine Lee Bates [1859–]

THE GREAT MISGIVING

“Not ours,” say some, “the thought of death to dread;
 Asking no heaven, we fear no fabled hell:
 Life is a feast, and we have banqueted—
 Shall not the worms as well?

“The after-silence, when the feast is o’er,
 And void the places where the minstrels stood,
 Differs in naught from what hath been before,
 And is nor ill nor good.”

Ah, but the Apparition—the dumb sign—
 The beckoning finger bidding me forgo
 The fellowship, the converse, and the wine,
 The songs, the festal glow!

And ah, to know not, while with friends I sit,
 And while the purple joy is passed about,
 Whether ’tis ampler day divinelier lit
 Or homeless night without;

And whether, stepping forth, my soul shall see
 New prospects, or fall sheer—a blinded thing!
There is, O grave, thy hourly victory,
 And there, O death, thy sting.

William Watson [1858–]

THE DEAD COACH

At night when sick folk wakeful lie,
I heard the dead coach passing by,
And heard it passing wild and fleet,
And knew my time was come not yet.

Click-clack, click-clack, the hoofs went past,
Who takes the dead coach travels fast,
On and away through the wild night,
The dead must rest ere morning light.

If one might follow on its track
The coach and horses, midnight black,
Within should sit a shape of doom
That beckons one and all to come.

God pity them to-night who wait
To hear the dead coach at their gate,
And him who hears, though sense be dim,
The mournful dead coach stop for him.

He shall go down with a still face,
And mount the steps and take his place,
The door be shut, the order said!
How fast the pace is with the dead!

Click-clack, click-clack, the hour is chill,
The dead coach climbs the distant hill.
Now, God, the Father of all us,
Wipe Thou the widow's tears that fall!

Katharine Tynan [1861-

L'ENVOI

WHERE are the loves that we loved before,
When once we are alone, and shut the door?
No matter whose the arms that held me fast,
The arms of Darkness hold me at the last.

No matter down what primrose path I tend,
 I kiss the lips of Silence in the end.
 No matter on what heart I found delight,
 I come again unto the breast of Night.
 No matter when or how Love did befall,
 'Tis loneliness that loves me best of all.
 And in the end she claims me, and I know
 That she will stay, though all the rest may go.
 No matter whose the eyes that I would keep
 Near in the dark, 'tis in the eyes of Sleep
 That I must look and look forevermore,
 When once I am alone and shut the door.

Willa Sibert Cather [1875-

DEATH

I AM the key that parts the gates of Fame;
 I am the cloak that covers cowering Shame;
 I am the final goal of every race;
 I am the storm-tossed spirit's resting-place:

The messenger of sure and swift relief,
 Welcomed with wailings and reproachful grief;
 The friend of those that have no friend but me,
 I break all chains, and set all captives free.

I am the cloud that, when Earth's day is done,
 An instant veils an unextinguished sun;
 I am the brooding hush that follows strife,
 The waking from a dream that Man calls—Life!

Florence Earle Coates [1850-

A DIRGE

From "The White Devil"

CALL for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
 Since o'er shady groves they hover,
 And with leaves and flowers do cover
 The friendless bodies of unburied men.

Call unto his funeral dole
 The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
 To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
 And (when gay tombs are robbed) sustain no harm;
 But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
 For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

John Webster [1580?-1625?]

DIRGE

From "Cymbeline"

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun
 Nor the furious winter's rages;
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:
 Golden lads and girls all must,
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
 Care no more to clothe and eat;
 To thee the reed is as the oak:
 The scepter, learning, physic, must
 All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash
 Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
 Fear not slander, censure rash;
 Thou hast finished joy and moan:
 All lovers young, all lovers must
 Consign to thee, and come to dust.

William Shakespeare [1564-1616]

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE

Sung by Guiderus and Arviragus over Fidele, supposed to be dead

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
 Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
 Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
 And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear,
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
 But shepherd lads assemble here,
 And melting virgins own their love.

No withered witch shall here be seen,
 No goblins lead their nightly crew;
 The female fays shall haunt the green,
 And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The redbreast oft at evening hours
 Shall kindly lend his little aid,
 With hoary moss, and gathered flowers,
 To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
 In tempests shake the sylvan cell,
 Or midst the chase on every plain,
 The tender thought on thee shall dwell,

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
 For thee the tear be duly shed:
 Beloved, till life could charm no more;
 And mourned, till Pity’s self be dead.

William Collins [1721-1759]

HALLOWED GROUND

WHAT’S hallowed ground? Has earth a clod
 Its Maker meant not should be trod
 By man, the image of his God,
 Erect and free,
 Unscourged by Superstition’s rod
 To bow the knee?

That’s hallowed ground where, mourned and missed,
 The lips repose our love has kissed;—
 But where’s their memory’s mansion? Is’t
 Yon churchyard’s bowers?
 No! in ourselves their souls exist,
 A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground
Where mated hearts are mutual bound:
The spot where love's first links were wound,
 That ne'er are riven,
Is hallowed down to earth's profound,
 And up to Heaven!

For time makes all but true love old;
The burning thoughts that then were told
Run molten still in memory's mold;
 And will not cool
Until the heart itself be cold
 In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap!
In dews that heavens far distant weep
 Their turf may bloom;
Or Genii twine beneath the deep
 Their coral tomb.

But strew his ashes to the wind
Whose sword or voice has served mankind,—
And is he dead, whose glorious mind
 Lifts thine on high?—
To live in hearts we leave behind
 Is not to die.

Is't death to fall for Freedom's right?
He's dead alone that lacks her light!
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight
 The sword he draws:—
What can alone ennoble fight?
 A noble cause!

Give that!—and welcome War to brace
Her drums! and rend Heaven's reeking space!
The colors planted face to face,
 The charging cheer,
Though Death's pale horse lead on the chase
 Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men kneel
 To Heaven!—but Heaven rebukes my zeal
 The cause of Truth and human weal,
 O God above!
 Transfer it from the sword’s appeal
 To Peace and Love.

Peace, Love! the cherubim, that join
 Their spread wings o’er Devotion’s shrine,
 Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,
 Where they are not,—
 The heart alone can make divine
 Religion’s spot.

To incantations dost thou trust,
 And pompous rites in domes august?
 See moldering stones and metal’s rust
 Belie the vaunt,
 That man can bless one pile of dust
 With chime or chaunt.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man!
 Thy temples,—creeds themselves grow wan!
 But there’s a dome of nobler span,
 A temple given
 Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban,—
 Its space is Heaven!

Its roof, star-pictured Nature’s ceiling,
 Where, trancing the rapt spirit’s feeling,
 And God himself to man revealing,
 The harmonious spheres
 Make music, though unheard their pealing
 By mortal ears.

Fair stars! are not your beings pure?
 Can sin, can death, your worlds obscure?
 Else why so swell the thoughts at your
 Aspect above?
 Ye must be Heavens that make us sure
 Of heavenly love!

And in your harmony sublime
 I read the doom of distant time:
 That man's regenerate soul from crime
 Shall yet be drawn,
 And reason on his mortal clime
 Immortal dawn.

What's hallowed ground? 'Tis what gives birth
 To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!—
 Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth
 Earth's compass round;
 And your high-priesthood shall make earth
 All hallowed ground.

Thomas Campbell [1777-1844]

THE CHURCHYARD

How slowly creeps the hand of Time
 On the old clock's green-mantled face!
 Yea, slowly as those ivies climb,
 The hours roll round with patient pace;
 The drowsy rooks caw on the tower,
 The tame doves hover round and round;
 Below, the slow grass hour by hour
 Makes green God's sleeping-ground.

All moves, but nothing here is swift;
 The grass grows deep, the green boughs shoot;
 From east to west the shadows drift;
 The earth feels heavenward underfoot;
 The slow stream through the bridge doth stray
 With water-lilies on its marge,
 And slowly, piled with scented hay,
 Creeps by the silent barge.

All stirs, but nothing here is loud:
 The cushat broods, the cuckoo cries;
 Faint, far up, under a white cloud,
 The lark trills soft to earth and skies;

And underneath the green graves rest;
 And through the place, with slow footfalls,
 With snowy cambric on his breast,
 The old gray Vicar crawls.

And close at hand, to see him come,
 Clustering at the playground gate,
 The urchins of the school-house, dumb
 And bashful, hang the head and wait;
 The little maidens curtsey deep,
 The boys their forelocks touch meanwhile,
 The Vicar sees them, half asleep,
 And smiles a sleepy smile.

Slow as the hand on the clock’s face,
 Slow as the white cloud in the sky,
 He cometh now with tottering pace
 To the old vicarage hard by;
 Smothered it stands in ivy leaves,
 Laurels and yews make dark the ground;
 The swifts that build beneath the eaves
 Wheel in still circles round.

And from the portal, green and dark,
 He glances at the church-clock old—
 Gray soul! why seek his eyes to mark
 The creeping of that finger cold?
 He cannot see, but still as stone
 He pauses, listening for the chime,
 And hears from that green tower intone
 The eternal voice of Time.

Robert Buchanan [1841-1901]

THE OLD CHURCHYARD OF BONCHURCH

THE churchyard leans to the sea with its dead,—
 It leans to the sea with its dead so long.
 Do they hear, I wonder, the first bird’s song,
 When the winter’s anger is all but fled;

The high, sweet voice of the west wind,
The fall of the warm, soft rain,
When the second month of the year
Puts heart in the earth again?

Do they hear, through the glad April weather,
The green grasses waving above them?
Do they think there are none left to love them,
They have lain for so long there together?
Do they hear the note of the cuckoo,
The cry of gulls on the wing,
The laughter of winds and waters,
The feet of the dancing Spring?

Do they feel the old land slipping seaward,—
The old land, with its hills and its graves,—
As they gradually slide to the waves,
With the wind blowing on them from leeward?
Do they know of the change that awaits them,—
The sepulcher vast and strange?
Do they long for the days to go over,
And bring that miraculous change?

Or love they their night with no moonlight,
With no starlight, no dawn to its gloom?
Do they sigh: "'Neath the snow, or the bloom
Of the wild things that wave from our night,
We are warm, through winter and summer;
We hear the winds rave, and we say:
'The storm-wind blows over our heads,
But we, here, are out of its way'"?

Do they mumble low, one to another
With a sense that the waters that thunder
Shall ingather them all, draw them under:
"Ah, how long to our moving, my brother?
How long shall we quietly rest here,
In graves of darkness and ease?
The waves even now, may be on us
To draw us down under the seas!"

Do they think 'twill be cold when the waters
 That they love not, that neither can love them,
 Shall eternally thunder above them?
 Have they dread of the sea's shining daughters,
 That people the bright sea-regions
 And play with the young sea-kings?
 Have they dread of their cold embraces,
 And dread of all strange sea-things?

But their dread or their joy,—it is bootless:
 They shall pass from the breast of their mother;
 They shall lie low, dead brother by brother,
 In a place that is radiant and fruitless;
 And the folk that sail over their heads
 In violent weather
 Shall come down to them, haply, and all
 They shall lie there, together.

Philip Bourke Marston [1850-1887]

THE INDIAN BURYING-GROUND

IN spite of all the learned have said,
 I still my old opinion keep;
 The posture that we give the dead
 Points out the soul's eternal sleep.

Not so the ancients of these lands;—
 The Indian, when from life released,
 Again is seated with his friends,
 And shares again the joyous feast.

His imaged birds, and painted bowl,
 And venison, for a journey dressed,
 Bespeak the nature of the soul,
 Activity, that wants no rest.

His bow for action ready bent,
 And arrows with a head of stone,
 Can only mean that life is spent,
 And not the old ideas gone.

Thou, stranger, that shalt come this way,
No fraud upon the dead commit,—
Observe the swelling turf, and say,
They do not lie, but here they sit.

Here still a lofty rock remains,
On which the curious eye may trace
(Now wasted half by wearing rains)
The fancies of a ruder race.

Here still an aged elm aspires,
Beneath whose far projecting shade
(And which the shepherd still admires)
The children of the forest played.

There oft a restless Indian queen
(Pale Shebah with her braided hair),
And many a barbarous form is seen
To chide the man that lingers there.

By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,
In habit for the chase arrayed,
The hunter still the deer pursues,
The hunter and the deer—a shade!

And long shall timorous Fancy see
The painted chief, and pointed spear,
And Reason's self shall bow the knee
To shadows and delusions here.

Philip Freneau [1752-1832]

GOD'S-ACRE

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
 In the sure faith, that we shall rise again
 At the great harvest, when the archangel’s blast
 Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
 In the fair garden of that second birth;
 And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
 With that of flowers, which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude plowshare, Death, turn up the sod,
 And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
 This is the field and Acre of our God,
 This is the place where human harvests grow.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow [1807-1882]

THE CITY OF THE DEAD

THEY do neither plight nor wed
 In the city of the dead,
 In the city where they sleep away the hours;
 But they lie, while o’er them range
 Winter blight and Summer change,
 And a hundred happy whisperings of flowers.
 No, they neither wed nor plight,
 And the day is like the night,
 For their vision is of other kind than ours.

They do neither sing nor sigh
 In that burg of by and by,
 Where the streets have grasses growing cool and long;
 But they rest within their bed,
 Leaving all their thoughts unsaid,
 Deeming silence better far than sob or song.
 No, they neither sigh nor sing,
 Though the robin be a-wing,
 Though the leaves of Autumn march a million strong.

There is only rest and peace
 In the City of Surcease
 From the failings and the wailings ‘neath the sun,
 And the wings of the swift years
 Beat but gently o’er the biers,

Making music to the sleepers every one.
There is only peace and rest;
But to them it seemeth best,
For they lie at ease and know that life is done.

Richard Burton [1859-

THE GARDEN THAT I LOVE

THE Garden that I love is full of Light;
It lies upon the sloping of a hill,
Where Dawn first stirs the curtains of the Night,
And the breeze whispers when the Noon is still.

The garden that I love is full of Peace;
The voices of the vale are faint and far,
The busy murmurs of the highway cease,
And silently, at evening, comes the Star.

The garden that I love is full of Dreams;
Visions of joy gone by, and bliss that waits,
Beyond the furthest verge of sunset gleams,
With the wide opening of the Golden Gates.

The garden that I love is full of Rest;
God's own fair Acre, where His dear ones lie,
In the safe shelter of the kind earth's breast,
Waiting His Easter dawning up the sky.

There may I rest, asleep with them awhile,
There may I wake, with them, that glorious Day,
When, in the sunshine of the Master's smile,
Sorrow and sighing shall be swept away!

Florence L. Henderson [18 -

THE OLD SEXTON

NIGH to a grave that was newly made,
Leaned a sexton old on his earth-worn spade;
His work was done, and he paused to wait
The funeral-train at the open gate.

A relic of by-gone days was he,
 And his locks were gray as the foamy sea;
 And these words came from his lips so thin:
 “I gather them in—I gather them in—
 Gather—gather—gather them in.

“I gather them in; for man and boy,
 Year after year of grief and joy,
 I’ve builded the houses that lie around
 In every nook of this burial-ground,
 Mother and daughter, father and son,
 Come to my solitude, one by one;
 But come they stranger, or come they kin,
 I gather them in—I gather them in.

“Many are with me, yet I’m alone;
 I’m King of the Dead, and I make my throne
 On a monument slab of marble cold—
 My scepter of rule is the spade I hold.
 Come they from cottage, or come they from hall,
 Mankind are my subjects, all, all, all!
 May they loiter in pleasure, or toilfully spin,
 I gather them in—I gather them in.

“I gather them in, and their final rest
 Is here, down here, in the earth’s dark breast!”
 And the sexton ceased as the funeral-train
 Wound mutely over that solemn plain;
 And I said to myself: When time is told,
 A mightier voice than that sexton’s old,
 Will sound o’er the last trump’s dreadful din:
 “I gather them in—I gather them in—
 Gather—gather—gather them in.”

Park Benjamin [1809-1864]

GRAVE-DIGGER’S SONG

From “Prince Lucifer”

THE crab, the bullace, and the sloe,
 They burgeon in the Spring;
 And, when the west wind melts the snow,
 The redstarts build and sing,

But Death's at work in rind and root,
And loves the green buds best;
And when the pairing music's mute,
He spares the empty nest,
 Death! Death!
Death is master of lord and clown.
Close the coffin, and hammer it down.

When nuts are brown and sere without,
And white and plump within,
And juicy gourds are passed about,
And trickle down the chin;
When comes the reaper with his scythe,
And reaps and nothing leaves,
Oh, then it is that Death is blithe,
And sups among the sheaves.
 Death! Death!

Lower the coffin and slip the cord:
Death is master of clown and lord.

When logs about the house are stacked,
And next year's hose is knit,
And tales are told and jokes are cracked,
And faggots blaze and spit;
Death sits down in the ingle-nook,
Sits down and doth not speak:
But he puts his arm round the maid that's warm,
And she tingles in the cheek.

 Death! Death!
Death is master of lord and clown;
Shovel the clay in, tread it down.

Alfred Austin [1835-

DAYBREAK

A WIND came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me!"

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone!"

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, “Awake! it is the day!”

It said unto the forest, “Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!”

It touched the wood-bird’s folded wing,
And said, “O bird, awake and sing!”

And o’er the farms, “O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow, the day is near!”

It whispered to the fields of corn,
“Bow down, and hail the coming morn!”

It shouted through the belfry-tower,
“Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour.”

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, “Not yet! in quiet lie.”

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow [1807-1882]

THANATOPSIS

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature’s teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice:—

Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first

The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men—
The youth in life’s fresh spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

William Cullen Bryant [1794-1878]

FACING THE SUNSET

THE LIE

Go, Soul, the Body's guest,
Upon a thankless arrant;
Fear not to touch the best;
The truth shall be thy warrant:
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the World the lie.

Say to the Court, it glows
And shines like rotten wood:
Say to the Church, it shows
What's good, and doth no good:
If Court and Church reply
Then give them both the lie.

Tell Potentates, they live
Acting by others' action,
Not loved unless they give,
Not strong but by a faction:
If Potentates reply,
Give Potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition
That manage the Estate,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice, only hate:
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who, in their greatest cost,
Seek nothing but commending:
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Facing the Sunset

Tell Zeal it wants devotion;
Tell Love it is but lust;
Tell Time it is but motion;
Tell Flesh it is but dust:
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell Age it daily wasteth;
Tell Honor how it alters;
Tell Beauty how she blasteth;
Tell Favor how it falters:
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell Wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness;
Tell Wisdom she entangles
Herself in over-wiseness:
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell Physic of her boldness;
Tell Skill it is pretension;
Tell Charity of coldness;
Tell Law it is contention:
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell Fortune of her blindness;
Tell Nature of decay;
Tell Friendship of unkindness;
Tell Justice of delay:
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell Arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming;
Tell Schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming:
If Arts and Schools reply,
Give Arts and Schools the lie.

Tell Faith it's fled the City;
Tell how the Country erreth,
Tell Manhood shakes off pity;
Tell Virtue least preferreth:
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing,—
Although to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbing,—
Yet, stab at thee that will,
No stab the soul can kill!

Walter Raleigh [1552?–1618]

HIS PILGRIMAGE

GIVE me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage;
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer,
No other balm will there be given;
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
Traveleth towards the land of Heaven;
Over the silver mountains
Where spring the nectar fountains:

There will I kiss
The bowl of bliss,
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill.
My soul will be a-dry before;
But after, it will thirst no more.

Then by that happy, blissful day,
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,
That have cast off their rags of clay,
And walk appareled fresh like me.

I'll take them first
To quench their thirst,

And taste of nectar's suckets
 At those clear wells
 Where sweetness dwells
 Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.

And when our bottles and all we
 Are filled with immortality,
 Then the blessed paths we'll travel,
 Strowed with rubies thick as gravel;—
 Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,
 High walls of coral, and pearly bowers.
 From thence to Heaven's bribeless hall,
 Where no corrupted voices brawl;
 No conscience molten into gold,
 No forged accuser bought or sold,
 No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey,
 For there Christ is the King's Attorney,
 Who pleads for all without degrees,
 And He hath angels, but no fees.
 And when the grand twelve-million jury
 Of our sins, with direful fury,
 Against our souls black verdicts give,
 Christ pleads His death, and then we live.

Be Thou my speaker, taintless pleader,
 Unblotted lawyer, true proceeder!
 Thou giv'st salvation even for alms;
 Not with a bribèd lawyer's palms.
 And this is mine eternal plea
 To Him that made heaven, earth, and sea,
 That, since my flesh must die so soon,
 And want a head to dine next noon,
 Just at the stroke, when my veins start and spread,
 Set on my soul an everlasting head!
 Then am I ready, like a palmer, fit
 To tread those blest paths which before I writ.

O death and judgment, heaven and hell,
 Who oft doth think, must needs die well.

Walter Raleigh [1552?-1618]

THE CONCLUSION

EVEN such is Time, that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days;
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God will raise me up, I trust.

Walter Raleigh [1552?-1618]

DEATH'S SUMMONS

ADIEU, farewell, earth's bliss!
This world uncertain is:
Fond are life's lustful joys,
Death proves them all but toys.
None from his darts can fly:
I am sick, I must die.
Lord, have mercy on us!

Rich men, trust not in wealth,
Gold cannot buy you health;
Physic himself must fade;
All things to end are made;
The plague full swift goes by:
I am sick, I must die.

Lord, have mercy on us!

Beauty is but a flower,
Which wrinkles will devour:
Brightness falls from the air;
Queens have died young and fair;
Dust hath closed Helen's eye:
I am sick, I must die.
Lord, have mercy on us!

Strength stoops unto the grave;
Worms feed on Hector brave;

Swords may not fight with fate;
 Earth still holds ope her gate;
 Come, come, the bells do cry.
 I am sick, I must die.

Lord, have mercy on us!

Wit with his wantonness,
 Tasteth death's bitterness;
 Hell's executioner
 Hath no ears for to hear
 What vain art can reply;
 I am sick, I must die.

Lord, have mercy on us!

Haste therefore each degree
 To welcome destiny!
 Heaven is our heritage,
 Earth but a player's stage;
 Mount we unto the sky:
 I am sick, I must die.

Lord, have mercy on us!

Thomas Nashe [1567-1601]

HIS WINDING-SHEET

COME thou, who art the wine and wit
 Of all I've writ:
 The grace, the glory, and the best
 Piece of the rest.
 Thou art of what I did intend
 The all and end;
 And what was made, was made to meet
 Thee, thee, my sheet.
 Come then, and be to my chaste side
 Both bed and bride:
 We two, as reliques left, will have
 One rest, one grave:
 And, hugging close, we will not fear
 Lust entering here:
 Where all desires are dead and cold
 As is the mold;

And all affections are forgot,
Or trouble not.
Here, here, the slaves and prisoners be
From shackles free:
And weeping widows, long oppressed,
Do here find rest.
The wrongèd client ends his laws
Here, and his cause.
Here those long suits of Chancery lie
Quiet, or die:
And all Star-Chamber bills do cease
Or hold their peace.
Here needs no Court for our Request
Where all are best,
All wise, all equal, and all just
Alike i' th' dust.
Nor need we here to fear the frown
Of court or crown:
Where Fortune bears no sway o'er things,
There all are kings.
In this securer place we'll keep
As lulled asleep;
Or for a little time we'll lie
As robes laid by;
To be another day re-worn,
Turned, but not torn:
Or like old testaments engrossed,
Locked up, not lost.
And for a while lie here concealed,
To be revealed
Next at that great Platonic Year,
And then meet here.

Robert Herrick [1591-1674]

A PRAYER IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH

O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear!
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear!

If I have wandered in those paths
 Of life I ought to shun,
 As something, loudly, in my breast,
 Remonstrates I have done;

Thou know'st that Thou hast formèd me
 With passions wild and strong;
 And listening to their witching voice
 Has often led me wrong.

Where human weakness has come short,
 Or frailty stepped aside,
 Do Thou, All-Good!—for such Thou art,—
 In shades of darkness hide.

Where with intention I have erred,
 No other plea I have,
 But, Thou art good; and Goodness still
 Delighteth to forgive.

Robert Burns [1759-1796]

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND *

INTO the Silent Land!
 Ah! who shall lead us thither?
 Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
 And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
 Who leads us with a gentle hand
 Thither, oh, thither,
 Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!
 To you, ye boundless regions
 Of all perfection! Tender morning-visions
 Of beauteous souls! The Future's pledge and band!
 Who in Life's battle firm doth stand,
 Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
 Into the Silent Land!

* For the original of this poem see page 3582.

O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
To the land of the great Departed,
Into the Silent Land!

*After von Salis-Seewis, by
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow [1807-1882]*

JUNE

I GAZED upon the glorious sky
And the green mountains round,
And thought that when I came to lie
At rest within the ground,
'Twere pleasant that, in flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain-turf should break.

A cell within the frozen mould,
A coffin borne through sleet,
And icy clods above it rolled,
While fierce the tempests beat—
Away!—I will not think of these—
Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,
Earth green beneath the feet,
And be the damp mould gently pressed
Into my narrow place of rest.

There through the long, long summer hours,
The golden light should lie,
And thick young herbs and groups of flowers
Stand in their beauty by.
The oriole should build and tell
His love-tale close beside my cell;
The idle butterfly
Should rest him there, and there be heard
The housewife bee and humming-bird.

And what if cheerful shouts at noon
 Come, from the village sent,
 Or songs of maids, beneath the moon
 With fairy laughter blent?
 And what if, in the evening light,
 Betrothèd lovers walk in sight
 Of my low monument?
 I would the lovely scene around
 Might know no sadder sight nor sound.

I know that I no more should see
 The season's glorious show,
 Nor would its brightness shine for me,
 Nor its wild music flow;
 But if, around my place of sleep,
 The friends I love should come to weep,
 They might not haste to go.
 Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom
 Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These to their softened hearts should bear
 The thought of what has been,
 And speak of one who cannot share
 The gladness of the scene;
 Whose part, in all the pomp that fills
 The circuit of the summer hills,
 Is that his grave is green;
 And deeply would their hearts rejoice
 To hear again his living voice.

William Cullen Bryant [1794-1878]

LOVE, TIME AND DEATH

AH me, dread friends of mine,—Love, Time, and Death:
 Sweet Love, who came to me on shining wing,
 And gave her to my arms,—her lips, her breath,
 And all her golden ringlets clustering:
 And Time, who gathers in the flying years,
 He gave me all, but where is all he gave?
 He took my love and left me barren tears;
 Weary and lone I follow to the grave.

There Death will end this vision half-divine.
Wan Death, who waits in shadow evermore,
And silent, ere he give the sudden sign;
Oh, gently lead me through thy narrow door,
Thou gentle Death, thou trustiest friend of mine—
Ah me, for Love—will Death my Love restore?

Frederick Locker-Lampson [1821-1895]

A WISH

I ASK not that my bed of death
From bands of greedy heirs be free;
For these besiege the latest breath
Of fortune's favored sons, not me.

I ask not each kind soul to keep
Tearless, when of my death he hears.
Let those who will, if any, weep!
There are worse plagues on earth than tears.

I ask but that my death may find
The freedom to my life denied;
Ask but the folly of mankind
Then, then at last, to quit my side.

Spare me the whispering, crowded room,
The friends who come, and gape, and go;
The ceremonious air of gloom—
All, which makes death a hideous show!

Nor bring, to see me cease to live,
Some doctor full of phrase and fame,
To shake his sapient head, and give
The ill he cannot cure a name.

Nor fetch, to take the accustomed toll,
Of the poor sinner bound for death,
His brother-doctor of the soul,
To canvass with official breath

The future and its viewless things—
 That undiscovered mystery
 Which one who feels death's winnowing wings
 • Must needs read clearer, sure, than he!

Bring none of these; but let me be,
 While all around in silence lies,
 Moved to the window near, and see
 Once more, before my dying eyes,
 Bathed in the sacred dews of morn
 The wide aërial landscape spread—
 The world which was ere I was born,
 The world which lasts when I am dead;

Which never was the friend of *one*,
 Nor promised love it could not give,
 But lit for all its generous sun,
 And lived itself, and made us live.

There let me gaze, till I become
 In soul, with what I gaze on, wed!
 To feel the universe my home;
 To have before my mind—instead
 Of the sick room, the mortal strife,
 The turmoil for a little breath—
 The pure eternal course of life,
 Not human combatings with death!

Thus feeling, gazing, might I grow
 Composed, refreshed, ennobled, clear;
 Then willing let my spirit go
 To work or wait elsewhere or here!

Matthew Arnold [1822-1888]

NEXT OF KIN

THE shadows gather round me, while you are in the sun:
 My day is almost ended, but yours is just begun:
 The winds are singing to us both and the streams are singing still,
 And they fill your heart with music, but mine they cannot fill.

Your home is built in sunlight, mine in another day:
Your home is close at hand, sweet friend, but mine is far
away:

Your bark is in the haven where you fain would be:
I must launch out into the deep, across the unknown sea.

You, white as dove or lily or spirit of the light:
I, stained and cold and glad to hide in the cold dark night:
You, joy to many a loving heart and light to many eyes:
I, lonely in the knowledge earth is full of vanities.

Yet when your day is over, as mine is nearly done,
And when your race is finished, as mine is almost run,
You, like me, shall cross your hands and bow your graceful
head:

Yea, we twain shall sleep together in an equal bed.

Christina Georgina Rossetti [1830-1894]

A BETTER RESURRECTION

I HAVE no wit, no words, no tears;
 My heart within me like a stone
Is numbed too much for hopes or fears;
 Look right, look left, I dwell alone;
I lift mine eyes, but dimmed with grief
 No everlasting hills I see;
My life is in the falling leaf:
 O Jesu, quicken me!

My life is like a faded leaf,
 My harvest dwindled to a husk;
Truly my life is void and brief
 And tedious in the barren dusk;
My life is like a frozen thing,
 No bud nor greenness can I see:
Yet rise it shall,—the sap of Spring;
 O Jesu, rise in me!

My life is like a broken bowl,
 A broken bowl that cannot hold
One drop of water for my soul
 Or cordial in the searching cold;

Facing the Sunset

Cast in the fire the perished thing,
 Melt and remold it, till it be
 A royal cup for Him my King:
 O Jesu, drink of me!

Christina Georgina Rossetti [1830-1894]

THE SUMMER IS ENDED

WREATHE no more lilies in my hair,
 For I am dying, Sister sweet:
 Or, if you will for the last time
 Indeed, why make me fair
 Once for my winding-sheet.

Pluck no more roses for my breast,
 For I like them fade in my prime:
 Or, if you will, why pluck them still,
 That they may share my rest
 Once more for the last time.

Weep not for me when I am gone,
 Dear tender one, but hope and smile:
 Or, if you cannot choose but weep,
 A little while weep on,
 Only a little while.

Christina Georgina Rossetti [1830-1894]

A LITTLE PARABLE

I MADE the cross myself whose weight
 Was later laid on me.
 This thought is torture as I toil
 Up life's steep Calvary.

To think mine own hands drove the nails!
 I sang a merry song,
 And chose the heaviest wood I had
 To build it firm and strong.

If I had guessed—if I had dreamed
Its weight was meant for me,
I should have made a lighter cross
To bear up Calvary!

Anne Reeve Aldrich [1866-1892]

MY CROSS

My Lord would make a cross for me
But I would none of His,—
I thought I better knew than He
To bear my pain or bliss.

My Lord would make a cross for me
But I would make my own,—
In fashion light as cross could be
But now it weighs like stone.

If I had only bowed me low
To take the cross He laid,
It never would have galled me so
As this, the one I made.

For aye, His cross is true and sure
In all its breadth and length,
Just what His children can endure
And measured to their strength.

But I had fainted 'neath the load
I on myself did lay,
Had He not met me on the road
And helped me on the way!

Zitella Cocke [1847-]

IN THE HOSPITAL

I LAY me down to sleep,
With little thought or care
Whether my waking find
Me here, or there.

Facing the Sunset

A bowing, burdened head,
 That only asks to rest,
 Unquestioning, upon
 A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets
 Its cunning now;
 To march the weary march
 I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,
 Nor strong—all that is past;
 I am ready not to do
 At last, at last.

My half day's work is done,
 And this is all my part—
 I give a patient God
 My patient heart,

And grasp His banner still,
 Though all the blue be dim;
 These stripes as well as stars
 Lead after Him.

Mary Woolsey Howland [1832-1864]

WHEN

If I were told that I must die to-morrow,
 That the next sun
 Which sinks would bear me past all fear and sorrow
 For any one,
 All the fight fought, all the short journey through,
 What should I do?

I do not think that I should shrink or falter,
 But just go on,
 Doing my work, nor change nor seek to alter
 Aught that is gone;
 But rise and move and love and smile and pray
 For one more day.

And, lying down at night for a last sleeping,
 Say in that ear
Which hearkens ever: "Lord, within Thy keeping
 How should I fear?
And when to-morrow brings Thee nearer still,
 Do thou Thy will."

I might not sleep for awe; but peaceful, tender,
 My soul would lie
All the night long; and when the morning splendor
 Flushed o'er the sky,
I think that I could smile—could calmly say,
 "It is His day."

But if a wondrous hand from the blue yonder
 Held out a scroll
On which my life was writ, and I with wonder
 Beheld unroll
To a long century's end its mystic clue,
 What should I do?

What *could* I do, O blessed Guide and Master,
 Other than this:
Still to go on as now, not slower, faster,
 Nor fear to miss
The road, although so very long it be,
 While led by Thee?

Step after step, feeling Thee close beside me,
 Although unseen,
Through thorns, through flowers, whether the tempest hide
 Thee,
 Or heavens serene,
Assured Thy faithfulness cannot betray,
 Thy love decay.

I may not know; my God, no hand revealeth
 Thy counsels wise;
Along the path a deepening shadow stealeth,
 No voice replies
To all my questioning thought, the time to tell;
 And it is well.

Let me keep on, abiding and unfearing
 Thy will always,
 Through a long century's ripening fruition
 Or a short day's;
 Thou canst not come too soon; and I can wait
 If Thou come late.

Sarah Chauncey Woolsey [1845-1905]

“EX LIBRIS”

IN an old book at even as I read
 Fast fading words adown my shadowy page,
 I crossed a tale of how, in other age,
 At Arqua, with his books around him, sped
 The word to Petrarch; and with noble head
 Bowed gently o'er his volume that sweet sage
 To Silence paid his willing seigniorage.
 And they who found him whispered, “He is dead!”
 Thus timely from old comradeships would I
 To Silence also rise. Let there be night,
 Stillness, and only these staid watchers by,
 And no light shine save my low study light—
 Lest of his kind intent some human cry
 Interpret not the Messenger aright.

Arthur Upson [1877-1908]

IN EXTREMIS

TILL dawn the Winds' insuperable throng
 Passed over like archangels in their might,
 With roar of chariots from their stormy height,
 And broken thunder of mysterious song—
 By mariner or sentry heard along
 The star-usurping battlements of night—
 And wafture of immeasurable flight,
 And high-blown trumpets mutinous and strong.
 Till louder on the dreadful dark I heard
 The shrieking of the tempest-tortured tree,
 And deeper on immensity the call
 And tumult of the empire-forging sea;

But near the eternal Peace I lay, nor stirred,
Knowing the happy dead hear not at all.

George Sterling [1869–]

SPINNING

LIKE a blind spinner in the sun,
I tread my days;
I know that all the threads will run
Appointed ways;
I know each day will bring its task,
And, being blind, no more I ask.

I do not know the use or name
Of that I spin:
I only know that some one came,
And laid within
My hand the thread, and said, “Since you
Are blind, but one thing you can do.”

Sometimes the threads so rough and fast
And tangled fly,
I know wild storms are sweeping past,
And fear that I
Shall fall; but dare not try to find
A safer place, since I am blind.

I know not why, but I am sure
That tint and place,
In some great fabric to endure
Past time and race,
My threads will have; so from the first,
Though blind, I never felt accurst.

I think, perhaps, this trust has sprung
From one short word
Said over me when I was young,—
So young, I heard
It, knowing not that God’s name signed
My brow, and sealed me His, though blind.

But whether this be seal or sign
 Within, without,
 It matters not. The bond divine
 I never doubt.
 I know He set me here, and still,
 And glad, and blind, I wait His will;

But listen, listen, day by day,
 To hear their tread
 Who bear the finished web away,
 And cut the thread,
 And bring God's message in the sun,
 "Thou poor blind spinner, work is done."

Helen Hunt Jackson [1831-1885]

"SOME TIME AT EVE"

SOME time at eve when the tide is low,
 I shall slip my mooring and sail away,
 With no response to the friendly hail
 Of kindred craft in the busy bay.
 In the silent hush of the twilight pale,
 When the night stoops down to embrace the day,
 And the voices call in the waters' flow—
 Some time at eve when the tide is low,
 I shall slip my mooring and sail away.

Through the purpling shadows that darkly trail
 O'er the ebbing tide of the Unknown Sea,
 I shall fare me away, with a dip of sail
 And a ripple of waters to tell the tale
 Of a lonely voyager, sailing away
 To the Mystic Isles where at anchor lay
 The crafts of those who have sailed before
 O'er the Unknown Sea to the Unseen Shore.

A few who have watched me sail away
 Will miss my craft from the busy bay;
 Some friendly barks that were anchored near,
 Some loving souls that my heart held dear,
 In silent sorrow will drop a tear—

But I shall have peacefully furled my sail
 In moorings sheltered from storm or gale,
 And greeted the friends who have sailed before
 O'er the Unknown Sea to the Unseen Shore.

Lizzie Clark Hardy [18 -

NIGHT

WHEN the time comes for me to die,
 To-morrow, or some other day,
 If God should bid me make reply,
 "What would'st thou?" I shall say,

O God, Thy world was great and fair;
 Yet give me to forget it clean!
 Vex me no more with things that were,
 And things that might have been.

I loved, I toiled, throve ill or well,
 —Lived certain years and murmured not.
 Now grant me in that land to dwell
 Where all things are forgot.

For others, Lord, Thy purging fires,
 The loves reknit, the crown, the palm.
 For me, the death of all desires
 In deep, eternal calm.

T. W. Rolleston [18 -

AFTERWARDS

I KNOW that these poor rags of womanhood,—
 This oaten pipe, whereon the wild winds played
 Making sad music,—tattered and outrayed,
 Cast off, played out,—can hold no more of good,
 Of love, or song, or sense of sun and shade.

What homely neighbors elbow me (hard by
 'Neath the black yews) I know I shall not know,
 Nor take account of changing winds that blow,
 Shifting the golden arrow, set on high
 On the gray spire, nor mark who come and go.

Yet would I lie in some familiar place,
 Nor share my rest with uncongenial dead,—
 Somewhere, may be, where friendly feet will tread.—
 As if from out some little chink of space
 Mine eyes might see them tripping overhead.

And though too sweet to deck a sepulcher
 Seem twinkling daisy-buds and meadow-grass;
 And so would more than serve me, lest they pass
 Who fain would know what woman rested there,
 What her demeanor, or her story was,—

For these I would that on a sculptured stone
 (Fenced round with ironwork to keep secure)
 Should sleep a form with folded palms demure,
 In aspect like the dreamer that was gone,
 With these words carved, "*I hoped, but was not sure.*"

Violet Fane [18 —

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME

Oh, where will be the birds that sing,
 A hundred years to come?
 The flowers that now in beauty spring,
 A hundred years to come?
 The rosy lip, the lofty brow,
 The heart that beats so gaily now,—
 Oh, where will be love's beaming eye,
 Joy's pleasant smile, and sorrow's sigh,
 A hundred years to come?

Who'll press for gold this crowded street,
 A hundred years to come?
 Who'll tread yon church with willing feet,
 A hundred years to come?
 Pale, trembling age, and fiery youth,
 And childhood with its brow of truth,
 The rich and poor, on land and sea,—
 Where will the mighty millions be,
 A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep,
A hundred years to come;
No living soul for us will weep
A hundred years to come;
But other men our lands shall till,
And others then our streets shall fill,
While other birds shall sing as gay,
As bright the sunshine as to-day,
A hundred years to come!

William Goldsmith Brown [1812-1906]

THE LAST CAMP-FIRE

SCAR not earth's breast that I may have
Somewhere above her heart a grave;
Mine was a life whose swift desire
Bent ever less to dust than fire;
Then through the swift white path of flame
Send back my soul to whence it came;
From some great peak, storm challenging,
My death-fire to the heavens fling;
The rocks my altar, and above
The still eyes of the stars I love;
No hymn, save as the midnight wind
Comes whispering to seek his kind.

Heap high the logs of spruce and pine,
Balsam for spices and for wine;
Brown cones, and knots a golden blur
Of hoarded pitch, more sweet than myrrh;
Cedar, to stream across the dark
Its scented embers spark on spark;
Long, shaggy boughs of juniper,
And silvery, odorous sheaves of fir;
Spice-wood, to die in incense smoke
Against the stubborn roots of oak,
Red to the last for hate or love
As that red stubborn heart above.

Watch till the last pale ember dies,
 Till wan and low the dead pyre lies,
 Then let the thin white ashes blow
 To all earth's winds a finer snow;
 There is no wind of hers but I
 Have loved it as it whistled by;
 No leaf whose life I would not share,
 No weed that is not some way fair;
 Hedge not my dust in one close urn,
 It is to these I would return,—
 The wild, free winds, the things that know
 No master's rule, no ordered row,—

To be, if Nature will, at length
 Part of some great tree's noble strength;
 Growth of the grass; to live anew
 In many a wild-flower's richer hue;
 Find immortality, indeed,
 In ripened heart of fruit and seed.
 Time grants not any man redress
 Of his broad law, forgetfulness;
 I parley not with shaft and stone,
 Content that in the perfume blown
 From next year's hillsides something sweet
 And mine, shall make earth more complete.

Sharlot M. Hall [1870—

AT FIRST

If I should fall asleep one day,
 All over-worn,
 And should my spirit from the clay
 Go dreaming out the Heavenward way,
 Or thence be softly borne,—

I pray you, angels, do not first
 Assail mine ear
 With that blest anthem oft rehearsed,—
 “Behold, the bonds of Death are burst,”—
 Lest I should faint with fear.

But let some happy bird at hand
 The silence break:
So shall I dimly understand
That dawn has touched a blossoming land,
 And sigh myself awake.

From that deep rest emerging so
 To lift the head
And see the bath-flower's bell of snow,
The pink arbutus, and the low
 Spring-beauty streaked with red,

Will all suffice—no other where
 Impelled to roam,—
Till some blithe wanderer, passing fair,
Will smiling pause, of me aware,
 And murmur, "Welcome home!"

So, sweetly greeted, I shall rise
 To kiss her cheek;
Then lightly soar in lovely guise,
As one familiar with the skies,
 Who finds, and need not seek.

Amanda T. Jones [1835-

THE LAMP IN THE WEST

VENUS has lit her silver lamp
 Low in the purple West,
Casting a soft and mellow light
 Upon the sea's full breast;
In one clear path—as if to guide
 Some pale, wayfaring guest.

Far out, far out the restless bar
 Starts from a troubled sleep,
Where, roaring through the narrow straits,
 The meeting waters leap;
But still that shining pathway leads
 Across the lonely deep.

When I sail out the narrow straits
 Where unknown dangers be,
 And cross the troubled, moaning bar
 To the mysterious sea,
 Dear God, wilt thou not set a lamp
 Low in the West for me?

Ella Higginson [1862—

THE DYING RESERVIST

I SHALL not see the faces of my friends,
 Nor hear the songs the rested reapers sing
 After the labors of the harvesting,
 In those dark nights before the summer ends;
 Nor see the floods of spring, the melting snow,
 Nor in the autumn twilight hear the stir
 Of reedy marshes, when the wild ducks whir
 And circle black against the afterglow.
 My mother died; she shall not have to weep;
 My wife will find another home; my child,
 Too young, will never grieve or know; but I
 Have found my brother, and contentedly
 I'll lay my head upon his knees and sleep.
 O brother Death,—I knew you when you smiled.

Maurice Baring 1874—

“ IF LOVE WERE JESTER AT THE COURT OF DEATH”

If Love were jester at the court of Death,
 And Death the king of all, still would I pray,
 “For me the motley and the bauble, yea,
 Though all be vanity, as the Preacher saith,
 The mirth of love be mine for one brief breath!”
 Then would I kneel the monarch to obey,
 And kiss that pale hand, should it spare or slay;
 Since I have tasted love, what mattereth!
 But if, dear God, this heart be dry as sand,
 And cold as Charon's palm holding Hell's toll,

How worse! how worse! Scorch it with sorrow's brand!
 Haply, though dead to joy, 'twould feel *that* coal;
 Better a cross, and nails through either hand,
 Than Pilate's palace and a frozen soul!

Frederic Lawrence Knowles [1869-1905]

CONSTANCY

“DEAR as remembered kisses after death”—
 We read and pause, toying the pliant page
 With absent fingers while we question slow,
 By whom remembered? Not by those that live,
 And love again, and wed, and know fresh joys,
 Forgetting the pale past. Ah, no! for them,
 The sudden stirring of such long-whelmed thought
 Means shock and pain, and swift reburial.
 But it may be, that with the dreaming dead,
 Who sank away quick piercèd by despair,
 It may be that their stillness is aglow
 Through soft recalling of each loved caress;
 Perchance it is of them the poet saith
 “Dear as remembered kisses after death.”

Minor Watson [18 -

THE WILD RIDE

*I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses
 All day, on the road, the hoofs of invisible horses,
 All night, from their stalls, the importunate pawing and neigh-
 ing.*

Let cowards and laggards fall back! but alert to the saddle
 Weatherworn and abreast, go men of our galloping legion,
 With a stirrup-cup each to the lily of women that loves him.

The trail is through dolor and dread, over crags and mo-
 rasses;

There are shapes by the way, there are things that appal or
 entice us:

What odds? We are Knights of the Grail, we are vowed to
 the riding.

Thought's self is a vanishing wing, and joy is a cobweb,
 And friendship a flower in the dust, and glory a sunbeam:
 Not here is our prize, nor, alas! after these our pursuing.

A dipping of plumes, a tear, a shake of the bridle,
 A passing salute to this world and her pitiful beauty:
 We hurry with never a word in the track of our fathers.

*I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses
 All day, on the road, the hoofs of invisible horses,
 All night, from their stalls, the importunate pawing and neigh-
 ing.*

We spur to a land of no name, outracing the storm-wind;
 We leap to the infinite dark like the sparks from the anvil.
 Thou leadest, O God! All's well with Thy troopers that
 follow.

Louise Imogen Guiney [1861-

“I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY”

I WOULD not live alway—live alway below!
 Oh no, I'll not linger when bidden to go:
 The days of our pilgrimage granted us here
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer:
 Would I shrink from the path which the prophets of God,
 Apostles, and martyrs, so joyfully trod?
 Like a spirit unblest, o'er the earth would I roam,
 While brethren and friends are all hastening home?

I would not live alway: I ask not to stay
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
 Where seeking for rest we but hover around,
 Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is found;
 Where Hope, when she paints her gay bow in the air,
 Leaves its brilliance to fade in the night of despair,
 And joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray,
 Save the gleam of the plumage that bears him away.

I would not live alway—thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without and corruption within;
In a moment of strength if I sever the chain,
Scarce the victory’s mine, ere I’m captive again;
E’en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears:
The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,
But my spirit her own *miserere* prolongs.

I would not live alway—no, welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom;
Where He deigned to sleep, I’ll too bow my head,
All peaceful to slumber on that hallowed bed.
Then the glorious daybreak, to follow that night,
The orient gleam of the angels of light,
With their clarion call for the sleepers to rise
And chant forth their matins, away to the skies.

Who, who would live alway? away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o’er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the songs of salvation exultingly roll
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

That heavenly music! what is it I hear?
The notes of the harpers ring sweet in mine ear!
And see, soft unfolding those portals of gold,
The King all arrayed in His beauty behold!
Oh give me, oh give me, the wings of a dove,
To adore Him—be near Him—enwrapped with his love;
I but wait for the summons, I list for the word—
Alleluia—Amen—evermore with the Lord!

William Augustus Muhlenberg [1796–1877]

“ONE FIGHT MORE”

PROSPICE

FEAR death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
 The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
 Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
 And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
 The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
 The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
 And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
 The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
 Of pain, darkness and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
 The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
 Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
 And with God be the rest!

Robert Browning [1812-1889]

REQUIEM

UNDER the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

Robert Louis Stevenson [1850-1894]

“OH MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR INVISIBLE”

Longum illud tempus, quum non ero, magis me movet, quam hoc exiguum.—
Cicero, ad Att., xii. 18.

OH MAY I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized,
With widening retrospect that bred despair.
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child,
Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved;
Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air.
And all our rarer, better, truer self,

That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
 That watched to ease the burden of the world,
 Laboriously tracing what must be,
 And what may yet be better,—saw within
 A worthier image for the sanctuary,
 And shaped it forth before the multitude,
 Divinely human, raising worship so
 To higher reverence more mixed with love,—
 That better self shall live till human Time
 Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
 Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb
 Unread forever.

This is life to come,
 Which martyred men have made more glorious
 For us who strive to follow. May I reach
 That purest heaven, be to other souls
 The cup of strength in some great agony,
 Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
 Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
 Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
 And in diffusion ever more intense.
 So shall I join the choir invisible
 Whose music is the gladness of the world.

George Eliot [1819-1880]

LAST LINES

No coward soul is mine,
 No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere:
 I see Heaven's glories shine,
 And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God within my breast,
 Almighty, ever-present Deity!
 Life—that in me has rest,
 As I—undying Life—have power in Thee!

Vain are the thousand creeds
 That move men's hearts: unutterably vain;
 Worthless as withered weeds,
 Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one
 Holding so fast by Thine infinity;
 So surely anchored on
 The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love
 Thy Spirit animates eternal years,
 Pervades and broods above,
 Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,
 And suns and universes cease to be,
 And Thou were left alone,
 Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,
 Nor atom that his might could render void:
 Thou—Thou art Being and Breath,
 And what Thou art may never be destroyed.

Emily Brontë [1818-1848]

LAUS MORTIS

NAY, why should I fear Death,
 Who gives us life, and in exchange takes breath?

He is like cordial Spring
 That lifts above the soil each buried thing;—

Like Autumn, kind and brief—
 The frost that chills the branches frees the leaf;—

Like Winter's stormy hours
 That spread their fleece of snow to save the flowers.

The lordliest of all things,—
 Life lends us only feet, Death gives us wings!

Fearing no covert thrust,
 Let me walk onward, armed with valiant trust,

Dreading no unseen knife,
Across Death's threshold step from life to life!

O all ye frightened folk,
Whether ye wear a crown or bear a yoke,

Laid in one equal bed,
When once your coverlet of grass is spread,

What daybreak need you fear?
The Love will rule you there which guides you here!

Where Life, the Sower, stands,
Scattering the ages from his swinging hand

Thou waitest, Reaper lone,
Until the multitudinous grain hath grown

Scythe-bearer, when thy blade
Harvests my flesh, let me be unafraid!

God's husbandman thou art!—
In His unwithering sheaves, O bind my heart!

Frederic Lawrence Knowles [1869-1905]

“WHEN I HAVE FEARS”

WHEN I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain,
Before high-pilèd books, in charact'ry
Hold like rich garners the full-ripened grain;
When I behold, upon the night's starred face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And think that I may never live to trace
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour!
That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the fairy power
Of unreflecting love!—then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink.

John Keats [1795-1821]

LAST SONNET

BRIGHT Star! would I were steadfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendor hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like Nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priest-like task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—
No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pilloed upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

John Keats [1795-1821]

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL

*Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes Comesque Corporis,
Qua nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, nudula?
Nec, ut soles, dabis joca.*

ADRIANI MORIENTIS, AD ANIMAM SUAM

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears

With sounds seraphic ring!
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
 O Grave! where is thy victory?
 O Death! where is thy sting?

Alexander Pope [1688-1744]

“BEYOND THE SMILING AND THE WEEPING”

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping

I shall be soon;

Beyond the waking and the sleeping,

Beyond the sowing and the reaping,

I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home!

Sweet hope!

Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading

I shall be soon;

Beyond the shining and the shading,

Beyond the hoping and the dreading,

I shall be soon.

Beyond the rising and the setting

I shall be soon;

Beyond the calming and the fretting,

Beyond remembering and forgetting,

I shall be soon.

Beyond the gathering and the strowing

I shall be soon;

Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,

Beyond the coming and the going,

I shall be soon.

Beyond the parting and the meeting

I shall be soon;

Beyond the farewell and the greeting,

Beyond this pulse's fever beating,

I shall be soon.

Beyond the frost chain and the fever
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Horatius Bonar [1808-1889]

"I STROVE WITH NONE"

I STROVE with none; for none was worth my strife.
Nature I loved and, next to Nature, Art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

Walter Savage Landor [1775-1864]

DEATH

DEATH stands above me, whispering low
I know not what into my ear;
Of his strange language all I know
Is, there is not a word of fear.

Walter Savage Landor [1775-1864]

LIFE

LIFE! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met,
I own to me's a secret yet.
But this I know, when thou art fled,
Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,
No clod so valueless shall be
As all that then remains of me.

O whither, whither dost thou fly?
 Where bend unseen thy trackless course?
 And in this strange divorce,
 Ah, tell where I must seek this compound I?
 To the vast ocean of empyreal flame
 From whence thy essence came
 Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed
 From matter's base encumbering weed?
 Or dost thou, hid from sight,
 Wait, like some spell-bound knight,
 Through blank oblivious years the appointed hour
 To break thy trance and reassume thy power?
 Yet canst thou without thought or feeling be?
 O say, what art thou, when no more thou'rt thee?

Life! we have been long together,
 Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
 Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;—
 Then steal away, give little warning,
 Choose thine own time;
 Say not Good-night, but in some brighter clime
 Bid me Good-morning!

Anna Letitia Barbauld [1743-1825]

DYING HYMN

EARTH, with its dark and dreadful ills,
 Recedes, and fades away;
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly hills;
 Ye gates of death, give way!

My soul is full of whispered song,
 My blindness is my sight;
 The shadows that I feared so long
 Are all alive with light.

The while my pulses faintly beat,
 My faith doth so abound,
 I feel grow firm beneath my feet
 The green immortal ground.

That faith to me a courage gives
Low as the grave, to go:
I know that my Redeemer lives:
That I shall live, I know.

The palace walls I almost see,
Where dwells my Lord and King;
O grave, where is thy victory!
O death, where is thy sting!

Alice Cary [1820-1871]

IN HARBOR

I THINK it is over, over,
I think it is over at last;
Voices of foeman and lover,
The sweet and the bitter, have passed:
Life, like a tempest of ocean,
Hath outblown its ultimate blast:
There's but a faint sobbing seaward
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,
And behold! like the welcoming quiver
Of heart-pulses throbbed through the river,
Those lights in the harbor at last,
The heavenly harbor at last!

I feel it is over! over!
For the winds and the waters surcease;
Ah, few were the days of the rover
That smiled in the beauty of peace!
And distant and dim was the omen
That hinted redress or release:—
From the ravage of life, and its riot,
What marvel I yearn for the quiet
Which bides in the harbor at last,—
For the lights, with their welcoming quiver,
That throb through the sanctified river,
Which girdle the harbor at last,
This heavenly harbor at last?

I know it is over, over,
 I know it is over at last!
 Down sail! the sheathed anchor uncover,
 For the stress of the voyage has passed:
 Life, like a tempest of ocean,
 Hath outbreathed its ultimate blast:
 There's but a faint sobbing to seaward,
 While the calm of the tide deepens leeward;
 And behold! like the welcoming quiver
 Of heart-pulses throbbed through the river,
 Those lights in the harbor at last,
 The heavenly harbor at last!

Paul Hamilton Hayne [1830-1886]

THE LAST INVOCATION

At the last, tenderly,
 From the walls of the powerful, fortress house,
 From the clasp of the knitted locks, from the keep of the
 well-closed doors,
 Let me be wafted.

Let me glide noiselessly forth;
 With the key of softness unlock the locks—with a whisper
 Set ope the doors, O soul!

Tenderly—be not impatient!
 (Strong is your hold, O mortal flesh!
 Strong is your hold, O love!)

Walt Whitman [1819-1892]

“DAREST THOU NOW, O SOUL”

DAREST thou now, O soul,
 Walk out with me toward the unknown region,
 Where neither ground is for the feet nor any path to follow?

No map there, nor guide,
 Nor voice sounding, nor touch of human hand,
 Nor face with blooming flesh, nor lips, nor eyes, are in that
 land.

I know it not, O soul,
Nor dost thou, all is a blank before us,—
All waits undreamed of in that region, that inaccessible land.

Till when the ties loosen,
All but the ties eternal, Time and Space,
Nor darkness, gravitation, sense, nor any bounds bounding
us.

Then we burst forth, we float,
In Time and Space, O soul! prepared for them,
Equal, equipped at last (O joy! O fruit of all!), them to fulfill,
O soul!

Walt Whitman [1819-1892]

WAITING

SERENE, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it hath sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
 The tidal wave comes to the sea;
 Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
 Can keep my own away from me.

John Burroughs [1837-]

IN THE DARK

ALL moveless stand the ancient cedar-trees
 Along the drifted sand-hills where they grow;
 And from the dark west comes a wandering breeze,
 And waves them to and fro.

A murky darkness lies along the sand,
 Where bright the sunbeams of the morning shone,
 And the eye vainly seeks, by sea and land,
 Some light to rest upon.

No large, pale star its glimmering vigil keeps;
 An inky sea reflects an inky sky;
 And the dark river, like a serpent, creeps
 To where its black piers lie.

Strange salty odors through the darkness steal,
 And through the dark, the ocean-thunders roll;
 Thick darkness gathers, stifling, till I feel
 Its weight upon my soul.

I stretch my hands out in the empty air;
 I strain my eyes into the heavy night;
 Blackness of darkness!—Father, hear my prayer!
 Grant me to see the light!

George Arnold [1834-1865]

LAST VERSES

WHEN I beneath the cold red earth am sleeping,
 Life's fever o'er,
 Will there for me be any bright eye weeping
 That I'm no more?
 Will there be any heart still memory keeping
 Of heretofore?

When the great winds through leafless forests rushing
 Sad music make;
When the swollen streams, o'er crag and gully gushing,
 Like full hearts break,—
Will there then one, whose heart despair is crushing,
 Mourn for my sake?

When the bright sun upon that spot is shining,
 With purest ray,
And the small flowers, their buds and blossoms twining,
 Burst through that clay,—
Will there be one still on that spot repining
 Lost hopes all day?

When no star twinkles with its eye of glory
 On that low mound,
And wintry storms have, with their ruins hoary,
 Its loneliness crowned,—
Will there be then one, versed in misery's story,
 Pacing it round?

It may be so,—but this is selfish sorrow
 To ask such meed,—
A weakness and a wickedness to borrow,
 From hearts that bleed,
The wailings of to-day for what to-morrow
 Shall never need.

Lay me then gently in my narrow dwelling,
 Thou gentle heart;
And though thy bosom should with grief be swelling,
 Let no tear start:
It were in vain,—for Time hath long been knelling,—
 “Sad one, depart!”

William Motherwell [1797-1835]

THE RUBICON

ONE other bitter drop to drink,
 And then—no more!
One little pause upon the brink,
 And then—go o'er!

“One Fight More”

One sigh—and then the lib’rant morn
 Of perfect day,
 When my free spirit, newly born,
 Will soar away!

One pang—and I shall rend the thrall
 Where grief abides,
 And generous Death will show me all
 That now he hides;
 And, lucid in that second birth,
 I shall discern
 What all the sages of the earth
 Have died to learn.

One motion—and the stream is crossed,
 So dark, so deep!
 And I shall triumph, or be lost
 In endless sleep.
 Then, onward! Whatsoe’er my fate,
 I shall not care!
 Nor Sin nor Sorrow, Love nor Hate
 Can touch me there.

William Winter [1836—]

WHEN I HAVE GONE WEIRD WAYS

WHEN I have finished with this episode,
 Left the hard, uphill road,
 And gone weird ways to seek another load,
 Oh, friends, regret me not, nor weep for me,
 Child of Infinity!

Nor dig a grave, nor rear for me a tomb
 To say with lying writ: “Here in the gloom
 He who loved bigness takes a narrow room,
 Content to pillow here his weary head,
 For he is dead.”

But give my body to the funeral pyre,
 And bid the laughing fire,
 Eager and strong and swift, like my desire,
 Scatter my subtle essence into space,
 Free me of time and place.

And sweep the bitter ashes from the hearth,
Fling back the dust I borrowed from the earth
Into the chemic broil of death and birth,
The vast alembic of the cryptic scheme,
Warm with the master-dream.

And thus, O little house that sheltered me,
Dissolve again in wind and rain, to be
Part of the cosmic weird economy.

And, oh, how oft with new life shalt thou lift
Out of the atom-drift!

John G. Neihardt. [1881-

A RHYME OF LIFE

If life be as a flame that death doth kill,
Burn, little candle, lit for me,
With a pure flame, that I may rightly see
To word my song, and utterly
God's plan fulfil.

If life be as a flower that blooms and dies,
Forbid the cunning frost that slays
With Judas kiss, and trusting love betrays;
Forever may my song of praise
Untainted rise.

If life be as a voyage, foul or fair,
Oh, bid me not my banners furl
For adverse gale, or wave in angry whirl,
Till I have found the gates of pearl,
And anchored there.

Charles Warren Stoddard [1843-1909]

“THALATTA! THALATTA!”

CRY OF THE TEN THOUSAND

I STAND upon the summit of my years;
Behind, the toil, the camp, the march, the strife,
The wandering and the desert; vast, afar,
Beyond this weary way, behold! the Sea!

The sea o'erswept by clouds and winds and wings,
 By thoughts and wishes manifold, whose breath
 Is freshness and whose mighty pulse is peace.
 Palter no question of the dim Beyond;
 Cut loose the bark; such voyage itself is rest,
 Majestic motion, unimpeded scope,
 A widening heaven, a current without care.
 Eternity!—Deliverance, Promise, Course!
 Time-tired souls salute thee from the shore.

Joseph Brownlee Brown [1824-1888]

REQUIEM

HUSH your prayers, 'tis no saintly soul
 Comes fainting back from the foughten field;
 Carry me forth on my broken shield;
 Trumpet and drum shall my requiem yield—
 Silence the bells that toll.

Dig no hole in the ground for me:
 Though my body be made of mold and must,
 Ne'er in the earth shall my dead bones rust;
 Give my corse to the flame's white lust,
 And sink my ashes at sea.

Reeking still with the sweat of the strife,
 Never a prayer have I to say
 (My lips long since have forgotten the way)
 Save this: “I have sorrowed sore in my day—
 But I thank Thee, God, for my life!”

F. Norreys Connell [18 -

INVICTUS

OUT of the night that covers me,
 Black as the pit from pole to pole,
 I thank whatever gods may be
 For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

William Ernest Henley [1849-1903]

"A LATE LARK TWITTERS FROM THE QUIET SKIES"

A LATE lark twitters from the quiet skies;
And from the west,
Where the sun, his day's work ended,
Lingers as in content,
There falls on the old, gray city
An influence luminous and serene,
A shining peace.

The smoke ascends
In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires
Shine, and are changed. In the valley
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,
Closing his benediction,
Sinks, and the darkening air
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—
Night with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day done,

“One Fight More”

My wages taken, and in my heart
 Some late lark singing,
 Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
 The sundown splendid and serene,
 Death.

William Ernest Henley [1849-1903]

“IN AFTER DAYS”

In after days when grasses high
 O'er-top the stone where I shall lie,
 Though ill or well the world adjust
 My slender claim to honored dust,
 I shall not question or reply.

I shall not see the morning sky;
 I shall not hear the night-wind sigh;
 I shall be mute, as all men must
 In after days!

But yet, now living, fain were I
 That some one then should testify,
 Saying—"He held his pen in trust
 To Art, not serving shame or lust."
 Will none?—Then let my memory die
 In after days!

Austin Dobson [1840-

“CALL ME NOT DEAD”

CALL me not dead when I, indeed, have gone
 Into the company of the everliving
 High and most glorious poets! Let thanksgiving
 Rather be made. Say: "He at last hath won
 Rest and release, converse supreme and wise,
 Music and song and light of immortal faces;
 To-day, perhaps, wandering in starry places,
 He hath met Keats, and known him by his eyes.

To-morrow (who can say?) Shakespeare may pass,
And our lost friend just catch one syllable
Of that three-centuried wit that kept so well;
Or Milton; or Dante, looking on the grass
Thinking of Beatrice, and listening still
To chanted hymns that sound from the heavenly hill."

Richard Watson Gilder [1844-1909]

EPILOGUE

From "Asolando"

At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time,
When you set your fancies free,
Will they pass to where—by death, fools think, impris-
oned—
Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so,
—Pity me?

Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!
What had I on earth to do
With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly?
Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivel
—Being—who?

One who never turned his back but marched breast for-
ward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would
triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
"Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed,—fight on, fare ever
There as here!"

Robert Browning [1812-1889]

CROSSING THE BAR

SUNSET and evening star,
 And one clear call for me!
 And may there be no moaning of the bar,
 When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
 Too full for sound and foam,
 When that which drew from out the boundless deep
 Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark!
 And may there be no sadness of farewell,
 When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
 The flood may bear me far,
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face
 When I have crossed the bar.

Alfred Tennyson [1809-1892]

L'ENVOI

WHEN Earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are
 twisted and dried,
 When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic
 has died,
 We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an
 eon or two,
 Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us to work
 anew!

And those that were good shall be happy: they shall sit in a
 golden chair;
 They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of
 comets' hair;

They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter,
and Paul;

They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at
all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master
shall blame;

And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work
for fame;

But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his sepa-
rate star

Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as
They Are!

Rudyard Kipling [1865-

“THEY ARE ALL GONE”

FRIENDS DEPARTED

THEY are all gone into the world of light!

And I alone sit lingering here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is dressed
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days:
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope! and high Humility,
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have showed them me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of the Just!
Shining nowhere, but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as Angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there;
But when the hand that locked her up gives room,
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee!
Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass:
Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
Where I shall need no glass.

Henry Vaughan [1622-1695]

“OVER THE RIVER”

OVER the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side,
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see:
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale,
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We felt it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.

We know she is safe on the farther side,
 Where all the ransomed and angels be:
 Over the river, the mystic river,
 My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
 Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
 We hear the dip of the golden oars,
 And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;
 And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts,
 They cross the stream and are gone for aye.
 We may not sunder the veil apart
 That hides from our vision the gates of day;
 We only know that their barks no more
 May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
 Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
 They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
 Is flushing river and hill and shore,
 I shall one day stand by the water cold,
 And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
 I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,
 I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
 I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
 To the better shore of the spirit land.
 I shall know the loved who have gone before,
 And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
 When over the river, the peaceful river,
 The angel of death shall carry me.

Nancy Woodbury Priest [1836-1870]

RESIGNATION

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
 But one dead lamb is there!
 There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
 But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
 For when with raptures wild
 In our embraces we again enfold her,
 She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father’s mansion,
 Clothed with celestial grace;
 And beautiful with all the soul’s expansion
 Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion
 And anguish long suppressed,
 The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
 That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
 We may not wholly stay;
 By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
 The grief that must have way.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow [1807-1882]

AFTERWARD

THERE is no vacant chair. The loving meet,
 A group unbroken—smitten, who knows how?
 One sitteth silent only, in his usual seat;
 We gave him once that freedom. Why not now?

Perhaps he is too weary, and needs rest;
 He needed it so often, nor could we
 Bestow. God gave it, knowing how to do so best.
 Which of us would disturb him? Let him be.

There is no vacant chair. If he will take
 The mood to listen mutely, be it done.
 By his least mood we crossed, for which the heart must
 ache,
 Plead not nor question! Let him have this one.

Death is a mood of life. It is no whim
By which life's Giver mocks a broken heart.
Death is life's reticence. Still audible to Him,
The hushed voice, happy, speaketh on, apart.

There is no vacant chair. To love is still
To have. Nearer to memory than to eye.
And dearer yet to anguish than to comfort, will
We hold by our love, that shall not die.

For while it doth not, thus he cannot. Try!
Who can put out the motion or the smile?
The old ways of being noble all with him laid by?
Because we love, he is. Then trust awhile.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward [1844-1911]

SOMETIME

SOMETIME, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see.
And e'en as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out the potion for our lips to drink;

And if some friend we love is lying low,
 Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
 Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
 But wear your sorrow with obedient grace!

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
 Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,
 And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
 Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.
 If we could push ajar the gates of life,
 And stand within and all God's workings see,
 We could interpret all this doubt and strife
 And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart;
 God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold;
 We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,—
 Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
 And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
 Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,
 When we shall clearly know and understand,
 I think that we shall say, “God knew the best!”

May Riley Smith [1842—]

“THE MOURNERS CAME AT BREAK OF DAY”

THE mourners came at break of day
 Unto the garden-sepulcher;
 With darkened hearts to weep and pray,
 For Him, the loved one buried there.
 What radiant light dispels the gloom?
 An angel sits beside the tomb.

The earth doth mourn her treasures lost,
 All sepulchered beneath the snow;
 When wintry winds, and chilling frost
 Have laid her summer glories low;
 The spring returns, the flowerets bloom—
 An angel sits beside the tomb.

Then mourn we not belovèd dead,
E'en while we come to weep and pray;
The happy spirit far hath fled
To brighter realms of endless day:
Immortal Hope dispels the gloom!
An angel sits beside the tomb.

Sarah Flower Adams [1805-1848]

WHAT OF THE DARKNESS?

TO THE HAPPY DEAD PEOPLE

WHAT of the darkness? Is it very fair?
Are there great calms? and find we silence there?
Like soft-shut lilies, all your faces glow
With some strange peace our faces never know,
With some strange faith our faces never dare,—
Dwells it in Darkness? Do you find it there?

Is it a Bosom where tired heads may lie?
Is it a Mouth to kiss our weeping dry?
Is it a Hand to still the pulse's leap?
Is it a Voice that holds the runes of sleep?
Day shows us not such comfort anywhere—
Dwells it in Darkness? Do you find it there?

Out of the Day's deceiving light we call—
Day that shows man so great, and God so small,
That hides the stars, and magnifies the grass—
O is the Darkness too a lying glass!
Or undistracted, do you find truth there?,
What of the Darkness? Is it very fair?

Richard Le Gallienne [1866-]

A SEA DIRGE

From "The Tempest"

FULL fathom five thy father lies:
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,

"They Are All Gone"

But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
 Hark! now I hear them,—
 Ding, dong, Bell.

William Shakespeare [1564-1616]

EPITAPHS**I—ON ELIZABETH L. H.**

WOULDST thou hear what Man can say
 In a little? Reader, stay.
 Underneath this stone doth lie
 As much Beauty as could die:
 Which in life did harbor give
 To more Virtue than doth live.
 If at all she had a fault,
 Leave it buried in this vault.
 One name was *Elizabeth*,
 The other, let it sleep with death:
 Fitter, where it died, to tell
 Than that it lived at all. Farewell.

II—ON SALATHIEL PAVY, A CHILD OF QUEEN ELIZABETH'S CHAPEL

WEEP with me, all you that read
 This little story;
 And know, for whom a tear you shed
 Death's self is sorry.
 'Twas a child that so did thrive
 In grace and feature,
 As Heaven and Nature seemed to strive
 Which owned the creature.
 Years he numbered scarce thirteen
 When Fates turned cruel,
 Yet three filled zodiacs had he been
 The stage's jewel;
 And did act (what now we moan)
 Old men so duly,
 As sooth the Parcæ thought him one,
 He played so truly.

So, by error, to his fate
They all consented;
But, viewing him since, alas, too late!
They have repented;
And have sought, to give new birth,
In baths to steep him;
But, being so much too good for earth,
Heaven vows to keep him.

Ben Jonson [1573?–1637]

SONG

From "The Devil's Law Case"

ALL the flowers of the spring
Meet to perfume our burying;
These have but their growing prime,
And man does flourish but his time:
Survey our progress from our birth—
We are set, we grow, we turn to earth.
Courts adieu, and all delights,
All bewitching appetites!
Sweetest breath and clearest eye
Like perfumes go out and die;
And consequently this is done
As shadows wait upon the sun.
Vain the ambition of kings
Who seek by trophies and dead things
To leave a living name behind,
And weave but nets to catch the wind.

John Webster [1580?–1625?]

ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER

MORTALITY, behold and fear!
What a change of flesh is here!
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within this heap of stones;
Here they lie had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands;
Where from their pulpits sealed with dust
They preach, "In greatness is no trust."

Here's an acre sown indeed
 With the richest royal'st seed
 That the earth did e'er suck in,
 Since the first man died for sin;
 Here the bones of birth have cried,
 “Though gods they were, as men they died.”
 Here are sands, ignoble things,
 Dropped from the ruined sides of kings.
 Here's a world of pomp and state,
 Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

Francis Beaumont [1584-1616]

EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE

UNDERNEATH this sable hearse
 Lies the subject of all verse:
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:
 Death, ere thou hast slain another,
 Fair, and learned, and good as she,
 Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Marble piles let no man raise
 To her name: in after days,
 Some kind woman born as she,
 Reading this, like Niobe
 Shall turn marble, and become
 Both her mourner and her tomb.

William Browne [1591-1643?]

AN EPITAPH INTENDED FOR HIMSELF

LIKE thee I once have stemmed the sea of life,
 Like thee have languished after empty joys,
 Like thee have labored in the stormy strife,
 Been grieved for trifles, and amused with toys.

Forget my frailties; thou art also frail:
 Forgive my lapses; for thyself may'st fall:
 Nor read unmoved my artless tender tale—
 I was a friend, O man, to thee, to all.

James Beattie [1735-1803]

LYCIDAS

A LAMENT FOR A FRIEND DROWNED IN HIS PASSAGE
FROM CHESTER ON THE IRISH SEAS, 1637

YET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your Berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due:
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin, then, Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favor *my* destined Urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill;
Together both, ere the high Lawns appeared
Under the opening eye-lids of the Morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the Gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the Star that rose, at Evening, bright
Toward Heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the Rural ditties were not mute,
Tempered to the Oaten Flute;
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel,

From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old Damætas loved to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!

Thee, Shepherd, thee the Woods, and desert Caves,
With wild Thyme and the gadding Vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn.

The Willows, and the Hazel Copses green,
Shall now no more be seen,

Fanning their joyous Leaves to thy soft lays.

As killing as the Canker to the Rose,

Or Taint-worm to the weanling Herds that graze,

Or Frost to Flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the White-thorn blows;

Such, Lycidas, thy loss to Shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?

For neither were ye playing on the steep,

Where your old Bards, the famous Druids, lie,

Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,

Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream:

Aye me, I fondly dream!

Had ye been there—for what could that have done?

What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,

The Muse herself, for her enchanting son

Whom Universal nature did lament,

When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,

His gory visage down the stream was sent,

Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! What boots it with unceasant care
To tend the homely slighted Shepherd's trade,

And strictly meditate the thankless Muse,

Were it not better done, as others use,

To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,

Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise

(That last infirmity of Noble mind)

To scorn delights, and live laborious days;

But the fair Guerdon when we hope to find,

And think to burst out into sudden blaze,

Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears;
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heaven expect thy meed."

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honored flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my Oat proceeds,
And listens to the Herald of the Sea
That came in Neptune's plea.
He asked the Waves, and asked the Felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?
And questioned every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beakèd Promontory.
They knew not of his story,
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed,
The Air was calm, and on the level brine,
Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.
It was that fatal and perfidious Bark
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend Sire, went footing slow,
His Mantle hairy, and his Bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.
"Ah, who hath reft," (quoth he) "my dearest pledge?"
Last come, and last did go,
The Pilot of the Galilean Lake.
Two massy Keys he bore of metals twain,
(The Golden opes, the Iron shuts amain).
He shook his Mitered locks, and stern bespake,
"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enew of such as, for their bellies' sake,

Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A Sheep-hook, or have learned aught else the least
That to the faithful Herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scannel Pipes of wretched straw,
The hungry Sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim Wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said.
But that two-handed engine at the door,
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.”

Return Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; return Sicilian Muse,
And call the Vales, and bid them hither cast
Their Bells, and Flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use,
Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart Star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enameled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe Primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Jessamine,
The white Pink, and the Pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing Violet,
The Musk-rose, and the well-attired Woodbine,
With Cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And Daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the Laureate Hearse where Lycid lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ay me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding Seas

Wash far away, where e'er thy bones are hurled,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded Mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth:
And, O ye Dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful Shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
So sinks the day-star in the Ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled Ore,
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With Nectar pure his oozy Locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial Song,
In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet Societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the Shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore;
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth Swain to the Oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with Sandals gray,
He touched the tender stops of various Quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
And now the Sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the Western bay;
At last he rose, and twitched his Mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh Woods, and Pastures new.

John Milton [1608-1674]

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY

WHAT beckoning ghost along the moonlight shade
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gored?
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
O ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it in heaven a crime to love too well,
To bear too tender or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think or bravely die?

Why bade ye else, ye Powers! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes,
The glorious fault of angels and of gods;
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like Eastern kings a lazy state they keep,
And, close confined to their own palace, sleep.

From these perhaps (ere Nature bade her die),
Fate snatched her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And separate from their kindred dregs below,
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good!
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of Death.
Cold is that breast which warmed the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal Justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall;

On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearse shall besiege your gates.
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say
(While the long funerals blacken all the way),
“Lo! these were they whose souls the Furies steeled,
And cursed with hearts unknowing how to yield.”
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all whose breast ne'er learned to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe!

What can atone (O ever-injured shade!)
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier.
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
By strangers honored, and by strangers mourned!
What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show?
What though no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polished marble emulate thy face?
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallowed dirge be muttered o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dressed,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'er shade
The ground now sacred by thy reliques made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How loved, how honored once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,
Deaf the praised ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.

Even he whose soul now melts in mournful lays
 Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays;
 Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
 And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart:
 Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
 The Muse forgot, and thou beloved no more!

Alexander Pope [1688-1744]

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
“Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

“There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

“One morn I missed him on the ‘customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

“The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn:”

THE EPITAPH

*Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown.
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.*

*Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery (all he had) a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.*

*No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.*

Thomas Gray [1716-1771]

“AND THOU ART DEAD”

Heu, quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisset!

AND thou art dead, as young and fair
As aught of mortal birth;
And form so soft, and charms so rare,
Too soon returned to Earth!
Though Earth received them in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
In carelessness or mirth,
There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low
Nor gaze upon the spot;
There flowers or weeds at will may grow
So I behold them not:
It is enough for me to prove
That what I loved, and long must love,
Like common earth can rot;
To me there needs no stone to tell
'Tis Nothing that I loved so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last,
As fervently as thou,
Who didst not change through all the past
And canst not alter now.

The love where Death has set his seal
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
 Nor falsehood disavow:
And, what were worse, thou canst not see
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours;
 The worst can be but mine:
The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers,
 Shall never more be thine.
The silence of that dreamless sleep
I envy now too much to weep;
 Nor need I to repine
That all those charms have passed away
I might have watched through long decay.

The flower in ripened bloom unmatched
 Must fall the earliest prey;
Though by no hand untimely snatched,
 The leaves must drop away:
And yet it were a greater grief
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
 Than see it plucked to-day;
Since earthly eye but ill can bear
To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne
 To see thy beauties fade;
The night that followed such a morn
 Had worn a deeper shade:
Thy day without a cloud hath passed,
And thou wert lovely to the last,
 Extinguished, not decayed;
As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept, if I could weep,
 My tears might well be shed
To think I was not near, to keep
 One vigil o'er thy bed:

“They Are All Gone”

To gaze, how fondly! on thy face,
 To fold thee in a faint embrace,
 Uphold thy drooping head;
 And show that love, however vain,
 Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,
 Though thou hast left me free,
 The loveliest things that still remain,
 Than thus remember thee!
 The all of thine that cannot die
 Through dark and dread Eternity
 Returns again to me,
 And more thy buried love endears
 Than aught, except its living years.

George Gordon Byron [1788-1824]

DIRGE

CALM on the bosom of thy God,
 Fair spirit, rest thee now!
 E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod,
 His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
 Soul, to its place on high!
 They that have seen thy look in death
 No more may fear to die.

Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers,
 Whence thy meek smile is gone;
 But oh! a brighter home than ours
 In heaven, is now thine own.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans [1793-1835]

A DIRGE

Now is done thy long day's work;
 Fold thy palms across thy breast,
 Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest.
 Let them rave.

Shadows of the silver birk
Sweep the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

Thee nor carketh care nor slander;
Nothing but the small cold worm
Fretteth thine enshrouded form.

Let them rave.

Light and shadow ever wander
O'er the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

Thou wilt not turn upon thy bed;
Chanteth not the brooding bee
Sweeter tones than calumny?

Let them rave.

Thou wilt never raise thine head
From the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

Crocodiles wept tears for thee;
The woodbine and eglatere
Drip sweeter dews than traitor's tear.

Let them rave.

Rain makes music in the tree
O'er the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

Round thee blow, self-pleachèd deep,
Bramble roses, faint and pale,
And long purples of the dale.

Let them rave.

These in every shower creep
Through the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

The gold-eyed kingcups fine,
The frail bluebell peereth over
Rare broidery of the purple clover.

Let them rave.

“They Are All Gone”

Kings have no such couch as thine,
As the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

Wild words wander here and there;
God’s great gift of speech abused
Makes thy memory confused;
But let them rave.

The balm-cricket carols clear
In the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

Alfred Tennyson [1809–1892]

A DEAD MARCH

PLAY me a march, low-toned and slow—a march for a silent tread,
Fit for the wandering feet of one who dreams of the silent dead,
Lonely, between the bones below and the souls that are overhead.

Here for a while they smiled and sang, alive in the interspace,
Here with the grass beneath the foot, and the stars above the face,
Now are their feet beneath the grass, and whither has flown their grace?

Who shall assure us whence they come, or tell us the way they go?

Verily, life with them was joy, and, now they have left us, woe.

Once they were not, and now they are not, and this is the sum we know.

Orderly range the seasons due, and orderly roll the stars.
How shall we deem the soldier brave who frets of his wounds and scars?

Are we as senseless brutes that we should dash at the well-seen bars?

No, we are here, with feet unfixed, but ever as if with lead,
Drawn from the orbs which shine above to the orb on which
we tread,

Down to the dust from which we came and with which we
shall mingle dead.

No, we are here to wait, and work, and strain our banished
eyes,

Weary and sick of soil and toil, and hungry and fain for
skies,

Far from the reach of wingless men, and not to be scaled
with cries.

No, we are here to bend our necks to the yoke of tyrant
Time,

Welcoming all the gifts he gives us—glories of youth and
prime,

Patiently watching them all depart as our heads grow white
as rime.

Why do we mourn the days that go—for the same sun shines
each day,

Ever a spring her primrose hath, and ever a May her may;
Sweet as the rose that died last year is the rose that is born
to-day.

Do we not too return, we men, as ever the round earth
whirls?

Never a head is dimmed with gray but another is sunned with
curls;

She was a girl and he was a boy, but yet there are boys and
girls.

Ah, but alas for the smile of smiles that never but one face
wore;

Ah, for the voice that has flown away like a bird to an un-
seen shore;

Ah, for the face—the flower of flowers—that blossoms on
earth no more.

TOMMY'S DEAD

You may give over plow, boys,
You may take the gear to the stead,
All the sweat o' your brow, boys,
Will never get beer and bread.
The seed's waste, I know, boys,
There's not a blade will grow, boys,
'Tis cropped out, I trow, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

Send the colt to fair, boys,
He's going blind, as I said,
My old eyes can't bear, boys,
To see him in the shed;
The cow's dry and spare, boys,
She's neither here nor there, boys,
I doubt she's badly bred;
Stop the mill to-morn, boys,
There'll be no more corn, boys,
Neither white nor red;
There's no sign of grass, boys,
You may sell the goat and the ass, boys,
The land's not what it was, boys,
And the beasts must be fed:
You may turn Peg away, boys,
You may pay off old Ned,
We've had a dull day, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

Move my chair on the floor, boys,
Let me turn my head:
She's standing there in the door, boys,
Your sister Winifred!
Take her away from me, boys,
Your sister Winifred!
Move me round in my place, boys,
Let me turn my head,

Take her away from me, boys,
As she lay on her death-bed,
The bones of her thin face, boys,
As she lay on her death-bed!
I don't know how it be, boys,
When all's done and said,
But I see her looking at me, boys,
Wherever I turn my head;
Out of the big oak-tree, boys,
Out of the garden-bed,
And the lily as pale as she, boys,
And the rose that used to be red.

There's something not right, boys,
But I think it's not in my head,
I've kept my precious sight, boys—
The Lord be hallowèd!

Outside and in

The ground is cold to my tread,
The hills are wizen and thin,
The sky is shriveled and shred,
The hedges down by the loan
I can count them bone by bone,
The leaves are open and spread,
But I see the teeth of the land,
And hands like a dead man's hand,
And the eyes of a dead man's head.

There's nothing but cinders and sand,

The rat and the mouse have fed,

And the summer's empty and cold;

Over valley and wold

Wherever I turn my head

There's a mildew and a mold,

The sun's going out overhead,

And I'm very old,

And Tommy's dead.

What am I staying for, boys?

You're all born and bred,

'Tis fifty years and more, boys,

Since wife and I were wed,

And she's gone before, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

She was always sweet, boys,
Upon his curly head,
She knew she'd never see't, boys,
And she stole off to bed;
I've been sitting up alone, boys,
For he'd come home, he said,
But it's time I was gone, boys,
For Tommy's dead.

Put the shutters up, boys,
Bring out the beer and bread,
Make haste and sup, boys,
For my eyes are heavy as lead;
There's something wrong i' the cup, boys,
There's something ill wi' the bread,
I don't care to sup, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

I'm not right, I doubt, boys,
I've such a sleepy head,
I shall never more be stout, boys,
You may carry me to bed.
What are you about, boys?
The prayers are all said,
The fire's raked out, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

The stairs are too steep, boys,
You may carry me to the head,
The night's dark and deep, boys,
Your mother's long in bed,
'Tis time to go to sleep, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

I'm not used to kiss, boys,
You may shake my hand instead.
All things go amiss, boys,
You may lay me where she is, boys,

And I'll rest my old head:
'Tis a poor world, this, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

Sydney Dobell [1824-1874]

IN MEMORIAM

'Tis right for her to sleep between
Some of those old Cathedral walls,
And right too that her grave is green
With all the dew and rain that falls.

'Tis well the organ's solemn sighs
Should soar and sink around her rest,
And almost in her ear should rise
The prayers of those she loved the best.

'Tis also well this air is stirred
By Nature's voices loud and low,
By thunder and the chirping bird,
And grasses whispering as they grow.

For all her spirit's earthly course
Was as a lesson and a sign
How to o'errule the hard divorce
That parts things natural and divine.

Undaunted by the clouds of fear,
Undazzled by a happy day,
She made a Heaven about her here,
And took how much! with her away.

Richard Monckton Milnes [1809-1885]

HER EPITAPH

THE handful here, that once was Mary's earth,
Held, while it breathed, so beautiful a soul,
That, when she died, all recognized her birth,
And had their sorrow in serene control.

“Not here! not here!” to every mourner’s heart

The wintry wind seemed whispering round her bier;
And when the tomb-door opened, with a start
We heard it echoed from within,—“Not here!”

Shouldst thou, sad pilgrim, who mayst hither pass,
Note in these flowers a delicater hue,
Should spring come earlier to this hallowed grass,
Or the bee later linger on the dew,—

Know that her spirit to her body lent
Such sweetness, grace, as only goodness can;
That even her dust, and this her monument,
Have yet a spell to stay one lonely man,—

Lonely through life, but looking for the day
When what is mortal of himself shall sleep,
When human passion shall have passed away,
And Love no longer be a thing to weep.

Thomas William Parsons [1819-1892]

THE DEATH-BED

WE watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

Thomas Hood [1799-1845]

HESTER

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavor.

A month or more hath she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed,
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flushed her spirit:
I know not by what name beside
I shall it call;—if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool;
But she was trained in Nature's school,
Nature had blessed her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind;
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,—
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbor, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning,
When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,—
A bliss that would not go away,—
A sweet forewarning?

Charles Lamb [1775-1834]

“SOFTLY WOO AWAY HER BREATH”

SOFTLY woo away her breath,
 Gentle Death!
 Let her leave thee with no strife,
 Tender, mournful, murmuring Life!
 She hath seen her happy day:—
 She hath had her bud and blossom:
 Now she pales and shrinks away,
 Earth, into thy gentle bosom!
 She hath done her bidding here,
 Angels dear!
 Bear her perfect soul above,
 Seraph of the skies,—sweet Love!
 Good she was, and fair in youth,
 And her mind was seen to soar,
 And her heart was wed to truth:
 Take her, then, for evermore,—
 For ever—evermore.

Bryan Waller Procter [1787-1874]

A DEATH-BED

HER suffering ended with the day,
 Yet lived she at its close,
 And breathed the long, long night away
 In statue-like repose.

But when the sun in all his state
 Illumed the eastern skies,
 She passed through Glory's morning gate
 And walked in Paradise.

James Aldrich [1810-1856]

“SHE DIED IN BEAUTY”

SHE died in beauty,—like a rose
 Blown from its parent stem;
 She died in beauty,—like a pearl
 Dropped from some diadem.

She died in beauty,—like a lay
Along a moonlit lake;
She died in beauty,—like the song
Of birds amid the brake.

She died in beauty,—like the snow
On flowers dissolved away;
She died in beauty,—like a star
Lost on the brow of day.

She lives in glory,—like night's gems
Set round the silver moon;
She lives in glory,—like the sun
Amid the blue of June.

Charles Doyne Sillery [1807-1837]

THE WHITE JESSAMINE

I KNEW she lay above me,
Where the casement all the night
Shone, softened with a phosphor glow
Of sympathetic light,
And that her fledgling spirit pure
Was pluming fast for flight.

Each tendril throbbed and quickened
As I nightly climbed apace,
And could scarce restrain the blossoms
When, anear the destined place,
Her gentle whisper thrilled me
Ere I gazed upon her face.

I waited, darkling, till the dawn
Should touch me into bloom,
While all my being panted
To outpour its first perfume,
When, lo! a paler flower than mine
Had blossomed in the gloom!

John Banister Tabb [1845-1909]

EARLY DEATH

SHE passed away like morning dew
 Before the sun was high;
 So brief her time, she scarcely knew
 The meaning of a sigh.

As round the rose its soft perfume,
 Sweet love around her floated;
 Admired she grew—while mortal doom
 Crept on, unfared, unnoted.

Love was her guardian Angel here,
 But Love to Death resigned her;
 Though Love was kind, why should we fear
 But holy Death is kinder?

Hartley Coleridge [1796–1849]

THE MOSS-ROSE

WALKING to-day in your garden, O gracious lady,
 Little you thought, as you turned in that alley remote and
 shady

And gave me a rose, and asked if I knew its savor—
 The old-world scent of the moss-rose, flower of a bygone
 favor—

Little you thought, as you waited the word of appraisement,
 Laughing at first, and then amazed at my amazement,
 That the rose you gave was a gift already cherished,
 And the garden whence you plucked it a garden long
 perished.

But I—I saw that garden, with its one treasure
 The tiny moss-rose, tiny even by childhood's measure.
 And the long morning shadow of the rusty laurel,
 And a boy and a girl beneath it, flushed with a childish
 quarrel.

She wept for her one little bud; but he, outreaching
 The hand of brotherly right, would take it for all her be-
 seeching;

And she flung her arms about him, and gave like a sister,
And laughed at her own tears, and wept again when he
kissed her.

So the rose is mine since, and whenever I find it
And drink again the sharp sweet scent of the moss behind it,
I remember the tears of a child, and her love and her laugh-
ter,
And the morning shadows of youth, and the night that fell
thereafter.

Henry Newbolt [1862-]

A REQUIEM

THOU hast lived in pain and woe,
Thou hast lived in grief and fear;
Now thine heart can dread no blow,
Now thine eyes can shed no tear:
 Storms round us shall beat and rave;
 Thou art sheltered in the grave.

Thou for long, long years hast borne,
Bleeding through Life's wilderness,
Heavy loss and wounding scorn;
Now thine heart is burdenless:
 Vainly rest for ours we crave;
 Thine is quiet in the grave.

We must toil with pain and care,
We must front tremendous Fate,
We must fight with dark Despair:
Thou dost dwell in solemn state,
 Couched triumphant, calm and brave,
 In the ever-holy grave.

James Thomson [1834-1882]

LADY MARY

THOU wert fair, Lady Mary,
As the lily in the sun:
And fairer yet thou mightest be,
Thy youth was but begun:

“They Are All Gone”

Thine eye was soft and glancing,
 Of the deep bright blue;
 And on the heart thy gentle words
 Fell lighter than the dew.

They found thee, Lady Mary,
 With thy palms upon thy breast,
 Even as thou hadst been praying,
 At thine hour of rest:
 The cold pale moon was shining
 On thy cold pale cheek;
 And the morn of the Nativity
 Had just begun to break.

They carved thee, Lady Mary,
 All of pure white stone,
 With thy palms upon thy breast,
 In the chancel all alone:
 And I saw thee when the winter moon
 Shone on thy marble cheek,
 When the morn of the Nativity
 Had just begun to break.

But thou kneelest, Lady Mary,
 With thy palms upon thy breast,
 Among the perfect spirits,
 In the land of rest.
 Thou art even as they took thee
 At thine hour of prayer,
 Save the glory that is on thee
 From the sun that shineth there.

We shall see thee, Lady Mary,
 On that shore unknown,
 A pure and happy angel
 In the presence of the throne;
 We shall see thee when the light divine
 Plays freshly on thy cheek,
 And the resurrection morning
 Hath just begun to break.

Henry Alford [1810-1871]

ONLY A YEAR

ONE year ago,—a ringing voice,
A clear blue eye,
And clustering curls of sunny hair,
Too fair to die.

Only a year,—no voice, no smile,
No glance of eye,
No clustering curls of golden hair,
Fair but to die!

One year ago,—what loves, what schemes
Far into life!
What joyous hopes, what high resolves,
What generous strife!

The silent picture on the wall,
The burial-stone
Of all that beauty, life, and joy,
Remain alone!

One year,—one year,—one little year,
And so much gone!
And yet the even flow of life
Moves calmly on.

The grave grows green, the flowers bloom fair
Above that head;
No sorrowing tint of leaf or spray
Says he is dead.

No pause or hush of merry birds,
That sing above,
Tells us how coldly sleeps below
The form we love.

Where hast thou been this year, beloved?
What hast thou seen,—
What visions fair, what glorious life,
Where hast thou been?

The veil! the veil! so thin, so strong!
 'Twixt us and thee;
 The mystic veil! when shall it fall,
 That we may see?

Not dead, not sleeping, not even gone,
 But present still,
 And waiting for the coming hour
 Of God's sweet will.

Lord of the living and the dead,
 Our Saviour dear!
 We lay in silence at thy feet
 This sad, sad year.

Harriet Beecher Stowe [1811-1896]

THE WIDOW'S MITE

A widow—she had only one!
 A puny and decrepit son;
 But, day and night,
 Though fretful oft, and weak and small,
 A loving child, he was her all—
 The Widow's Mite.

The Widow's Mite! ay, so sustained,
 She battled onward, nor complained,
 Though friends were fewer:
 And while she toiled for daily fare,
 A little crutch upon the stair
 Was music to her.

I saw her then,—and now I see
 That, though resigned and cheerful, she
 Has sorrowed much:
 She has, He gave it tenderly,
 Much faith; and, carefully laid by,
 A little crutch.

Frederick Locker-Lampson [1821-1895]

MOTHER AND POET

TURIN, AFTER NEWS FROM GAETA, 1861

DEAD! One of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
Dead! both my boys! When you sit at the feast
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,
Let none look at *me*!

Yet I was a poetess only last year,
And good at my art, for a woman, men said;
But *this* woman, *this*, who is agonized here,
—The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head
For ever instead.

What art can a woman be good at? Oh, vain!
What art *is* she good at, but hurting her breast
With the milk-teeth of babes, and a smile at the pain?
Ah boys, how you hurt! you were strong as you pressed,
And I proud, by that test.

What art's for a woman! To hold on her knees
Both darlings! to feel all their arms round her throat
Cling, strangle a little! to sew by degrees
And 'broider the long-clothes and neat little coat;
To dream and to dote.

To teach them... It stings there! *I* made them indeed
Speak plain the word "country." *I* taught them, no
doubt,
That a country's a thing men should die for at need.
I prated of liberty, rights, and about
The tyrant cast out.

And when their eyes flashed . . . O my beautiful eyes! . . .
I exulted; nay, let them go forth at the wheels
Of the guns, and denied not. But then the surprise
When one sits quite alone! Then one weeps, then one
kneels!
God! how the house feels!

At first, happy news came, in gay letters moiled
 With my kisses,—of camp-life and glory, and how
 They both loved me; and, soon coming home to be spoiled,
 In return would fan off every fly from my brow
 With their green laurel-bough.

Then was triumph at Turin: “Ancona was free!”
 And some one came out of the cheers in the street,
 With a face pale as stone, to say something to me.
 My Guido was dead! I fell down at his feet,
 While they cheered in the street.

I bore it; friends soothed me; my grief looked sublime
 As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained
 To be leant on and walked with, recalling the time
 When the first grew immortal, while both of us strained
 To the height he had gained.

And letters still came, shorter, sadder, more strong,
 Writ now but in one hand, “I was not to faint,—
 One loved me for two . . . would be with me ere long:
 And *Viva l’Italia!*—he died for, our saint,
 Who forbids our complaint.”

My Nanni would add, “he was safe, and aware
 Of a presence that turned off the balls . . . was impressed
 It was Guido himself, who knew what I could bear,
 And how ’twas impossible, quite dispossessed,
 To live on for the rest.”

On which, without pause, up the telegraph-line
 Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta:—*Shot.*
Tell his mother. Ah, ah, “his,” “their” mother;—not
 “mine,”
 No voice says “*My mother*” again to me. What!
 You think Guido forgot?

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with Heaven,
 They drop earth’s affections, conceive not of woe?
 I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven
 Through THAT Love and Sorrow which reconciled so
 The Above and Below.

O Christ of the five wounds, who look'dst through the dark
To the face of thy mother! consider, I pray,
How we common mothers stand desolate, mark,
. Whose sons, not being Christs, die with eyes turned away,
And no last word to say!

Both boys dead? but that's out of nature. We all
Have been patriots, yet each house must always keep one.
'Twere imbecile, hewing out roads to a wall;
And when Italy's made, for what end is it done
If we have not a son?

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta's taken, what then?
When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her sport
Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls out of men?
When the guns of Cavalli with final retort
Have cut the game short?

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,
When your flag takes all heaven for its white, green and
red,
When *you* have your country from mountain to sea,
When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head,
(And *I* have my Dead)—

What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your bells low,
And burn your lights faintly! *My* country is *there*,
Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow:
My Italy's THERE, with my brave civic Pair,
To disfranchise despair!

Forgive me. Some women bear children in strength,
And bite back the cry of their pain in self-scorn;
But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us at length
Into wail such as this—and we sit on forlorn
When the man-child is born.

Dead! One of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
Both! both my boys! If in keeping the feast
You want a great song for your Italy free,
Let none look at *me*!

Elizabeth Barrett Browning [1806-1861]

A MOTHER IN EGYPT

“About midnight will I go out into the midst of Egypt: and all the first-born in the land of Egypt shall die, from the first-born of Pharaoh that sitteth upon his throne, even unto the first-born of the maid-servant that is behind the mill.”

Is the noise of grief in the palace over the river
For this silent one at my side?
There came a hush in the night, and he rose with his hands
a-quiver

Like lotus petals adrift on the swing of the tide.
O small cold hands, the day groweth old for sleeping!
O small still feet, rise up, for the hour is late!
Rise up, my son, for I hear them mourning and weeping
In the temple down by the gate!

Hushed is the face that was wont to brighten with laughter
When I sang at the mill;
And silence unbroken shall greet the sorrowful dawns here-
after,—

The house shall be still.
Voice after voice takes up the burden of wailing—
Do you heed, do you hear?—in the high priest’s house by the
wall.

But mine is the grief, and their sorrow is all unavailing.
Will he wake at their call?

Something I saw of the broad dim wings half folding
The passionless brow.
Something I saw of the sword that the shadowy hands were
holding,—

What matters it now?
I held you close, dear face, as I knelt and harkened
To the wind that cried last night like a soul in sin,
When the broad bright stars dropped down and the soft sky
darkened

And the presence moved therein.

I have heard men speak in the market-place of the city,
Low-voiced, in a breath,
Of a God who is stronger than ours, and who knows not
changing nor pity,
Whose anger is death.

Nothing I know of the lords of the outland races,
 But Amun is gentle and Hathor the mother is mild,
 And who would descend from the light of the Peaceful Places
 To war on a child?

Yet here he lies, with a scarlet pomegranate petal
 Blown down on his cheek.

The slow sun sinks to the sand like a shield of some burnished
 metal,

But he does not speak.

I have called, I have sung, but he neither will hear nor waken;
 So lightly, so whitely, he lies in the curve of my arm,
 Like a feather let fall from the bird that the arrow hath
 taken,—

Who could see him, and harm?

“The swallow flies home to her sleep in the eaves of the altar,
 And the crane to her nest.”—

So do we sing o'er the mill, and why, ah, why should I falter,
 Since he goes to his rest?

Does he play in their flowers as he played among these with
 his mother?

Do the gods smile downward and love him and give him
 their care?

Guard him well, O ye gods, till I come; lest the wrath of that
 Other

Should reach to him there.

Marjorie L. C. Pickthall [18 -

THE DARK ROAD

THERE is no light in any path of Heaven,
 Every star is folded in dark sleep;
 The clouds hang heavily, the moon is hidden,
 How will she know the road her soul must keep?

She did not ask for heavenly palaces,
 A little human home was her desire;
 The intimate, close touch of human hands—
 To love and watch beside a human fire.

As tears will be remembrance in her heart
 If she recall her lamp's familiar light,
 And as a sword vain pity in her heart
 If she should hear her children's cry to-night.

Ah Mary, Mother, stand by Heaven's gate
 And watch the road for one who comes to find
 In loneliness and fear what Heaven holds
 To comfort her who leaves the earth behind.

Ethel Clifford [18 -

OUT OF HEARING

No need to hush the children for her sake,
 Or fear their play:
 She will not wake, mavrone, she will not wake.
 'Tis the long sleep, the deep long sleep she'll take,
 Betide what may.
 No need to hush the children for her sake;
 Even if their glee could yet again outbreak
 So loud and gay,
 She will not wake, mavrone, she will not wake.
 But sorrow a thought have they of merry-make
 This many a day:
 No need to hush the children. For her sake
 So still they bide and sad, her heart would ache
 At their dismay.
 She will not wake, mavrone, she will not wake
 To bid them laugh, and if some angel spake
 Small heed they'd pay.
 No need to hush the children for her sake:
 She will not wake, mavrone, she will not wake.

Jane Barlow [18 -

“JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO”

“JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,”
 How cold you are, and still;
 You hear me not, nor see me;
 Ah, no, and never will.

Your hands are resting now, John;
The heart that loved me so
Against my breast shall beat no more,
“John Anderson, my jo.”

“John Anderson, my jo, John,”
I’ll tarry but a while;
I’ve still some work to do, John,
To go a weary mile;
And then I’ll take your path, John,
And win you soon, I know,
For you will wait for your old wife,
“John Anderson, my jo.”

Charles G. Blanden [1857-]

THE SPRING OF THE YEAR

GONE were but the winter cold,
And gone were but the snow,
I could sleep in the wild woods
Where primroses blow.

Cold’s the snow at my head,
And cold at my feet;
And the finger of death’s at my e’en,
Closing them to sleep.

Let none tell my father
Or my mother so dear,—
I’ll meet them both in heaven
At the spring of the year.

Allan Cunningham [1784-1842]

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD

THEY grew in beauty, side by side,
They filled one home with glee;
Their graves are severed far and wide
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
 O'er each fair sleeping brow;
 She had each folded flower in sight—
 Where are those dreamers now?

One 'mid the forests of the West,
 By a dark stream is laid;
 The Indian knows his place of rest,
 Far in the cedar shade.
 The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—
 He lies where pearls lie deep;
 He was the loved of all, yet none
 O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed
 Above the noble slain;
 He wrapped his colors round his breast
 On a blood-red field of Spain.
 And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
 Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;
 She faded 'mid Italian flowers,
 The last of that bright band.

And, parted thus, they rest who played
 Beneath the same green tree,
 Whose voices mingled as they prayed
 Around one parent-knee!
 They that with smiles lit up the hall,
 And cheered with song the hearth;
 Alas for love, if thou wert all,
 And naught beyond, O Earth!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans [1793-1835]

THE FAMILY MEETING

We are all here,
 Father, mother,
 Sister, brother,
 All who hold each other dear.
 Each chair is filled, we are all at home!
 To-night let no cold stranger come;

It is not often thus around
Our old familiar hearth we're found.
Bless, then, the meeting and the spot,
For once be every care forgot;
Let gentle peace assert her power,
And kind affection rule the hour.

We're all—all here.

We're not all here!
Some are away,—the dead ones dear,
Who thronged with us this ancient hearth,
And gave the hour to guileless mirth.
Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,
Looked in and thinned our little band;
Some like a night-flash passed away,
And some sank lingering day by day;
The quiet grave-yard—some lie there,—
And cruel ocean has his share.

We're not all here!

We are all here.
Even they—the dead—though dead, so dear,
Fond memory, to her duty true,
Brings back their faded forms to view.
How life-like, through the mist of years,
Each well-remembered face appears!
We see them, as in times long past;
From each to each kind looks are cast;
We hear their words, their smiles behold,
They're 'round us as they were of old.

We are all here!

We are all here:
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
You that I love with love so dear.
This may not long of us be said;
Soon must we join the gathered dead,
And by the hearth we now sit 'round
Some other circle will be found.

Oh, then, that wisdom may we know
 Which yields a life of peace below;
 So, in the world to follow this,
 May each repeat, in words of bliss,
 We're all—all here.

Charles Sprague [1791-1875]

THE TWO APRIL MORNINGS

We walked along, while bright and red
 Uprose the morning sun;
 And Matthew stopped, he looked, and said,
 “The will of God be done!”

A village schoolmaster was he,
 With hair of glittering gray;
 As blithe a man as you could see
 On a spring holiday.

And on that morning, through the grass,
 And by the steaming rills,
 We traveled merrily, to pass
 A day among the hills.

“Our work,” said I, “was well begun;
 Then, from thy breast what thought,
 Beneath so beautiful a sun,
 So sad a sigh has brought?”

A second time did Matthew stop;
 And fixing still his eye
 Upon the eastern mountain-top,
 To me he made reply:

“Yon cloud with that long purple cleft
 Brings fresh into my mind
 A day like this which I have left
 Full thirty years behind.

“And just above yon slope of corn
Such colors, and no other,
Were in the sky, that April morn,
Of this the very brother.

“With rod and line I sued the sport
Which that sweet season gave,
And, to the church-yard come, stopped short
Beside my daughter’s grave.

“Nine summers had she scarcely seen,
The pride of all the vale;
And then she sang;—she would have been
A very nightingale.

“Six feet in earth my Emma lay;
And yet I loved her more,
For so it seemed, than till that day
I e’er had loved before.

“And, turning from her grave, I met,
Beside the church-yard yew,
A blooming girl, whose hair was wet
With points of morning dew.

“A basket on her head she bare;
Her brow was smooth and white:
To see a child so very fair
It was a pure delight!

“No fountain from its rocky cave
E’er tripped with foot so free;
She seemed as happy as a wave
That dances on the sea.

“There came from me a sigh of pain
Which I could ill confine;
I looked at her, and looked again,
And did not wish her mine!”

“They Are All Gone”

Matthew is in his grave, yet now,
 Methinks, I see him stand,
 As at that moment, with a bough
 Of wilding in his hand.

William Wordsworth [1770-1850]

“SURPRISED BY JOY”

SURPRISED by joy—impatient as the Wind—
 I turned to share the transport—O! with whom
 But Thee, deep buried in the silent tomb,
 That spot which no vicissitude can find?
 Love, faithful love, recalled thee to my mind—
 But how could I forget thee? Through what power,
 Even for the least division of an hour,
 Have I been so beguiled as to be blind
 To my most grievous loss?—That thought's return
 Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,
 Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,
 Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more;
 That neither present time, nor years unborn
 Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

William Wordsworth [1770-1850]

THE REVEL**EAST INDIA**

WE meet 'neath the sounding rafter,
 And the walls around are bare;
 As they shout back our peals of laughter
 It seems that the dead are there.
 Then stand to your glasses, steady!
 We drink in our comrades' eyes:
 One cup to the dead already—
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not here are the goblets glowing,
 Not here is the vintage sweet;
 'Tis cold, as our hearts are growing,
 And dark as the doom we meet.

But stand to your glasses, steady!
And soon shall our pulses rise:
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's many a hand that's shaking,
And many a cheek that's sunk;
But soon, though our hearts are breaking,
They'll burn with the wine we've drunk.
Then stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis here the revival lies:
Quaff a cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Time was when we laughed at others;
We thought we were wiser then;
Ha! ha! let them think of their mothers,
Who hope to see them again.
No! stand to your glasses, steady!
The thoughtless is here the wise:
One cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles,
Not a tear for the friends that sink;
We'll fall, 'midst the wine-cup's sparkles,
As mute as the wine we drink.
Come, stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis this that the respite buys:
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's a mist on the glass congealing,
'Tis the hurricane's sultry breath;
And thus does the warmth of feeling
Turn ice in the grasp of Death.
But stand to your glasses, steady!
For a moment the vapor flies:
Quaff a cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Who dreads to the dust returning?
 Who shrinks from the sable shore,
 Where the high and haughty yearning
 Of the soul can sting no more?
 No, stand to your glasses, steady!
 The world is a world of lies:
 A cup to the dead already—
 And hurrah for the next that dies!

Cut off from the land that bore us,
 Betrayed by the land we find,
 When the brightest have gone before us,
 And the dullest are most behind—
 Stand, stand to your glasses, steady!
 'Tis all we have left to prize:
 One cup to the dead already—
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

Bartholomew Dowling [1823-1863]

THE CHOICE

From “The House of Life”

I

EAT thou and drink; to-morrow thou shalt die.
 Surely the earth, that's wise being very old,
 Needs not our help. Then loose me, love, and hold
 Thy sultry hair up from my face; that I
 May pour for thee this golden wine, brim-high,
 Till round the glass thy fingers glow like gold.
 We'll drown all hours: thy song, while hours are tolled,
 Shall leap, as fountains veil the changing sky.
 Now kiss, and think that there are really those,
 My own high-bosomed beauty, who increase
 Vain gold, vain lore, and yet might choose our way!
 Through many years they toil; then on a day
 They die not,—for their life was death,—but cease;
 And round their narrow lips the mold falls close.

II

Watch thou and fear; to-morrow thou shalt die.
 Or art thou sure thou shalt have time for death?
 Is not the day which God's word promiseth
 To come man knows not when? In yonder sky,
 Now while we speak, the sun speeds forth: can I
 Or thou assure him of his goal? God's breath
 Even at this moment haply quickeneth
 The air to a flame; till spirits, always nigh
 Though screened and hid, shall walk the daylight here.
 And dost thou prate of all that man shall do?
 Canst thou, who hast but plagues, presume to be
 Glad in his gladness that comes after thee?
 Will *his* strength slay *thy* worm in Hell? Go to:
 Cover thy countenance, and watch, and fear.

III

Think thou and act; to-morrow thou shalt die.
 Outstretched in the sun's warmth upon the shore,
 Thou say'st: "Man's measured path is all gone o'er;
 Up all his years, steeply, with strain and sigh,
 Man clomb until he touched the truth; and I,
 Even I, am he whom it was destined for."
 How should this be? Art thou then so much more
 Than they who sowed, that thou shouldst reap thereby?
 Nay, come up hither. From this wave-washed mound
 Unto the furthest flood-brim look with me;
 Then reach on with thy thought till it be drowned.
 Miles and miles distant though the last line be,
 And though thy soul sail leagues and leagues beyond,—
 Still, leagues beyond those leagues, there is more sea.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti [1828-1882]

READÈN OV A HEAD-STWONE

As I wer readèn ov a stwone
 In Grenley church-yard all alwone,
 A little maid ran up, wi' pride
 To zee me there, an' pushed a-zide

A bunch o' bennets that did hide
 A verse her father, as she zaïd,
 Put up above her mother's head,
 To tell how much he loved her.

The verse wer short, but very good,
 I stood an' larned en where I stood:—
 “Mid God, dear Meäry, gi'e me greäce,
 To vind, lik' thee, a better pleäce,
 Where I woonce mwore mid zee thy feäce;
 An' bring thy children up to know
 His word, that they mid come an' show
 Thy soul how much I loved thee.”

“Where's father, then,” I zaid, “my chile?”
 “Dead too,” she answered wi' a smile;
 “An' I an' brother Jim do bide
 At Betty White's, o' t'other side
 O' road.” “Mid He, my chile,” I cried,
 “That's father to the fatherless,
 Become thy father now, an' bless,
 An' keep, an' leäd, an' love thee.”

Though she've a-lost, I thought, so much,
 Still He don't let the thoughts o't touch
 Her litsome heart by day or night;
 An' zoo, if we could teäke it right,
 Do show He'll meäke His burdens light
 To weaker souls, an' that His smile
 Is sweet upon a harmless chile,
 When they be dead that loved it.

William Barnes [1801-1886]

THE TWO MYSTERIES

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still;
 The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and
 chill;
 The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call;
 The strange, white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart-pain;
This dread to take our daily way, and walk in it again;
We know not to what other sphere the loved who leave us
go,

Nor why we're left to wonder still, nor why we do not know.

But this we know: Our loved and dead, if they should come
this day—

Should come and ask us, "What is life?" not one of us could
say.

Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be;
Yet, oh, how dear it is to us, this life we live and see!

Then might they say—these vanished ones—and blessed
is the thought,

"So death is sweet to us, beloved! though we may show you
naught;

We may not to the quick reveal the mystery of death—
Ye cannot tell us, if ye would, the mystery of breath."

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or in-
tent,

So those who enter death must go as little children sent.

Nothing is known. But I believe that God is overhead;
And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

Mary Mapes Dodge [1838-1905]

FOREVER

THOSE we love truly never die,
Though year by year the sad memorial wreath,
A ring and flowers, types of life and death,
Are laid upon their graves.

For death the pure life saves,
And life all pure is love; and love can reach
From heaven to earth, and nobler lessons teach
Than those by mortals read.

Well blest is he who has a dear one dead:
 A friend he has whose face will never change—
 A dear communion that will not grow strange;
 The anchor of a love is death.

The blessed sweetness of a loving breath
 Will reach our cheek all fresh through weary years.
 For her who died long since, ah! waste not tears,
 She's thine unto the end.

Thank God for one dear friend,
 With face still radiant with the light of truth,
 Whose love comes laden with the scent of youth,
 Through twenty years of death.

John Boyle O'Reilly [1844-1890]

NOW AND AFTERWARDS

“Two hands upon the breast, and labor is past”—RUSSIAN PROVERB

Two hands upon the breast,
 And labor's done;
 Two pale feet crossed in rest,—
 The race is won;
 Two eyes with coin-weights shut,
 And all tears cease,
 Two lips where grief is mute,
 Anger at peace;—
 So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot;
 God in His kindness answereth not.

Two hands to work addressed
 Aye for His praise;
 Two feet that never rest
 Walking His ways;
 Two eyes that look above
 Through all their tears;
 Two lips still breathing love,
 Not wrath, nor fears;—
 So pray we afterwards, low on our knees;
 Pardon those erring prayers! Father, hear these!

Dinah Maria Mulock Craik [1826-1887]

"NOW THE LABORER'S TASK IS O'ER"

Now the laborer's task is o'er;
Now the battle day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the penitents, that turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Jesus learn
At His feet in Paradise.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He who died for their release.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Calmly now the words we say,
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the resurrection day.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

John Lodge Ellerton [1801-1873]

LOVE AND DEATH

ALAS! that men must see
 Love, before Death!
 Else they content might be
 With their short breath;
 Aye, glad, when the pale sun
 Showed restless day was done,
 And endless Rest begun.

Glad, when with strong, cool hand
 Death clasped their own;
 And with a strange command
 Hushed every moan;
 Glad to have finished pain,
 And labor wrought in vain,
 Blurred by Sin's deepening stain.

But Love's insistent voice
 Bids self to flee—
 “Live that I may rejoice,
 Live on, for me!”
 So, for Love's cruel mind,
 Men fear this Rest to find,
 Nor know great Death is kind!

Margaret Deland [1857–]

VAN ELSEN

GOD spake three times and saved Van Elsen's soul;
 He spake by sickness first and made him whole;
 Van Elsen heard him not,
 Or soon forgot.

God spake to him by wealth, the world outpoured
 Its treasures at his feet, and called him Lord;
 Van Elsen's heart grew fat
 And proud thereat.

God spake the third time when the great World smiled,
 And in the sunshine slew his little child;
 Van Elsen like a tree
 Fell hopelessly.

Then in the darkness came a voice which said,
“As thy heart bleedeth, so my heart hath bled,
As I have need of thee,
Thou needest me.”

That night Van Elsen kissed the baby feet,
And, kneeling by the narrow winding-sheet,
Praised Him with fervent breath
Who conquered death.

Frederick George Scott [1861-

THE FLIGHT

UPON a cloud among the stars we stood:
The angel raised his hand, and looked, and said,
“Which world, of all yon starry myriad
Shall we make wing to?” The still solitude
Became a harp whereon his voice and mood
Made spherical music round his haloed head.
I spake—for then I had not long been dead—
“Let me look round upon the vasts, and brood
A moment on these orbs ere I decide. . . .
What is yon lower star that beauteous shines
And with soft splendor now incarnadines
Our wings?—*There* would I go and there abide.”
Then he, as one who some child’s thought divines:
“That is the world where yesternight you died.”

Lloyd Mifflin [1846-

RIPE GRAIN

O STILL, white face of perfect peace,
Untouched by passion, freed from pain,—
He who ordained that work should cease
Took to Himself the ripened grain.

O noble face! your beauty bears
The glory that is wrung from pain,—
The high, celestial beauty wears
Of finished work, of ripened grain.

Of human care you left no trace,
 No lightest trace of grief or pain,—
 On earth an empty form and face—
 In Heaven stands the ripened grain.

Dora Reed Goodale [1866]

“THE LAND WHICH NO ONE KNOWS”

DARK, deep, and cold the current flows
 Unto the sea where no wind blows,
 Seeking the land which no one knows.

O'er its sad gloom still comes and goes
 The mingled wail of friends and foes,
 Borne to the land which no one knows.

Why shrieks for help yon wretch, who goes
 With millions, from a world of woes,
 Unto the land which no one knows?

Though myriads go with him who goes,
 Alone he goes where no wind blows,
 Unto the land which no one knows.

For all must go where no wind blows,
 And none can go for him who goes;
 None, none return whence no one knows.

Yet why should he who shrieking goes
 With millions, from a world of woes,
 Reunion seek with it or those?

Alone with God, where no wind blows,
 And Death, his shadow—doomed, he goes:
 That God is there the shadow shows.

O shoreless Deep, where no wind blows!
 And thou, O Land, which no one knows!
 That God is all, His shadow shows.

Ebenezer Elliott [1781-1849]

THE HILLS OF REST

BEYOND the last horizon's rim,
Beyond adventure's farthest quest,
Somewhere they rise, serene and dim,
The happy, happy Hills of Rest.

Upon their sunlit slopes uplift
The castles we have built in Spain—
While fair amid the summer drift
Our faded gardens flower again.

Sweet hours we did not live go by
To soothing note, on scented wing;
In golden-lettered volumes lie
The songs we tried in vain to sing.

They all are there: the days of dream
That build the inner lives of men;
The silent, sacred years we deem
The might be, and the might have been.

Some evening when the sky is gold
I'll follow day into the west;
Nor pause, nor heed, till I behold
The happy, happy Hills of Rest.

Albert Bigelow Paine [1861–

AT THE TOP OF THE ROAD

“BUT, Lord,” she said, “my shoulders still are strong—
I have been used to bear the load so long;

“And see, the hill is passed, and smooth the road . . .”
“Yet,” said the Stranger, “yield me now thy load.”

Gently he took it from her, and she stood
Straight-limbed and lithe, in new-found maidenhood,

Amid long, sunlit fields; around them sprang
A tender breeze, and birds and rivers sang.

“My Lord,” she said, “the land is very fair!”
Smiling, he answered: “Was it not so there?”

“There?” In her voice a wondering question lay:
“Was I not always here, then, as to-day?”

He turned to her with strange, deep eyes aflame:
“Knowest thou not this kingdom, nor my name?”

“Nay,” she replied: “but this I understand—
That thou art Lord of Life in this dear land!”

“Yea, child,” he murmured, scarce above his breath:
“Lord of the Land! but men have named me Death.”

Charles Buxton Going [1863]

SHEMUEL

SHEMUEL, the Bethlehemite,
Watched a fevered guest at night;
All his fellows fared afield
Saw the angel host revealed;
He nor caught the mystic story,
Heard the song, nor saw the glory.

Through the night they gazing stood,
Heard the holy multitude;
Back they came in wonder home,
Knew the Christmas kingdom come,
Eyes aflame and hearts elated;
Shemuel sat alone, and waited.

Works of mercy now, as then,
Hide the angel host from men;
Hearts attuned to earthly love
Miss the angel notes above;
Deeds at which the world rejoices,
Quench the sound of angel voices.

So they thought, nor deemed from whence
His celestial recompense.

Shemuel, by the fever bed,
Touched by beckoning hands that led,
Died, and saw the Uncreated;
All his fellows lived, and waited.

Edward Ernest Bowen [1836-1901]

SHE AND HE

“SHE is dead!” they said to him. “Come away;
Kiss her and leave her!—thy love is clay!”

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair;
On her forehead of marble they laid it fair;

Over her eyes, that gazed too much,
They drew the lids with a gentle touch;

With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell:

About her brows, and her dear, pale face,
They tied her veil and her marriage-lace:

And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes;—
Which were the whiter no eye could choose!

And over her bosom they crossed her hands;
“Come away,” they said,—“God understands!”

And then there was Silence;—and nothing there
But the Silence—and scents of eglanterie,

And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary;
And they said, “As a lady should lie, lies she!”

And they held their breath till they left the room,
With a shudder to glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he—who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,—

He lit his lamp, and took the key,
And turned it!—Alone again—he and she!

He and she; but she would not speak,
Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet cheek;

He and she; yet she would not smile,
Though he called her the name that was fondest erewhile.

He and she; and she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love!

Then he said, “Cold lips! and breast without breath!
Is there no voice?—no language of death

“Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
But to heart and to soul distinct,—intense?

“See, now,—I listen with soul, not ear,—
What was the secret of dying, Dear?

“Was it the infinite wonder of all
That you ever could let life’s flower fall?

“Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o’er the agony steal?

“Was the miracle greatest to find how deep,
Beyond all dreams, sank downward that sleep?

“Did life roll backward its record, Dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?

“And was it the innermost heart of the bliss
To find out so what a wisdom love is?

“Oh, perfect Dead! Oh, Dead most dear,
I hold the breath of my soul to hear;



“I listen—as deep as to horrible hell,
As high as to heaven!—and you do not tell!

“There must be pleasures in dying, Sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet!

“I would tell *you*, Darling, if I were dead,
And 'twere your hot tears upon *my* brow shed.

“I would say, though the angel of death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.

“*You* should not ask, vainly, with streaming eyes,
Which in Death's touch was the chiefest surprise;

“The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all the surprises that dying must bring.”

• • • • • • •

Ah! foolish world! Oh! most kind Dead!
Though he told me, who will believe it was said?

Who will believe that he heard her say,
With the soft rich voice, in the dear old way:—

“The utmost wonder is this,—I hear,
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, Dear;

“I can speak, now you listen with soul alone;
If your soul could see, it would all be shown

“What a strange delicious amazement is Death,
To be without body and breathe without breath.

“I should laugh for joy if you did not cry;
Oh, listen! Love lasts!—Love never will die.

“I am only your Angel, who was your Bride;
And I know, that though dead, I have never died.”

Edwin Arnold [1832-1904]

AFTER DEATH IN ARABIA

He who died at Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends:

Faithful friends! It lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow:
And ye say, “Abdallah’s dead!”
Weeping at the feet and head.

I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile and whisper this:
“*I am not the thing you kiss;*
Cease your tears, and let it lie;
It *was* mine—it is not *I*.”

Sweet friends! what the women lave
For its last bed of the grave,
Is a tent which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which, at last,
Like a hawk my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room,—
The wearer, not the garb;—the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
That kept him from these splendid stars!

Loving friends! be wise, and dry
Straightway every weeping eye.
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.
’Tis an empty sea-shell,—one
Out of which the pearl is gone.
The shell is broken, it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
’Tis an earthen jar, whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,
A mind that loved him: let it lie!
Let the shard be earth’s once more,
Since the gold shines in his store!

Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now Thy world is understood;
Now the long, long wonder ends!
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,
While the man whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
By such light as shines for you;
But in light ye cannot see
Of unfulfilled felicity,—
In enlarging paradise,
Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! yet not farewell;—
Where I am, ye, too, shall dwell.
I am gone before your face,
A moment's time, a little space.
When ye come where I have stepped,
Ye will wonder why ye wept;
Ye will know, by wise love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain,—
Sunshine still must follow rain;
Only not at death,—for death,
Now I know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life center.

Be ye certain all seems love,
Viewed from Allah's throne above;
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home!
La Allah illa Allah! yea!
Thou love divine! Thou Love alway!

He that died at Azan gave
This to those who made his grave.

Edwin Arnold [1832-1904]

SENTINEL SONGS

TO THE EARL OF WARWICK, ON THE DEATH OF MR. ADDISON

[1672-1719]

IF, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stayed,
And left her debt to Addison unpaid,
Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,
And judge, O, judge my bosom by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetic fires?
Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires:
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.

Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part forever to the grave?
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors and through walks of kings!
What awe did the slow, solemn knell inspire;
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir;
The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid;
And the last words, that dust to dust conveyed!
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear, departed friend.
O, gone forever! take this long adieu;
And sleep in peace next thy loved Montague.
To strew fresh laurels let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine;
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy loved memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful, if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untuned my tongue,

My grief be doubled, from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchastised by thee!

Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown;
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallowed mold below;
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;
In arms who triumphed, or in arts excelled;
Chiefs, graced with scars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints, who taught and led the way to heaven;
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation came a nobler guest;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.

In what new region, to the just assigned,
What new employments please the unbodied mind?
A wingèd Virtue, through the ethereal sky,
From world to world unwearied does he fly?
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of Heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
How Michael battled and the dragon fell;
Or, mixed with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill-essayed below?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,—
A task well suited to thy gentle mind?
O, if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend!
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

That awful form which, so the heavens decree,
Must still be loved and still deplored by me,
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or, roused by fancy, meets my waking eyes.

If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
 The unblemished statesman seems to strike my sight;
 If in the stage I seek to soothe my care,
 I meet his soul which breathes in Cato there;
 If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
 His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove;
 'Twas there of just and good he reasoned strong,
 Cleared some great truth, or raised some serious song:
 There patient showed us the wise course to steer,
 A candid censor and a friend severe;
 There taught us how to live, and (O, too high
 The price for knowledge!) taught us how to die.

Thou Hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
 Reared by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
 Why, once so loved, whene'er thy bower appears,
 O'er my dim eyeballs glance the sudden tears?
 How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
 Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air!
 How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
 Thy noontide shadow, and thy evening breeze!
 His image thy forsaken bowers restore;
 Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;
 No more the summer in thy glooms allayed,
 Thy evening breezes, and thy noonday shade.

From other hills, however fortune frowned,
 Some refuge in the Muse's art I found;
 Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
 Bereft of him who taught me how to sing;
 And these sad accents, murmured o'er his urn,
 Betray that absence they attempt to mourn.
 O, must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
 And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds)
 The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong,
 And weep a second in the unfinished song!

These works divine, which, on his death-bed laid,
 To thee, O Craggs! the expiring sage conveyed,
 Great, but ill-omened, monument of fame,
 Nor he survived to give, nor thou to claim.
 Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
 And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies.

Blest pair! whose union future bards shall tell
In future tongues: each other's boast! farewell!
Farewell! whom, joined in fame, in friendship tried,
No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

Thomas Tickell [1686-1740]

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

[1805-1875]

A BEING cleaves the moonlit air,
With eyes of dew and plumes of fire,
New-born, immortal, strong and fair;
Glance ere he goes.
His feet are shrouded like the dead,
But in his face a wild desire
Breaks like the dawn that flushes red,
And like a rose.

The stars shine out above his path,
And music wakes through all the skies;
What mortal such a triumph hath,
By death set free?
What earthly hands and heart are pure
As this man's, whose unshrinking eyes
Gaze onward through the deep obscure,
Nor quail to see?

Ah! this was he who drank the fount
Of wisdom set in speechless things,
Who, patient, watched the day-star mount,
While others slept.
Ah! this was he whose loving soul
Found heart-beats under trembling wings,
And heard divinest music roll
Where wild springs leapt.

For poor dumb lips had songs for him,
And children's dreamings ran in tune,
And strange old heroes, weird and dim,
Walked by his side.

The very shadows loved him well
 And danced and flickered in the moon,
 And left him wondrous tales to tell
 Men far and wide.

And now no more he smiling walks
 Through greenwood alleys full of sun,
 And, as he wanders, turns and talks,
 Though none be there;
 The children watch in vain the place
 Where they were wont, when day was done,
 To see their poet's sweet worn face,
 And faded hair.

Yet dream not such a spirit dies,
 Though all its earthly shrine decay!
 Transfigured under clearer skies,
 He sings anew;
 The frail soul-covering, racked with pain,
 And scored with vigil, fades away,
 The soul set free and young again
 Glides upward through.

Weep not; but watch the moonlit air!
 Perchance a glory like a star
 May leave what hangs about him there,
 And flash on us! . . .
 Behold! the void is full of light,
 The beams pierce heaven from bar to bar,
 And all the hollows of the night
 Grow luminous!

Edmund Gosse [1849—

ELEGIAC STANZAS

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF PEELE CASTLE IN A STORM,
 PAINTED BY SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT

[1753–1827]

I WAS thy neighbor once, thou rugged Pile!
 Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee:
 I saw thee every day; and all the while
 Thy Form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air!
So like, so very like, was day to day!
Whene'er I looked, thy image still was there;
It trembled, but it never passed away.

How perfect was the calm! It seemed no sleep,
No mood, which season takes away, or brings:
I could have fancied that the mighty Deep
Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.

Ah! THEN—if mine had been the Painter's hand
To express what then I saw; and add the gleam,
The light that never was, on sea or land,
The consecration, and the Poet's dream,—

I would have planted thee, thou hoary Pile,
Amid a world how different from this!
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile;
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

Thou shouldst have seemed a treasure-house divine
Of peaceful years; a chronicle of heaven;—
Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine
The very sweetest had to thee been given.

A Picture had it been of lasting ease,
Elysian quiet, without toil or strife;
No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,
Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,
Such Picture would I at that time have made;
And seen the soul of truth in every part,
A steadfast peace that might not be betrayed.

So once it would have been,—'tis so no more;
I have submitted to a new control:
A power is gone, which nothing can restore;
A deep distress hath humanized my soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold
 A smiling sea, and be what I have been:
 The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old;
 This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.

Then, Beaumont, Friend! who would have been the friend
 If he had lived, of Him whom I deplore,
 This work of thine I blame not, but commend;
 This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

O 'tis a passionate Work!—yet wise and well,
 Well chosen is the spirit that is here;
 That Hulk which labors in the deadly swell,
 This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear!

And this huge Castle, standing here sublime,
 I love to see the look with which it braves,
 —Cased in the unfeeling armor of old time—
 The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.

—Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,
 Housed in a dream, at distance from the Kind!
 Such happiness, wherever it be known,
 Is to be pitied; for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
 And frequent sights of what is to be borne!
 Such sights, or worse, as are before me here:—
 Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

William Wordsworth [1770-1850]

WILLIAM BLAKE

[1757-1827]

HE came to the desert of London town,
 Gray miles long;
 He wandered up and he wandered down,
 Singing a quiet song.

He came to the desert of London town,
 Mirk miles broad;
 He wandered up and he wandered down,
 Ever alone with God. .

There were thousands and thousands of human kind
 In that desert of brick and stone:
 But some were deaf and some were blind,
 And he was there alone.

At length the good hour came; he died
 As he had lived, alone:
 He was not missed from the desert wide,
 Perhaps he was found at the Throne.

James Thomson [1834-1882]

E. B. B.

[1806-1861]

THE white-rose garland at her feet,
 The crown of laurel at her head,
 Her noble life on earth complete,
 Lay her in the last low bed
 For the slumber calm and deep:
 "He giveth His belovèd sleep."

Soldiers find their fittest grave
 In the field whereon they died;
 So her spirit pure and brave
 Leaves the clay it glorified
 To the land for which she fought
 With such grand impassioned thought.

Keats and Shelley sleep at Rome,
 She in well-loved Tuscan earth;
 Finding all their death's long home
 Far from their old home of birth.
 Italy, you hold in trust
 Very sacred English dust.

Therefore this one prayer I breathe,—
 That you yet may worthy prove
 Of the heirlooms they bequeath
 Who have loved you with such love:
 Fairest land while land of slaves
 Yields their free souls no fit graves.

James Thomson [1834-1882]

ROBERT BURNS

[1759-1796]

All Scottish legends did his fancy fashion,
 All airs that richly flow,
 Laughing with frolic, tremulous with passion,
 Broken with love-lorn woe;

Ballads whose beauties years have long been stealing
 And left few links of gold,
 Under his quaint and subtle touch of healing
 Grew fairer, not less old.

Gray Cluden, and the vestal's choral cadence,
 His spell awoke therewith;
 Till boatmen hung their oars to hear the maidens
 Upon the banks of Nith.

His, too, the strains of battle nobly coming
 From Bruce, or Wallace wight,
 Such as the Highlander shall oft be humming
 Before some famous fight.

Nor only these—for him the hawthorn hoary
 Was with new wreaths enwrought,
 The “crimson-tippèd daisy” wore fresh glory,
 Born of poetic thought.

From the “wee cowering beastie” he could borrow
 A moral strain sublime,
 A noble tenderness of human sorrow,
 In wondrous wealth of rhyme.

Oh, but the mountain breeze must have been pleasant
Upon the sunburnt brow
Of that poetic and triumphant peasant
Driving his laureled plow!

William Alexander [1824-1911]

ON THE DEATHS OF THOMAS CARLYLE AND GEORGE ELIOT

Two souls diverse out of our human sight
Pass, followed one with love and each with wonder:
The stormy sophist with his mouth of thunder,
Clothed with loud words and mantled in the might
Of darkness and magnificence of night;
And one whose eye could smite the night in sunder,
Searching if light or no light were thereunder,
And found in love of loving-kindness light.
Duty divine and Thought with eyes of fire
Still following Righteousness with deep desire
Shone sole and stern before her and above,
Sure stars and sole to steer by; but more sweet
Shone lower the loveliest lamp for earthly feet,
The light of little children, and their love.

Algernon Charles Swinburne [1837-1909]

THE OPENING OF THE TOMB OF CHARLEMAGNE

[742-814]

AMID the cloistered gloom of Aachen's aisle
Stood Otho, Germany's imperial lord,
Regarding, with a melancholy smile,
A simple stone, where, fitly to record
A world of action by a single word,
Was graven "Carlo-Magno." Regal style
Was needed none; that name such thoughts restored
Asadden, yet make nobler, men the while.

They rolled the marble back. With sudden gasp,
 A moment o'er the vault the Kaiser bent,
 Where still a mortal monarch seemed to reign.
 Crowned on his throne, a scepter in his grasp,
 Perfect in each gigantic lineament,
 Otho looked face to face on Charlemagne.

Aubrey De Vere [1788-1846]

ELEGY ON WILLIAM COBBETT

[1762-1835]

O BEAR him where the rain can fall,
 And where the winds can blow;
 And let the sun weep o'er his pall
 As to the grave ye go!

And in some little lone churchyard,
 Beside the growing corn,
 Lay gentle Nature's stern prose bard,
 Her mightiest peasant-born.

Yes! let the wild-flower wed his grave,
 That bees may murmur near,
 When o'er his last home bend the brave,
 And say—"A man lies here!"

For Britons honor Cobbett's name,
 Though rashly oft he spoke;
 And none can scorn, and few will blame,
 The low-laid heart of oak.

See, o'er his prostrate branches, see!
 E'en factious hate consents
 To reverence, in the fallen tree,
 His British lineaments.

Though gnarled the storm-tossed boughs that braved
 The thunder's gathered scowl,
 Not always through his darkness raved
 The storm-winds of the soul.

O, no! in hours of golden calm
Morn met his forehead bold;
And breezy evening sang her psalm
Beneath his dew-dropped gold.

The wren its crest of fibered fire
With his rich bronze compared,
While many a youngling's songful sire
His acorned twiglets shared.

The lark, above, sweet tribute paid,
Where clouds with light were riven;
And true love sought his blue-belled shade,
“To bless the hour of heaven.”

E'en when his stormy voice was loud,
And guilt quaked at the sound,
Beneath the frown that shook the proud,
The poor a shelter found.

Dead oak! thou livest. Thy smitten hands,
The thunder of thy brow,
Speak with strange tongues in many lands,
And tyrants hear thee, now!

Beneath the shadow of thy name,
Inspired by thy renown,
Shall future patriots rise to fame,
And many a sun go down.

Ebenezer Elliott [1781-1849]

COLERIDGE

[1772-1834]

I SEE thee pine like her in golden story
Who, in her prison, woke and saw, one day,
The gates thrown open—saw the sunbeams play,
With only a web 'tween her and summer's glory;

Who, when that web—so frail, so transitory
 It broke before her breath—had fallen away,
 Saw other webs and others rise for aye
 Which kept her prisoned till her hair was hoary.
 Those songs half-sung that yet were all divine—
 That woke Romance, the queen, to reign afresh—
 Had been but preludes from that lyre of thine,
 Could thy rare spirit's wings have pierced the mesh
 Spun by the wizard who compels the flesh,
 But lets the poet see how heaven can shine.

Theodore Watts-Dunton [1836-1914]

COWPER'S GRAVE

[1731-1800]

IT is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's decaying;
 It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their praying;
 Yet let the grief and humbleness as low as silence languish:
 Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave her anguish.

O poets, from a maniac's tongue was poured the deathless singing!
 O Christians, at your cross of hope a hopeless hand was clinging!
 O men, this man in brotherhood your weary paths beguiling,
 Groaned only while he taught you peace, and died while ye were smiling!

And now, what time ye all may read through dimming tears his story,
 How discord on the music fell and darkness on the glory,
 And how when, one by one, sweet sounds and wandering lights departed,
 He wore no less a loving face, because so broken-hearted,

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration;
Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or good forsaken,
Named softly as the household name of one whom God hath
taken.

With quiet sadness and no gloom, I learn to think upon him,
With meekness that is gratefulness to God whose heaven
hath won him,
Who suffered once the madness-cloud to his own love to
blind him,
But gently led the blind along where breath and bird could
find him;

And wrought within his shattered brain such quick poetic
senses
As hills have language for, and stars, harmonious influences;
The pulse of dew upon the grass kept his within its number,
And silent shadows from the trees refreshed him like a slum-
ber.

Wild timid hares were drawn from woods to share his home-
caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan tendernesses:
The very world, by God's constraint, from falsehood's ways
removing,
Its women and its men became, beside him, true and lov-
ing.

And though, in blindness, he remained unconscious of that
guiding,
And things provided came without the sweet sense of pro-
viding,
He testified this solemn truth, while frenzy desolated,
—Nor man nor nature satisfies, whom only God created.

Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother while she
blesses
And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her
kisses,—

That turns his fevered eyes around,—“My mother! where’s my mother?”—

As if such tender words and deeds could come from any other!—

The fever gone, with leaps of heart, he sees her bending o’er him,

Her face all pale from watchful love, the unwearied love she bore him!

Thus woke the poet from the dream his life’s long fever gave him,

Beneath those deep, pathetic Eyes which closed in death to save him!

Thus? oh, not *thus!* no type of earth can image that awaking,

Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs, round him breaking,

Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body parted,
But felt those eyes alone, and knew—“*My Saviour! not deserted!*”

Deserted! Who hath dreamt that when the cross in darkness rested,

Upon the Victim’s hidden face no love was manifested?

What frantic hands outstretched have e’er the atoning drops averted?

What tears have washed them from the soul, that *one* should be deserted?

Deserted! God could separate from His own essence rather;
And Adam’s sins *have* swept between the righteous Son and Father:

Yea, once, Immanuel’s orphaned cry his universe hath shaken—

It went up single, echoless, “My God, I am forsaken!”

It went up from the Holy’s lips amid His lost creation,
That, of the lost, no son shculd use those words of desolation!

That Earth's worst frenzies, marring hope, should mar not
hope's fruition,

And I, on Cowper's grave, should see his rapture in a vision.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning [1806-1861]

ON A BUST OF DANTE

[1265-1321]

SEE, from this counterfeit of him
Whom Arno shall remember long,
How stern of lineament, how grim,
The father was of Tuscan song:
There but the burning sense of wrong,
Perpetual care, and scorn, abide—
Small friendship for the lordly throng;
Distrust of all the world beside.

Faithful if this wan image be,
No dream his life was—but a fight;
Could any Beatrice see
A lover in that anchorite?
To that cold Ghibelline's gloomy sight
Who could have guessed the visions came
Of Beauty, veiled with heavenly light,
In circles of eternal flame?

The lips as Cumæ's cavern close,
The cheeks with fast and sorrow thin,
The rigid front, almost morose,
But for the patient hope within,
Declare a life whose course hath been
Unsullied still, though still severe,
Which, through the wavering days of sin,
Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.

Not wholly such his haggard look
When wandering once, forlorn, he strayed,
With no companion save his book,
To Corvo's hushed monastic shade;

Where, as the Benedictine laid
 His palm upon the convent's guest,
 The single boon for which he prayed
 Was peace, that pilgrim's one request.

Peace dwells not here—this rugged face
 Betrays no spirit of repose;
 The sullen warrior sole we trace,
 The marble man of many woes.
 Such was his mien when first arose
 The thought of that strange tale divine—
 When hell he peopled with his foes,
 Dread scourge of many a guilty line.

War to the last he waged with all
 The tyrant canker-worms of earth;
 Baron and duke, in hold and hall,
 Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth;
 He used Rome's harlot for his mirth;
 Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime;
 But valiant souls of knightly worth
 Transmitted to the rolls of Time.

O Time! whose verdicts mock our own,
 The only righteous judge art thou;
 That poor, old exile, sad and lone,
 Is Latium's other Virgil now.
 Before his name the nations bow;
 His words are parcel of mankind,
 Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,
 The marks have sunk of Dante's mind.

Thomas William Parsons [1819-1892]

DICKENS IN CAMP

[1812-1870]

ABOVE the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
 The river sang below;
 The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
 Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure,
To hear the tale anew.

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy,—for the reader
Was youngest of them all,—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp, with "Nell," on English meadows
Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o'er taken
As by some spell divine—
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire:
And he who wrought that spell?—
Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp, but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vine's incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly
 And laurel wreaths entwine,
 Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly—
 This spray of Western pine!

Bret Harte [1839-1902]

DRAKE'S DRUM

[SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, 1540?-1596]

DRAKE he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away,
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),
 Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
 Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the ships,
 Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,
 An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',
 He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas,
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),
 Rovin' though his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
 "Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
 Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;
 If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
 An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them
 long ago."

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),
 Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
 Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
 Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;
 Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin',
 They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him
 long ago!

Henry Newbolt [1862-

ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

[1795-1820]

GREEN be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep,
And long where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth;

And I, who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and woe were thine:

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow,
But I've in vain essayed it,
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free,
The grief is fixed too deeply
That mourns a man like thee.

Fitz-Greene Halleck [1790-1867]

“OH, BREATHE NOT HIS NAME!”

[ROBERT EMMET, 1778-1803]

OH, breathe not his name! let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grave o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
 Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
 And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
 Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

Thomas Moore [1779-1852]

VANQUISHED

[ULYSSES S. GRANT, 1822-1885]

Not by the ball or brand
 Sped by a mortal hand,
 Not by the lightning stroke
 When fiery tempests broke,—
 Not mid the ranks of war
 Fell the great Conqueror.

Unmoved, undismayed,
 In the crash and carnage of the cannonade,—
 Eye that dimmed not, hand that failed not,
 Brain that swerved not, heart that quailed not,
 Steel nerve, iron form,—
 The dauntless spirit that o'erruled the storm.

While the Hero peaceful slept
 A foeman to his chamber crept,
 Lightly to the slumberer came,
 Touched his brow and breathed his name:
 O'er the stricken form there passed
 Suddenly an icy blast.

The Hero woke: rose undismayed:
 Saluted Death, and sheathed his'blade.

The Conqueror of a hundred fields
 To a mightier Conqueror yields;
 No mortal foeman's blow
 Laid the great Soldier low;
 Victor in his latest breath—
 Vanquished but by Death.

Francis Fisher Browne [1843-1913]

ADONAI

[JOHN KEATS, 1795-1821]

I WEEP for Adonais—he is dead!
Oh, weep for Adonais! though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!
And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
And teach them thine own sorrow. Say: “With me
Died Adonais; till the Future dares
Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity!”

Where wert thou, mighty Mother, when he lay,
When thy Son lay, pierced by the shaft which flies
In darkness? where was lorn Urania
When Adonais died? With veilèd eyes,
'Mid listening Echoes, in her Paradise
She sate, while one, with soft enamored breath,
Rekindled all the fading melodies,
With which, like flowers that mock the corse beneath,
He had adorned and hid the coming bulk of death.

Oh, weep for Adonais—he is dead!
Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep!
Yet wherefore? Quench within their burning bed
Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep
Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep;
For he is gone where all things wise and fair
Descend. Oh, dream not that the amorous Deep
Will yet restore him to the vital air;
Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our despair.

Most musical of mourners, weep again!
Lament anew, Urania!—He died,
Who was the Sire of an immortal strain,
Blind, old, and lonely, when his country's pride

The priest, the slave, and the liberticide
 Trampled and mocked with many a loathèd rite
 Of lust and blood; he went, unterrified,
 Into the gulf of death; but his clear Sprite
 Yet reigns o'er earth, the third among the sons of light.

Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
 Not all to that bright station dared to climb;
 And happier they their happiness who knew,
 Whose tapers yet burn through that night of time
 In which suns perished; others more sublime,
 Struck by the envious wrath of man or God,
 Have sunk, extinct in their resplendent prime;
 And some yet live, treading the thorny road,
 Which leads, through toil and hate, to Fame's serene abode.

But now, thy youngest, dearest one has perished,
 The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew,
 Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished,
 And fed with true-love tears, instead of dew;
 Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
 Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last,
 The bloom, whose petals, nipped before they blew,
 Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste;
 The broken lily lies—the storm is overpast.

To that high Capital, where kingly Death
 Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,
 He came; and bought, with price of purest breath,
 A grave among the eternal.—Come away!
 Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day
 Is yet his fitting charnel-roof! while still
 He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay;
 Awake him not! surely he takes his fill
 Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

He will awake no more, oh, never more!
 Within the twilight chamber spreads apace
 The shadow of white Death, and at the door
 Invisible Corruption waits to trace

His extreme way to her dim dwelling-place;
The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and awe
Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to deface
So fair a prey, till darkness and the law
Of change, shall o'er his sleep the mortal curtain draw.

Oh, weep for Adonais!—The quick Dreams,
The passion-wingèd ministers of thought,
Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams
Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught
The love which was its music, wander not,—
Wander no more, from kindling brain to brain,
But droop there, whence they sprung; and mourn their
lot
Round the cold heart, where, after their sweet pain,
They ne'er will gather strength, or find a home again.

And one with trembling hands clasps his cold head,
And fans him with her moonlight wings, and cries,
“Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not dead;
See, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes,
Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies
A tear some Dream has loosened from his brain.”
Lost Angel of a ruined Paradise!
She knew not 'twas her own; as with no stain
She faded, like a cloud which had outwept its rain.

One from a lucid urn of starry dew
Washed his light limbs as if embalming them;
Another clipped her profuse locks, and threw
The wreath upon him, like an anadem,
Which frozen tears instead of pearls begem;
Another in her wilful grief would break
Her bow and wingèd reeds, as if to stem
A greater loss with one which was more weak;
And dull the barbèd fire against his frozen cheek.

Another Splendor cn his mouth alit,
That mouth, whence it was wont to draw the breath
Which gave it strength to pierce the guarded wit,
And pass into the panting heart beneath

With lightning and with music: the damp death
 Quenched its caress upon his icy lips;
 And, as a dying meteor stains a wreath
 Of moonlight vapor, which the cold night clips,
 It flushed through his pale limbs, and passed to its eclipse.

And others came . . . Desires and Adorations,
 Wingèd Persuasions and veiled Destinies,
 Splendors, and Gloom, and glimmering Incarnations
 Of hopes and fears, and twilight Fantasies;
 And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,
 And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam
 Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,
 Came in slow pomp;—the moving pomp might seem
 Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream.

All he had loved, and molded into thought,
 From shape, and hue, and odor, and sweet sound,
 Lamented Adonais. Morning sought
 Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,
 Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,
 Dimmed the aërial eyes that kindle day;
 Afar the melancholy thunder moaned,
 Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
 And the wild winds flew round, sobbing in their dismay.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,
 And feeds her grief with his remembered lay,
 And will no more reply to winds or fountains,
 Or amorous birds perched on the young green spray,
 Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day;
 Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear
 Than those for whose disdain she pined away
 Into a shadow of all sounds:—a drear
 Murmur, between their songs, is all the woodmen hear.

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw down
 Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,
 Or they dead leaves; since her delight is flown,
 For whom should she have waked the sullen year?

To Phœbus was not Hyacinth so dear,
Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both
Thou, Adonais; wan they stand and sere
Amid the faint companions of their youth,
With dew all turned to tears; odor, to sighing ruth.

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale,
Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain;
Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale
Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's domain
Her mighty youth with morning, doth complain,
Soaring and screaming round her empty nest,
As Albion wails for thee: the curse of Cain
Light on his head who pierced thy innocent breast,
And scared the angel soul that was its earthly guest!

Ah woe is me! Winter is come and gone,
But grief returns with the revolving year;
The airs and streams renew their joyous tone;
The ants, the bees, the swallows reappear;
Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead Seasons' bier;
The amorous birds now pair in every brake,
And build their mossy homes in field and brere;
And the green lizard and the golden snake,
Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake.

Through wood and stream and field and hill and Ocean,
A quickening life from the Earth's heart has burst,
As it has ever done, with change and motion,
From the great morning of the world when first
God dawnd on Chaos; in its stream immersed
The lamps of Heaven flash with a softer light;
All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst,
Diffuse themselves, and spend in love's delight,
The beauty and the joy of their renewèd might.

The leprous corpse, touched by this spirit tender,
Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath;
Like incarnations of the stars, when splendor
Is changed to fragrance, they illumine death

And mock the merry worm that wakes beneath.
 Naught we know, dies. Shall that alone which knows
 Be as a sword consumed before the sheath
 By sightless lightning?—the intense atom glows
 A moment, then is quenched in a most cold repose.

Alas! that all we loved of him should be,
 But for our grief, as if it had not been,
 And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me!
 Whence are we, and why are we? of what scene
 The actors or spectators? Great and mean
 Meet massed in death, who lends what life must borrow.
 As long as skies are blue, and fields are green,
 Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,
 Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to sor-
 row.

He will awake no more, oh, never more!
 “Wake thou,” cried Misery, “childless Mother, rise
 Out of thy sleep, and slake, in thy heart’s core,
 A wound more fierce than his with tears and sighs.”
 And all the Dreams that watched Urania’s eyes,
 And all the Echoes whom their sister’s song
 Had held in holy silence, cried, “Arise!”
 Swift as a Thought by the snake Memory stung,
 From her ambrosial rest the fading Splendor sprung.

She rose like an autumnal Night, that springs
 Out of the East, and follows wild and drear
 The golden Day, which, on eternal wings,
 Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,
 Had left the Earth a corpse.—Sorrow and fear
 So struck, so roused, so rapt Urania;
 So saddened round her like an atmosphere
 Of stormy mist; so swept her on her way
 Even to the mournful place where Adonais lay.

Out of her secret Paradise she sped,
 Through camps and cities rough with stone, and steel,
 And human hearts which, to her airy tread

Yielding not, wounded the invisible
Palms of her tender feet where'er they fell;
And barbèd tongues, and thoughts more sharp than they,
Rent the soft Form they never could repel,
Whose sacred blood, like the young tears of May,
Paved with eternal flowers that undeserving way.

In the death-chamber for a moment Death,
Shamed by the presence of that living Might,
Blushed to annihilation, and the breath
Revisited those lips, and life's pale light
Flashed through those limbs, so late her dear delight.
"Leave me not wild and drear and comfortless,
As silent lightning leaves 'the starless night!
Leave me not!" cried Urania; her distress
Roused Death; Death rose and smiled, and met her vain
caress.

"Stay yet awhile! speak to me once again;
Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live;
And in my heartless breast and burning brain
That word, that kiss, shall all thoughts else survive,
With food of saddest memory kept alive,
Now thou art dead, as if it were a part
Of thee, my Adonais! I would give
All that I am to be as thou now art!
But I am chained to Time, and cannot thence depart!

"O gentle child, beautiful as thou wert,
Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men
Too soon, and with weak hands though mighty heart
Dare the unpastured dragon in his den?
Defenseless as thou wert, oh, where was then
Wisdom the mirrored shield, or scorn the spear?
Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when
Thy spirit should have filled its crescent sphere,
The monsters of life's waste had fled from thee like deer.

"The herded wolves, bold only to pursue;
The obscene ravens, clamorous o'er the dead;
The vultures, to the conqueror's banner true,

Who feed where Desolation first has fed,
 And whose wings rain contagion;—how they fled,
 When, like Apollo, from his golden bow
 The Pythian of the age one arrow sped
 And smiled!—The spoilers tempt no second blow,
 They fawn on the proud feet that spurn them lying low.

“The sun comes forth, and many reptiles spawn;
 He sets, and each ephemeral insect then
 Is gathered into death without a dawn,
 And the immortal stars awake again;
 So is it in the world of living men:
 A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight
 Making earth bare and veiling heaven, and when
 It sinks, the swarms that dimmed or shared its light
 Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit’s awful night.”

Thus ceased she: and the mountain shepherds came,
 Their garlands sere, their magic mantles rent;
 The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
 Over his living head like Heaven is bent,
 An early but enduring monument,
 Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song
 In sorrow; from her wilds Ierne sent
 The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,
 And love taught grief to fall like music from his tongue.

Midst others of less note, came one frail Form,
 A phantom among men; companionless
 As the last cloud of an expiring storm
 Whose thunder is its knell; he, as I guess,
 Had gazed on Nature’s naked loveliness,
 Actæon-like, and now he fled astray
 With feeble steps o’er the world’s wilderness,
 And his own thoughts, along that rugged way,
 Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their prey.

A pardlike Spirit beautiful and swift—
 A Love in desolation masked;—a Power
 Girt round with weakness;—it can scarce uplift

The weight of the superincumbent hour;
It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
A breaking billow;—even whilst we speak
Is it not broken? On the withering flower
The killing sun smiles brightly: on a cheek
The life can burn in blood, even while the heart may break.

His head was bound with pansies overblown,
And faded violets, white, and pied, and blue;
And a light spear topped with a cypress cone,
Round whose rude shaft dark ivy tresses grew
Yet dripping with the forest's noonday dew,
Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
Shook the weak hand that grasped it; of that crew
He came the last, neglected and apart;
A herd-abandoned deer struck by the hunter's dart.

All stood aloof, and at his partial moan
Smiled through their tears; well knew that gentle band
Who in another's fate now wept his own,
As in the accents of an unknown land
He sung new sorrow; sad Urania scanned
The Stranger's mien, and murmured: "Who art thou?"
He answered not, but with a sudden hand
Made bare his branded and ensanguined brow,
Which was like Cain's or Christ's—oh! that it should be so!

What softer voice is hushed over the dead?
Athwart what brow is that dark mantle thrown?
What form leans sadly o'er the white death-bed,
In mockery of monumental stone,
The heavy heart heaving without a moan?
If it be He, who, gentlest of the wise,
Taught, soothed, loved, honored the departed one;
Let me not vex with inharmonious sighs
The silence of that heart's accepted sacrifice.

Our Adonais has drunk poison—oh,
What deaf and viperous murderer could crown
Life's early cup with such a draught of woe?

The nameless worm would now itself disown;
 It felt, yet could escape the magic tone
 Whose prelude held all envy, hate and wrong,
 But what was howling in one breast alone,
 Silent with expectation of the song,
 Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver lyre unstrung.

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame!
 Live! fear no heavier chastisement from me,
 Thou noteless blot on a remembered name!
 But be thyself, and know thyself to be!
 And ever at thy season be thou free
 To spill the venom when thy fangs o'erflow;
 Remorse and Self-contempt shall cling to thee;
 Hot Shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,
 And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt—as now.

Nor let us weep that our delight is fled
 Far from these carrion kites that scream below;
 He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead;
 Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now.
 Dust to the dust! but the pure spirit shall flow
 Back to the burning fountain whence it came,
 A portion of the Eternal, which must glow
 Through time and change, unquenchably the same,
 Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth of shame.

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—
 He hath awakened from the dream of life—
 'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep
 With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
 And in mad trance, strike with our spirit's knife
 Invulnerable nothings. *We* decay
 Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
 Convulse us and consume us day by day,
 And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
 Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
 And that unrest which men miscall delight,

Can touch him not and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he;
Mourn not for Adonais.—Thou young Dawn,
Turn all thy dew to splendor, for from thee
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!
Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou Air,
Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown
O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

He is made one with Nature: there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird;
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own;
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely: he doth bear
His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there,
All new successions to the forms they wear;
Torturing the unwilling dross that checks its flight
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear,
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.

The splendors of the firmament of time
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not;
Like stars to their appointed height they climb,

And death is a low mist which cannot blot
 The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought
 Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
 And love and life contend in it, for what
 Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there
 And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
 Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought,
 Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton
 Rose pale,—his solemn agony had not
 Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought
 And as he fell and as he lived and loved,
 Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot,
 Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved;
 Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reproved.

And many more, whose names on Earth are dark,
 But whose transmitted effluence cannot die
 So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
 Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.
 “Thou art become as one of us,” they cry;
 “It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
 Swung blind in unascended majesty,
 Silent alone amid an Heaven of song.

Assume thy wingèd throne, thou Vesper of our throng!”

Who mourns for Adonais? oh, come forth,
 Fond wretch! and know thyself and him aright.
 Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous Earth;
 As from a center, dart thy spirit’s light
 Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might
 Satiate the void circumference; then shrink
 Even to a point within our day and night;
 And keep thy heart light lest it make thee sink
 When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to the brink.

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre
 Oh, not of him, but of our joy: ’tis naught
 That ages, empires, and religions there
 Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought;
 For such as he can lend,—they borrow not

Glory from those who made the world their prey;
And he is gathered to the kings of thought
Who waged contention with their time's decay,
And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

Go thou to Rome,—at once the Paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness;
And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,
And flowering weeds, and fragrant copses dress
The bones of Desolation's nakedness,
Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread.

And gray walls molder round, on which dull Time
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
Pavilions the dust of him who planned
This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath
A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitched in Heaven's smile their camp of death,
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath.

Here pause: these graves are all too young as yet
To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned
Its charge to each; and if the seal is set,
Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou find
Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.

What Adonais is, why fear we to become?

The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
Follow where all is fled!—Rome's azure sky,

Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart?
Thy hopes are gone before; from all things here
They have departed; thou shouldst now depart!
A light is passed from the revolving year,
And man, and woman; and what still is dear
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
The soft sky smiles,—the low wind whispers near;
'Tis Adonais calls! oh, hasten thither,
No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
That Beauty in which all things work and move,
That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me,
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

Percy Bysshe Shelley [1792-1822]

TO THE SISTER OF ELIA

[CHARLES LAMB, 1775-1834]

COMFORT thee, O thou mourner, yet awhile!
Again shall Elia's smile
Refresh thy heart, where heart can ache no more.
What is it we deplore?

He leaves behind him, freed from griefs and years,
Far worthier things than tears.

The love of friends without a single foe:
Unequaled lot below!

His gentle soul, his genius, these are thine;
For these dost thou repine?

He may have left the lowly walks of men;
Left them he has; what then?

Are not his footsteps followed by the eyes
Of all the good and wise?

Though the warm day is over, yet they seek
Upon the lofty peak

Of his pure mind the roseate light that glows
O'er death's perennial snows.

Behold him! from the region of the blest
He speaks: he bids thee rest.

Walter Savage Landor [1775-1864]

IN MEMORY OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

[1775-1864]

BACK to the flower-town, side by side,
The bright months bring,
New-born, the bridegroom and the bride,
Freedom and spring.

The sweet land laughs from sea to sea,
Filled full of sun;
All things come back to her, being free;
All things but one.

In many a tender wheaten plot
Flowers that were dead
Live, and old suns revive; but not
That holier head.

By this white wandering waste of sea,
Far north, I hear
One face shall never turn to me
As once this year:

Shall never smile and turn and rest
On mine as there,
Nor one most sacred hand be pressed
Upon my hair.

I came as one whose thoughts half linger,
Half run before;
The youngest to the eldest singer
That England bore.

I found him whom I shall not find
Till all grief end,
In holiest age our mightiest mind,
Father and friend.

But thou, if anything endure,
If hope there be,
O spirit that man's life left pure,
Man's death set free,

Not with disdain of days that were
Look earthward now;
Let dreams revive the reverend hair,
The imperial brow;

Come back in sleep, for in the life
Where thou art not
We find none like thee. Time and strife
And the world's lot

Move thee no more; but love at least
And reverent heart
May move thee, royal and released
Soul, as thou art.

And thou, his Florence, to thy trust
Receive and keep,
Keep safe his dedicated dust,
His sacred sleep.

So shall thy lovers, come from far,
Mix with thy name
As morning-star with evening-star
His faultless fame.

Algernon Charles Swinburne [1837-1909]

THE SWORD OF ROBERT LEE

[1807-1870]

FORTH from its scabbard, pure and bright
Flashed the sword of Lee!
Far in the front of the deadly fight,
High o'er the brave in the cause of Right,
Its stainless sheen, like a beacon bright,
Led us to Victory.

Out of its scabbard, where, full long,
It slumbered peacefully,
Roused from its rest by the battle's song,
Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong,
Guarding the right, avenging the wrong,
Gleamed the sword of Lee.

Forth from its scabbard, high in air
Beneath Virginia's sky—
And they who saw it gleaming there,
And knew who bore it, knelt to swear
That where that sword led they would dare
To follow—and to die.

Out of its scabbard! Never hand
Waved sword from stain as free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had a cause so grand,
Nor cause a chief like Lee!

Forth from its scabbard! How we prayed
 That sword might victor be;
 And when our triumph was delayed,
 And many a heart grew sore afraid,
 We still hoped on while gleamed the blade
 Of noble Robert Lee.

Forth from its scabbard all in vain
 Bright flashed the sword of Lee;
 'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again,
 It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain,
 Defeated, yet without a stain,
 Proudly and peacefully.

Abram J. Ryan [1839-1888]

ON THE DEATH OF MR. ROBERT LEVET, A PRACTISER IN PHYSIC

[1701-1782]

CONDEMNED to Hope's delusive mine,
 As on we toil from day to day,
 By sudden blasts or slow decline
 Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year,
 See Levet to the grave descend,
 Officious, innocent, sincere,
 Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
 Obscurely wise and coarsely kind;
 Nor, lettered Arrogance, deny
 Thy praise to merit unrefined.

When fainting nature called for aid,
 And hovering death prepared the blow,
 His vigorous remedy displayed
 The power of art without the show.

In Misery’s darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless Anguish poured his groan,
And lonely Want retired to die.

No summons mocked by chill delay,
No petty gain disdained by pride;
The modest wants of every day
The toil of every day supplied.

His virtues walked their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure the Eternal Master found
The single talent well employed.

The busy day, the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm—his powers were bright,
Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no fiery throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way.

Samuel Johnson [1709–1784]

“O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!”

[ABRAHAM LINCOLN, 1809–1865]

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is
won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting;
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
 O the bleeding drops of red,
 Where on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
 Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
 For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths—for you the shores
 a-crowding,
 For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turn-
 ing;
 Here Captain! dear father!
 This arm beneath your head!
 It is some dream that on the deck
 You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
 My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
 The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and
 done,
 From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
 Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
 But I with mournful tread,
 Walk the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

Walt Whitman [1819-1892]

“WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOORYARD BLOOMED”

I

WHEN lilacs last in the dooryard bloomed,
 And the great star early drooped in the western sky in the
 night,
 I mourned, and yet shall mourn with ever-returning spring.

Ever-returning spring, trinity sure to me you bring,
 Lilac blooming perennial and drooping star in the west,
 And thought of him I love.

II

O powerful western fallen star!
 O shades of night—O moody, tearful night!
 O great star disappeared—O the black murk that hides the
 star!

O cruel hands that hold me powerless—O helpless soul of me!
O harsh surrounding cloud that will not free my soul!

III

In the dooryard fronting an old farmhouse, near the white-washed palings,
Stands the lilac-bush tall-growing with heart-shaped leaves of rich green,
With many a pointed blossom rising delicate, with the perfume strong I love,
With every leaf a miracle—and from this bush in the dooryard,
With delicate-colored blossoms and heart-shaped leaves of rich green,
A sprig with its flower I break.

IV

In the swamp in secluded recesses,
A shy and hidden bird is warbling a song.

Solitary the thrush,
The hermit withdrawn to himself, avoiding the settlements,
Sings by himself a song.

Song of the bleeding throat,
Death's outlet song of life—(for well, dear brother, I know
If thou wast not gifted to sing thou wouldest surely die).

V

Over the breast of the spring, the land, amid cities,
Amid lanes and through old woods, where lately the violets peeped from the ground, spotting the gray debris,
Amid the grass in the fields each side of the lanes, passing the endless grass,
Passing the yellow-speared wheat, every grain from its shroud in the dark-brown fields uprisen,
Passing the apple-tree blows of white and pink in the orchards,

Carrying a corpse to where it shall rest in the grave,
Night and day journeys a coffin.

VI

Coffin that passes through lanes and streets,
Through day and night, with the great cloud darkening the
land,
With the pomp of the inlooped flags, with the cities draped
in black,
With the show of the States themselves as of crape-veiled
women standing,
With processions long and winding and the flambeaus of the
night,
With the countless torches lit, with the silent sea of faces and
the unbared heads,
With the waiting depot, the arriving coffin, and the somber
faces,
With dirges through the night, with the thousand voices
rising strong and solemn,
With all the mournful voices of the dirges poured around
the coffin,
The dim-lit churches and the shuddering organs—where amid
these you journey,
With the tolling tolling bells' perpetual clang,
Here, coffin that slowly passes,
I give you my sprig of lilac.

VII

(Nor for you, for one alone,
Blossoms and branches green to coffins all I bring,
For fresh as the morning, thus would I chant a song for you,
O sane and sacred death.

All over bouquets of roses,
O death, I cover you over with roses and early lilies,
But mostly and now the lilac that blooms the first,
Copious I break, I break the sprigs from the bushes,
With loaded arms I come, pouring for you,
For you and the coffins all of you, O death.)

VIII

O western orb sailing the heaven,
Now I know what you must have meant as a month since I
walked,
As I walked in silence the transparent shadowy night,
As I saw you had something to tell as you bent to me night
after night,
As you drooped from the sky low down as if to my side,
 (while the other stars all looked on,)
As we wandered together the solemn night, (for something,
 I know not what, kept me from sleep,)
As the night advanced, and I saw on the rim of the west how
full you were of woe,
As I stood on the rising ground in the breeze in the cool
transparent night,
As I watched where you passed, and was lost in the nether-
ward black of the night,
As my soul in its trouble dissatisfied sank, as where yon sad
orb,
Concluded, dropped in the night, and was gone.

IX

Sing on there in the swamp,
O singer bashful and tender, I hear your notes, I hear your
call,
I hear, I come presently, I understand you,
But a moment I linger, for the lustrous star has detained me,
The star my departing comrade holds and detains me.

X

O how shall I warble myself for the dead one there I loved?
And how shall I deck my song for the large sweet soul that
has gone?
And what shall my perfume be for the grave of him I love?

Sea-winds blown from east and west,
Blown from the Eastern sea and blown from the Western
sea, till there on the prairies meeting,
These and with these and the breath of my chant,
I'll perfume the grave of him I love.

xi

O what shall I hang on the chamber walls?
 And what shall the pictures be that I hang on the walls,
 To adorn the burial-house of him I love?

Pictures of growing spring and farms and homes,
 With the Fourth-month eve at sundown, and the gray smoke
 lucid and bright,
 With floods of the yellow gold of the gorgeous, indolent,
 sinking sun, burning, expanding the air,
 With the fresh spring herbage under foot, and the pale
 green leaves of the trees prolific,
 In the distance the flowing glaze, the breast of the river,
 with a wind-dapple here and there,
 With ranging hills on the banks, with many a line against
 the sky, and shadows,
 And the city at hand with dwellings so dense, and stacks of
 chimneys,
 And all the scenes of life and the workshops, and the work-
 men homeward returning.

xii

Lo, body and soul—this land,
 My own Manhattan with spires, and the sparkling and
 hurrying tides, and the ships,
 The varied and ample land, the South and the North in the
 light, Ohio's shores and flashing Missouri,
 And ever the far-spreading prairies covered with grass and
 corn.

Lo, the most excellent sun so calm and haughty,
 The violet and purple morn with just-felt breezes,
 The gentle soft-born measureless light,
 The miracle spreading bathing all, the fulfilled noon,
 The coming eve delicious, the welcome night and the stars,
 Over my cities shining all, enveloping man and land.

xiii

Sing on, sing on, you gray-brown bird,
 Sing from the swamps, the recesses, pour your chant from
 the bushes,
 Limitless out of the dusk, out of the cedars and pines.

Sing on, dearest brother, warble your reedy song,
Loud human song, with voice of uttermost woe.

O liquid and free and tender!
O wild and loose to my soul—O wondrous singer!
You only I hear—yet the star holds me, (but will soon de-
part,) Yet the lilac with mastering odor holds me.

XIV

Now while I sat in the day and looked forth,
In the close of the day with its light and the fields of spring,
 and the farmers preparing their crops,
In the large unconscious scenery of my land with its lakes
 and forests,
In the heavenly aerial beauty, (after the perturbed winds
 and the storms,) Under the arching heavens of the afternoon swift passing,
 and the voices of children and women,
The many-moving sea-tides, and I saw the ships how they
 sailed,
And the summer approaching with richness, and the fields
 all busy with labor,
And the infinite separate houses, how they all went on, each
 with its meals and minutia of daily usages,
And the streets how their throbings throbbed, and the
 cities pent—lo, then and there,
Falling upon them all and among them all, enveloping me
 with the rest,
Appeared the cloud, appeared the long black trail,
And I knew death, its thought, and the sacred knowledge of
 death.

Then with the knowledge of death as walking one side of me,
And the thought of death close-walking the other side of me,
And I in the middle as with companions, and as holding the
 hands of companions,
I fled forth to the hiding receiving night that talks not,
Down to the shores of the water, the path by the swamp in
 the dimness,
To the solemn shadowy cedars and ghostly pines so still.

And the singer so shy to the rest received me,
 The gray-brown bird I know received us comrades three,
 And he sang the carol of death, and a verse for him I love.

From deep secluded recesses,
 From the fragrant cedars and the ghostly pines so still,
 Came the carol of the bird.

And the charm of the carol rapt me,
 As I held as if by their hands my comrades in the night,
 And the voice of my spirit tallied the song of the bird.

*Come, lovely and soothing death,
 Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
 In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
 Sooner or later delicate death.*

*Praised be the fathomless universe,
 For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious,
 And for love, sweet love—but praise! praise! praise!
 For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death.*

*Dark mother always gliding near with soft feet,
 Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?
 Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above all,
 bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come, come unfalteringly.*

*Approach, strong deliveress,
 When it is so, when thou hast taken them I joyously sing the dead,
 Lost in the loving floating ocean of thee,
 Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O death.*

*From me to thee glad serenades,
 Dances for thee I propose, saluting thee, adornments and feastings for thee,
 And the sights of the open landscape and the high-spread sky are fitting,
 And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night.*

*The night in silence under many a star,
The ocean shore and the husky whispering wave whose voice I
know,
And the soul turning to thee, O vast and well-veiled death,
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.*

*Over the tree-tops I float thee a song,
Over the rising and sinking waves, over the myriad fields and the
prairies wide,
Over the dense-packed cities all and the teeming wharves and
ways,
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee, O death.*

XV

To the tally of my soul,
Loud and strong kept up the gray-brown bird,
With pure deliberate notes spreading filling the night.

Loud in the pines and cedars dim,
Clear in the freshness moist and the swamp-perfume,
And I with my comrades there in the night.

While my sight that was bound in my eyes unclosed,
As to long panoramas of visions.

And I saw askant the armies,
I saw as in noiseless dreams hundreds of battle-flags,
Borne through the smoke of the battles and pierced with
missiles I saw them,
And carried hither and yon through the smoke, and torn
and bloody,
And at last but a few shreds left on the staffs, (and all in
silence,)
And the staffs all splintered and broken.

I saw battle-corpses, myriads of them,
And the white skeletons of young men, I saw them,
I saw the debris and debris of all the slain soldiers of the
war.

But I saw they were not as was thought,
 They themselves were fully at rest, they suffered not,
 The living remained and suffered, the mother suffered,
 And the wife and the child and the musing comrade suffered,
 And the armies that remained suffered.

xvi

Passing the visions, passing the night,
 Passing, unloosing the hold of my comrades' hands,
 Passing the song of the hermit bird, and the tallying song of
 my soul,
 Victorious song, death's outlet song, yet varying ever-
 altering song,
 As low and wailing, yet clear the notes, rising and falling,
 flooding the night,
 Sadly sinking and fainting, as warning and warning, and yet
 again bursting with joy,
 Covering the earth and filling the spread of the heaven,
 As that powerful psalm in the night I heard from recesses,
 Passing, I leave thee lilac with heart-shaped leaves,
 I leave thee there in the dooryard, blooming, returning with
 spring.

I cease from my song for thee,
 From my gaze on thee in the west, fronting the west, com-
 muning with thee,
 O comrade lustrous with silver face in the night.

Yet each to keep and all, retrievements out of the night,
 The song, the wondrous chant of the gray-brown bird,
 And the tallying chant, the echo aroused in my soul,
 With the lustrous and drooping star with the countenance
 full of woe,

With the holders holding my hand nearing the call of the
 bird,

Comrades mine and I in the midst, and their memory ever
 to keep, for the dead I loved so well,

For the sweetest, wisest soul of all my days and lands—and
 this for his dear sake,

Lilac and star and bird twined with the chant of my soul,
 There in the fragrant pines and the cedars dusk and dim.

Walt Whitman [1819-1892]

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE

WHEN the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face.
Here was a man to hold against the world,
A man to match the mountains and the sea.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The smack and tang of elemental things:
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves;
The friendly welcome of the wayside well;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The secrecy of streams that make their way
Beneath the mountain to the rifted rock;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.

Sprung from the West,

The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.
Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—
To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,
Clearing a free way for the feet of God.
And evermore he burned to do his deed

With the fine stroke and gesture of a king:
 He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
 Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,
 The conscience of him testing every stroke,
 To make his deed the measure of a man.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart;
 And when the judgment thunders split the house,
 Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
 He held the ridgepole up, and spiked again
 The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
 Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
 Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
 And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
 As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
 Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
 And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

Edwin Markham [1852–]

THE MASTER

Supposed to have been written not long after the Civil War

A FLYING word from here and there
 Had sown the name at which we sneered,
 But soon the name was everywhere,
 To be reviled and then revered:
 A presence to be loved and feared,
 We cannot hide it, or deny
 That we, the gentlemen who jeered,
 May be forgotten by and by.

He came when days were perilous
 And hearts of men were sore beguiled;
 And having made his note of us,
 He pondered and was reconciled.
 Was ever master yet so mild
 As he, and so untamable?
 We doubted, even when he smiled,
 Not knowing what he knew so well.

He knew that undeceiving fate
Would shame us whom he served unsought;
He knew that he must wince and wait—
The jest of those for whom he fought;
He knew devoutly what he thought
Of us and of our ridicule;
He knew that we must all be taught
Like little children in a school.

We gave a glamor to the task
That he encountered and saw through,
But little of us did he ask,
And little did we ever do.
And what appears if we review
The season when we railed and chaffed?
It is the face of one who knew
That we were learning while we laughed.

The face that in our vision feels
Again the venom that we flung,
Transfigured to the world reveals
The vigilance to which we clung.
Shrewd, hallowed, harassed, and among
The mysteries that are untold,
The face we see was never young
Nor could it ever have been old.

For he, to whom we had applied
Our shopman's test of age and worth,
Was elemental when he died,
As he was ancient at his birth:
The saddest among kings of earth,
Bowed with a galling crown, this man
Met rancor with a cryptic mirth,
Laconic—and Olympian.

The love, the grandeur, and the fame,
Are bounded by the world alone;
The calm, the smoldering, and the flame
Of awful patience was his own:

With him they are forever flown
 Past all our fond self-shadowings,
 Wherewith we cumber the Unknown
 As with inept, Icarian wings.

For we were not as other men:
 'Twas ours to soar and his to see:
 But we are coming down again,
 And we shall come down pleasantly;
 Nor shall we longer disagree
 On what it is to be sublime,
 But flourish in our perigee
 And have one Titan at a time.

Edwin Arlington Robinson [1869—]

ON THE LIFE-MASK OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THIS bronze doth keep the very form and mold
 Of our great martyr's face. Yes, this is he:
 That brow all wisdom, all benignity;
 That human, humorous mouth; those cheeks that hold
 Like some harsh landscape all the summer's gold;
 That spirit fit for sorrow, as the sea
 For storms to beat on; the lone agony
 Those silent, patient lips too well foretold.
 Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men
 As might some prophet of the elder day,—
 Brooding above the tempest and the fray
 With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal ken.
 A power was his beyond the touch of art
 Or armèd strength—his pure and mighty heart.

Richard Watson Gilder [1844–1909]

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

[Written by the editor of London *Punch*, as that journal's apology and
 atonement]

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
 You, who, with mocking pencil, wont to trace,
 Broad for the self-complaisant British sneer,
 His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please;

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step as though the way were plain;
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain,—

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrite jester, is there room for *you*?

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen;
To make me own this hind of Princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose,
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true,
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows;

How humble, yet how hopeful, he could be;
How, in good fortune and in ill, the same;
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand—
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work His will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
 That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
 As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
 His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting mights,—

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
 The iron bark that turns the lumberer's ax,
 The rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
 The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear,—
 Such were the needs that helped his youth to train:
 Rough culture—but such trees large fruit may bear,
 If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
 And lived to do it: four long-suffering years'
 Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,
 And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
 And took both with the same unwavering mood;
 Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
 And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
 Reached from behind his back, a trigger pressed—
 And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
 Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest.

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
 Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
 When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
 To thoughts of peace on earth, good will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
 Utter one voice of sympathy and shame.
 Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high!
 Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came!

A deed accursed! Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out,

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven,
And with the martyr's crown, crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

Tom Taylor [1817-1880]

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

[1807-1882]

*Nec turpem senectam
Degere, nec cithara carentem.—Hor. i. 31*

“NOT to be tuneless in old age!”
Ah! surely blest his pilgrimage,
Who, in his Winter’s snow,
Still sings with note as sweet and clear
As in the morning of the year
When the first violets blow.

Blest!—but more blest, whom Summer’s heat,
Whom Spring’s impulsive stir and beat,
Have taught no feverish lure;
Whose Muse, benignant and serene,
Still keeps his Autumn chaplet green
Because his verse is pure!

Lie calm, O white and laureate head!
Lie calm, O Dead, that art not dead,
Since from the voiceless grave,
Thy voice shall speak to old and young
While song yet speaks an English tongue
By Charles’ or Thamis’ wave!

Austin Dobson [1840-

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

[1542-1587]

WHEN the young hand of Darnley locked in hers
 Had knit her to her northern doom—amid
 The spousal pomp of flags and trumpeters,
 Her fate looked forth and was no longer hid;
 A jealous brain beneath a southern crown
 Wrought spells upon her; from afar she felt
 The waxen image of her fortunes melt
 Beneath the Tudor's eye, while the grim frown
 Of her own lords o'er mastered her sweet smiles,
 And nipped her growing gladness, till she mourned,
 And sank, at last, beneath their cruel wiles;
 But, ever since, all generous hearts have burned
 To clear her fame, yea, very babes have yearned
 Over this saddest story of the isles.

Charles Tennyson Turner [1808-1879]

THE ANGELUS

[JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET, 1814-1875]

Not far from Paris, in fair Fontainebleau,
 A lovely memory-haunted hamlet lies,
 Whose tender spell makes captive, and defies
 Forgetfulness. The peasants come and go—
 Their backs too used to stoop, and patient sow
 The harvest which a narrow want supplies—
 Even as when, Earth's pathos in his eyes,
 Millet dwelt here, companion of their woe.

Ah, Barbizon! With thorns, not laurels, crowned,
 He looked thy sorrows in the face, and found—
 Vital as seed warm-nestled in the sod—
 The hidden sweetness at the heart of pain;
 Trusting thy sun and dew, thy wind and rain—
 At home with Nature, and at one with God!

Florence Earle Coates [1850-]

UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF MILTON
IN TONSON'S FOLIO EDITION OF PARADISE LOST, 1688
[1608-1674]

THREE Poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed;
The next in majesty; in both the last.
The force of Nature could no further go:
To make a third she joined the former two.

John Dryden [1631-1700]

IN MEMORY OF "BARRY CORNWALL"

[BRYAN WALLER PROCTER, 1787-1874]

IN the garden of death, where the singers whose names are
deathless,

One with another make music unheard of men,
Where the dead sweet roses fade not of lips long breathless,
And the fair eyes shine that shall weep not or change
again,

Who comes now crowned with the blossom of snow-white
years?

What music is this that the world of the dead men hears?

Beloved of men, whose words on our lips were honey,
Whose name in our ears and our fathers' ears was sweet,
Like summer gone forth of the land his songs made sunny,
To the beautiful veiled bright world where the glad ghosts
meet,

Child, father, bridegroom and bride, and anguish and rest,
No soul shall pass of a singer than this more blest.

Blest for the years' sweet sake that were filled and bright-
ened,

As a forest with birds, with the fruit and the flower of his
song;

For the souls' sake blest that heard, and their cares were
lightened,

For the hearts' sake blest that have fostered his name so
long;

By the living and dead lips blest that have loved his name,
And clothed with their praise and crowned with their love
for fame.

Ah, fair and fragrant his fame as flowers that close not,
That shrink not by day for heat or for cold by night,
As a thought in the heart shall increase when the heart's
self knows not,
Shall endure in our ears as a sound, in our eyes as a light;
Shall wax with the years that wane and the seasons' chime,
As a white rose thornless that grows in the garden of time.

The same year calls, and one goes hence with another,
And men sit sad that were glad for their sweet songs' sake;
The same year beckons, and elder with younger brother
Takes mutely the cup from his hand that we all shall take.
They pass ere the leaves be past or the snows be come;
And the birds are loud, but the lips that outsang them dumb.

Time takes them home that we loved, fair names and famous,
To the soft long sleep, to the broad sweet bosom of death;
But the flower of their souls he shall take not away to shame
us,
Nor the lips lack song forever that now lack breath.
For with us shall the music and perfume that die not dwell,
Though the dead to our dead bid welcome, and we farewell.

Algernon Charles Swinburne [1837-1909]

IN MEMORIAM

[LORD RAGLAN, 1788-1855]

Ah, not because our Soldier died before his field was won;
Ah, not because life would not last till life's long task were
done,
Wreathe one less leaf, grieve with less grief,—of all our hosts
that led
Not last in work and worth approved, Lord Raglan lieth
dead.

His nobleness he had of none, War's Master taught him war,
And prouder praise that Master gave than meaner lips can mar;
Gone to his grave, his duty done; if farther any seek,
He left his life to answer them,—a soldier's,—let it speak!

'Twas his to sway a blunted sword,—to fight a fated field,
While idle tongues talked victory, to struggle not to yield;
Light task for placeman's ready pen to plan a field for
fight,

Hard work and hot with steel and shot to win that field aright.

Tears have been shed for the brave dead; mourn him who mourned for all!

Praise hath been given for strife well striven, praise him who strove o'er all,

Nor count that conquest little, though no banner flaunt it far,

That under him our English hearts beat Pain and Plague and War.

And if he held those English hearts too good to pave the path

To idle victories, shall we grudge what noble palm he hath?

Like ancient Chief he fought a-front, and 'mid his soldiers seen,

His work was aye as stern as theirs; oh! make his grave as green.

They know him well,—the Dead who died that Russian wrong should cease,

Where Fortune doth not measure men,—their souls and his have peace;

Aye! as well spent in sad sick tent as they in bloody strife,
For English Homes our English Chief gave what he had—
his life.

Edwin Arnold [1832-1904]

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MASTER
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, AND WHAT HE
HATH LEFT US

[1564-1616]

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither Man, nor Muse, can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
For silliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seemed to raise.
These are, as some infamous bawd or whore
Should praise a matron. What could hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin: Soul of the age!
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still while thy book doth live
And we have wits to read and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,
I mean with great, but disproportioned Muses;
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lylly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honor thee, I would not seek
For names; but call forth thundering Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us;

Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To life again, to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage; or, when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all; thy Art
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion; and, that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil; turn the same
(And himself with it) that he thinks to frame,
Or, for the laurel, he may gain a scorn;
For a good poet's made, as well as born.
And such wert thou! Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well-turnèd, and true-filèd lines;
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza, and our James!

But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
 Advanced, and made a constellation there!
 Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage
 Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping stage,
 Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like night,
 And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.

Ben Jonson [1573?-1637]

ON THE PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE PREFIXED
 TO THE FIRST FOLIO EDITION, 1623

THIS figure, that thou here seest put,
 It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
 Wherein the Graver had a strife
 With Nature to outdo the life:
 O, could he but have drawn his wit
 As well in brass, as he hath hit
 His face; the Print would then surpass
 All that was ever writ in brass.
 But since he cannot, Reader, look
 Not at his picture, but his book.

Ben Jonson [1573?-1637]

TO SHAKESPEARE

THE soul of man is larger than the sky,
 Deeper than ocean, or the abysmal dark
 Of the unfathomed center. Like that ark,
 Which in its sacred hold uplifted high,
 O'er the drowned hills, the human family,
 And stock reserved of every living kind,
 So, in the compass of the single mind,
 The seeds and pregnant forms in essence lie,
 That make all worlds. Great poet, 'twas thy art
 To know thyself, and in thyself to be
 Whate'er love, hate, ambition, destiny,
 Or the firm, fatal purpose of the heart
 Can make of Man. Yet thou wert still the same,
 Serene of thought, unhurt by thy own flame.

Hartley Coleridge [1796-1849]

SHAKESPEARE

OTHERS abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill,
Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,
Spares but the cloudy border of his base
To the foiled searching of mortality;
And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
Self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honored, self-secure,
Didst tread on earth unguessed at.—Better so!
All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
Find their sole speech in that victorious brow.

Matthew Arnold [1822-1888]

AN EPITAPH ON THE ADMIRABLE DRAMATIC
POET, W. SHAKESPEARE

WHAT needs my Shakespeare for his honored bones
The labor of an age in piled stones?
Or that his hallowed relics should be hid
Under a star-pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endavoring art,
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And so sepulchered in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

John Milton [1608-1674]

TO WILLIAM SHARP

FIONA MACLEOD

[1856-1905]

THE waves about Iona dirge,
 The wild winds trumpet over Skye;
 Shrill around Arran's cliff-bound verge
 The gray gulls cry.

Spring wraps its transient scarf of green,
 Its heathery robe, round slope and scar;
 And night, the scudding wrack between,
 Lights its lone star.

But you who loved these outland isles,
 Their gleams, their glooms, their mysteries,
 Their eldritch lures, their druid wiles,
 Their tragic seas,

Will heed no more, in mortal guise,
 The potent witchery of their call,
 If dawn be regnant in the skies,
 Or evenfall.

Yet, though where suns Sicilian beam
 The loving earth enfolds your form,
 I can but deem these coasts of dream
 And hovering storm

Still thrall your spirit—that it bides
 By far Iona's kelp-strewn shore,
 There lingering till time and tides
 Shall surge no more.

Clinton Scollard [1860-

]

AN ODE

ON THE UNVEILING OF THE SHAW MEMORIAL ON BOSTON
COMMON, MAY THIRTY-FIRST, 1897

[ROBERT GOULD SHAW, 1837-1863]

I

Not with slow, funereal sound
Come we to this sacred ground;
Not with wailing fife and solemn muffled drum,
Bringing a cypress wreath
 To lay, with bended knee,
On the cold brows of Death—
 Not so, dear God, we come,
 But with the trumpets' blare
And shot-torn battle-banners flung to air,
 As for a victory!

Hark to the measured tread of martial feet,
The music and the murmurs of the street!
 No bugle breathes this day
 Disaster and retreat!—
 Hark, how the iron lips
 Of the great battle-ships
Salute the City from her azure Bay!

II

Time was—time was, ah, unforgotten years!—
We paid our hero tribute of our tears.
 But now let go
All sounds and signs and formulas of woe:
 'Tis Life, not Death, we celebrate;
 To Life, not Death, we dedicate
This storied bronze, whereon is wrought
The lithe immortal figure of our thought,
 To show forever to men's eyes,
 Our children's children's children's eyes,
 How once he stood
 In that heroic mood,

He and his dusky braves
 So faint of glorious graves!—
 One instant stood, and then
 Drave through that cloud of purple steel and flame,
 Which wrapped him, held him, gave him not again,
 But in its trampled ashes left to Fame
 An everlasting name!

III

That was indeed to live—
 At one bold swoop to wrest
 From darkling death the best
 That death to life can give.
 He fell as Roland fell
 That day at Roncevaux,
 With foot upon the ramparts of the foe!
 A pæan, not a knell,
 For heroes dying so!
 No need for sorrow here,
 No room for sigh or tear,
 Save such rich tears as happy eyelids know.
 See where he rides, our Knight!
 Within his eyes the light
 Of battle, and youth's gold about his brow;
 Our Paladin, our Soldier of the Cross,
 Not weighing gain with loss—
 World-loser, that won all
 Obeying duty's call!
 Not his, at peril's frown,
 A pulse of quicker beat;
 Not his to hesitate
 And parley hold with Fate,
 But proudly to fling down
 His gauntlet at her feet.
 O soul of loyal valor and white truth,
 Here, by this iron gate,
 Thy serried ranks about thee as of yore,
 Stand thou for evermore
 In thy undying youth!

The tender heart, the eagle eye!
Oh, unto him belong
The homages of Song;
Our praises and the praise
Of coming days
To him belong—
To him, to him, the dead that shall not die!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich [1837-1907]

MEMORABILIA

[1792-1822]

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you,
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems and new!

But you were living before that,
And also you were living after;
And the memory I started at—
My starting moves your laughter!

I crossed a moor, with a name of its own
And a certain use in the world no doubt,
Yet a hand's-breadth of it shines alone
'Mid the blank miles round about:

For there I picked up on the heather
And there I put inside my breast
A molted feather, an eagle-feather!
Well, I forget the rest.

Robert Browning [1816-1889]

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

[1850-1894]

In his old gusty garden of the North,
He heard lark-time the uplifting Voices call;
Smitten through with Voices was the evenfall—
At last they drove him forth.

Now there were two rang silverly and long;
 And of Romance, that spirit of the sun,
 And of Romance, Spirit of Youth, was one;
 And one was that of Song.

Gold-belted sailors, bristling buccaneers,
 The flashing soldier, and the high, slim dame,
 These were the Shapes that all around him came,—
 That we let go with tears.

His was the unstinted English of the Scot,
 Clear, nimble, with the scriptural tang of Knox
 Thrust through it like the far, sweet scent of box,
 To keep it unforget.

No frugal Realist, but quick to laugh,
 To see appealing things in all he knew,
 He plucked the sun-sweet corn his fathers grew,
 And would have naught of chaff.

David and Keats, and all good singing men,
 Take to your heart this Covenanter's son,
 Gone in mid-years, leaving our years undone,
 Where you do sing again!

Lizette Woodworth Reese [1856–

BAYARD TAYLOR

[1825–1878]

“AND where now, Bayard, will thy footsteps tend?”
 My sister asked our guest one winter’s day.
 Smiling he answered in the Friends’ sweet way
 Common to both: “Wherever thou shalt send!
 What wouldst thou have me see for thee?” She laughed,
 Her dark eyes dancing in the wood-fire’s glow:
 “Loffoden isles, the Kilpis, and the low
 Unsetting sun on Finmark’s fishing-craft.”
 “All these and more I soon shall see for thee!”
 He answered cheerily: and he kept his pledge
 On Lapland snows, the North Cape’s windy wedge,
 And Tromsö freezing in its winter sea.
 He went and came. But no man knows the track
 Of his last journey, and he comes not back!

He brought us wonders of the new and old;
We shared all climes with him. The Arab's tent
To him its story-telling secret lent,
And, pleased, we listened to the tales he told.
His task, beguiled with songs that shall endure,
In manly; honest thoroughness he wrought;
From humble home-lays to the heights of thought
Slowly he climbed, but every step was sure.
How, with the generous pride that friendship hath,
We, who so loved him, saw at last the crown
Of civic honor on his brows pressed down,
Rejoiced, and knew not that the gift was death.
And now for him, whose praise in deafened ears
Two nations speak, we answer but with tears!

O Vale of Chester! trod by him so oft,
Green as thy June turf keep his memory. Let
Nor wood, nor dell, nor storied stream forget,
Nor winds that blow round lonely Cedarcroft;
Let the home voices greet him in the far,
Strange lands that hold him; let the messages
Of love pursue him o'er the chartless seas
And unmapped vastness of his unknown star!
Love's language, heard beyond the loud discourse
Of perishable fame, in every sphere
Itself interprets; and its utterance here
Somewhere in God's unfolding universe
Shall reach our traveler, softening the surprise
Of his rapt gaze on unfamiliar skies!

John Greenleaf Whittier [1807-1892]

LACRIMÆ MUSARUM

[ALFRED TENNYSON, 1809-1892]

Low, like another's, lies the laureled head:
The life that seemed a perfect song is o'er:
Carry the last great bard to his last bed.
Land that he loved, thy noblest voice is mute.
Land that he loved, that loved him! nevermore
Meadow of thine, smooth lawn or wild sea-shore,
Gardens of odorous bloom and tremulous fruit,

Or woodlands old, like Druid couches spread,
 The master's feet shall tread.
 Death's little rift hath rent the faultless lute:
 The singer of undying songs is dead.

Lo, in this season pensive-hued and grave,
 While fades and falls the doomed, reluctant leaf
 From withered Earth's fantastic coronal,
 With wandering sighs of forest and of wave
 Mingles the murmur of a people's grief
 For him whose leaf shall fade not, neither fall.
 He hath fared forth, beyond these suns and showers
 For us, the autumn glow, the autumn flame,
 And soon the winter silence shall be ours:
 Him the eternal spring of fadeless fame
 Crowns with no mortal flowers.

What needs his laurel our ephemeral tears,
 To save from visitation of decay?
 Not in this temporal light alone, that bay
 Blooms, nor to perishable mundane ears
 Sings he with lips of transitory clay.
 Rapt though he be from us,
 Virgil salutes him, and Theocritus;
 Catullus, mightiest-brained Lucretius, each
 Greets him, their brother, on the Stygian beach;
 Proudly a gaunt right hand doth Dante reach;
 Milton and Wordsworth bid him welcome home;
 Keats, on his lips the eternal rose of youth,
 Doth in the name of Beauty that is Truth
 A kinsman's love beseech;
 Coleridge, his locks aspersed with fairy foam,
 Calm Spenser, Chaucer suave,
 His equal friendship crave:
 And godlike spirits hail him guest, in speech
 Of Athens, Florence, Weimar, Stratford, Rome.

Nay, he returns to regions whence he came.
 Him doth the spirit divine

Of universal loveliness reclaim.
All nature is his shrine.
Seek him henceforward in the wind and sea,
In earth's and air's emotion or repose,
In every star's august serenity,
And in the rapture of the flaming rose.
There seek him if ye would not seek in vain,
There, in the rhythm and music of the Whole;
Yea, and for ever in the human soul
Made stronger and more beauteous by his strain.

For lo! creation's self is one great choir,
And what is nature's order but the rhyme
Whereto in holiest unanimity
All things with all things move unfalteringly,
Infolded and communal from their prime?
Who shall expound the mystery of the lyre?
In far retreats of elemental mind
Obscurely comes and goes
The imperative breath of song, that as the wind
Is trackless, and oblivious whence it blows.
Demand of lilies wherefore they are white,
Extort her crimson secret from the rose,
But ask not of the Muse that she disclose
The meaning of the riddle of her might:
Somewhat of all things sealed and recondite,
Save the enigma of herself, she knows.
The master could not tell, with all his lore,
Wherefore he sang, or whence the mandate sped:
Even as the linnet sings, so I, he said:
Ah, rather as the imperial nightingale,
That held in trance the ancient Attic shore,
And charms the ages with the notes that o'er
All woodland chants immortally prevail!
And now, from our vain plaudits greatly fled,
He with diviner silence dwells instead,
And on no earthly sea with transient roar,
Unto no earthly airs, he sets his sail,
But far beyond our vision and our hail
Is heard for ever and is seen no more.

No more, O never now,
 Lord of the lofty and the tranquil brow,
 Shall men behold those wizard locks where Time
 Let fall no wintry rime.
 Once, in his youth obscure,
 The weaver of this verse, that shall endure
 By splendor of its theme which cannot die,
 Beheld thee eye to eye,
 And touched through thee the hand
 Of every hero of thy race divine,
 Even to the sire of all the laureled line,
 The sightless wanderer on the Ionian strand.
 Yea, I beheld thee, and behold thee yet:
 Thou hast forgotten, but can I forget?
 Are not thy words all goldenly impressed
 On memory's palimpsest?
 I hear the utterance of thy sovereign tongue,
 I tread the floor thy hallowing feet have trod;
 I see the hands a nation's lyre that strung,
 The eyes that looked through life and gazed on God.

The seasons change, the winds they shift and veer;
 The grass of yesteryear
 Is dead; the birds depart, the groves decay:
 Empires dissolve and peoples disappear:
 Song passes not away.
 Captains and conquerors leave a little dust,
 And kings a dubious legend of their reign;
 The swords of Cæsars, they are less than rust:
 The poet doth remain.
 Dead is Augustus, Maro is alive;
 And thou, the Mantuan of this age and soil,
 With Virgil shalt survive.
 Enriching Time with no less honeyed spoil,
 The yielded sweet of every Muse's hive;
 Heeding no more the sound of idle praise
 In that great calm our tumults cannot reach,—
 Master who crown'st our immelodious days
 With flower of perfect speech.

William Watson [1858-

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

OCTOBER SIXTH, 1892 .

I'LL wake and watch this autumn night,
Till the slow dawn is gray;
Lest I should miss a noble sight
Upon the King's highway.

For now the far-enthronèd King
To whom all flesh shall come,
A gracious message sends, to bring
His exiled minstrel home;

And I may see the guards in white
Troop round him, crowned with bay,
And many a starry torch alight,
Along the King's highway;—

May see against the ebon skies,
The banners backward blow,
And hear the *io pæan*
About them, as they go.

What vigil would it not requite,
That glorious array,
That sure and stately march, forthright
Along the King's highway?

.

I heard the bells of midnight sound
From many an unseen tower,
But for the minstrel homeward bound
I could not watch one hour.

And now, how strange the growing light,
How blank the morning gray!
What stillness, after yesternight,
Broods on the King's highway!

Harriet Waters Preston [1843-

TENNYSON

[WESTMINSTER ABBEY: OCTOBER TWELFTH, 1892]

GIB DIESEN TODTEN MIR HERAUS!

(The Minster speaks'

BRING me my dead!
To me that have grown,
Stone laid upon stone,
As the stormy brood
Of English blood
Has waxed and spread
And filled the world,
With sails unfurled;
With men that may not lie;
With thoughts that cannot die.

Bring me my dead!
Into the storied hall,
Where I have garnered all
My harvest without weed;
My chosen fruits of goodly seed,
And lay him gently down among
The men of state, the men of song:
The men that would not suffer wrong:
The thought-worn chieftains of the mind:
Head-servants of the human kind.

Bring me my dead!
The autumn sun shall shed
Its beams athwart the bier's
Heaped blooms: a many tears
Shall flow; his words, in cadence sweet and strong,
Shall voice the full hearts of the silent throng.
Bring me my dead!
And oh! sad wedded mourner, seeking still
For vanished hand-clasp: drinking in thy fill
Of holy grief; forgive, that pious theft.
Robs thee of all, save memories, left:

Not thine to kneel beside the grassy mound
While dies the western glow; and all around
Is silence; and the shadows closer creep
And whisper softly: All must fall asleep.

Thomas Henry Huxley [1825-1895]

FOR A COPY OF THEOCRITUS

[c. 270 B. C.]

O SINGER of the field and fold,
Theocritus! Pan's pipe was thine,—
Thine was the happier Age of Gold.

For thee the scent of new-turned mold,
The bee-hives, and the murmuring pine,
O Singer of the field and fold!

Thou sang'st the simple feasts of old,—
The beechen bowl made glad with wine . . .
Thine was the happier Age of Gold.

Thou bad'st the rustic loves be told,—
Thou bad'st the tuneful reeds combine,
O Singer of the field and fold!

And round thee, ever-laughing, rolled
The blithe and blue Sicilian brine . . .
Thine was the happier Age of Gold.

Alas for us! Our songs are cold;
Our Northern suns too sadly shine:—
O Singer of the field and fold,
Thine was the happier Age of Gold!

Austin Dobson [1840-]

THEOCRITUS

O SINGER of Persephone!
In the dim meadows desolate,
Dost thou remember Sicily?

Still through the ivy flits the bee
 Where Amaryllis lies in state;
 O Singer of Persephone!

Simætha calls on Hecate
 And hears the wild dogs at the gate:
 Dost thou remember Sicily?

Still by the light and laughing sea
 Poor Polypheme bemoans his fate:
 O Singer of Persephone!

And still in boyish rivalry
 Young Daphnis challenges his mate:
 Dost thou remember Sicily?

Slim Lacon keeps a goat for thee,
 For thee the jocund shepherds wait,
 O singer of Persephone!
 Dost thou remember Sicily?

Oscar Wilde [1856-1900]

AVE ATQUE VALE
 IN MEMORIAM ARTHUR UPSON
 [1877-1908]

I

You found the green before the Spring was sweet
 And in the boughs the color of a rose,
 The haunting fragrance that the south-wind knows
 When May has wandered far on questing feet;
 And in your heart—a wild note, full and fleet,
 The first cry of a gladdened bird that goes
 North to the fields of winter-laden snows,
 Joyous against the blast and stinging sleet.

And now the Spring is here, the snows are gone,
 The apple-blossoms fall from every tree
 And all the branches throb with love and Spring;
 But never comes one note to greet the dawn,
 Never again a wild-glad melody—
 God speed, great soul, your valiant wandering!

II

Your hand that traced these lines, and now is dust!
How strange, to-night, this thing of life and death
Where my low candle-flame o'ershadoweth
What once knew youth in its first joyous trust;
So simple and so near, as if you must
Still linger somewhere—yet no answer saith
Its golden word, no magic-freighted breath,
Only a heart-beat stilled in rainbow-rust.

Stilled in the music of a yester-year
That ever echoes its sweet instrument,
And richly sings across an unknown sea;
But these dim lines—so vital they appear,
So full of youth and joy and life's intent.
Ah, this it is that seems so strange to me!

III

How quiet are their voices on the wind
As they toss sadly in a darkened sky,
And yet, mayhap, to you old words imply
That all my questing days I shall not find;
For never more may earthly vestures bind,
But stripped away from things that needs must die,
Deep in that youth where death's strange secrets lie
And whose faint whispers fall on us behind.

Therefore to you the voices harbor peace,
Their ancient patience do you know at last,—
Yet more, the inmost murmuring of these;
And in that mystic lore beyond release,
In one full instant from a treasured past,
Mayhap, you heard the Message of the Trees!

IV

I stood to-day upon time's border-land
And looked far off across each rolling year,
Yet scarcely their great thunder did I hear
Nor marked the wreckage of the changing sand;

For one soft note persuasive did command
 All other tones that reached my quickened ear,
 And in that note a message low and clear
 That I so plainly seemed to understand.

As in the saddened passing of fair things,
 The sorrow of the sunset and the dawn,
 For death that comes when life's hour least should
 fail—
 Ever the moment's hush of lifted wings,
 A gleam of wonder ere the flood is gone. . . .
 The host uncovered from its mortal veil!

v

October almost holds her golden sway
 Across these hills and through the slopes between,
 As if for you some sacrament unseen
 Were now unfolded in a silent way,—
 As if for you pale memory astray
 Had touched each spot of misted summer green,
 And in the coolness where the shadows lean
 Had whispered of a cherished yesterday.

For one to whom you gave your youth's full praise
 Now takes you back into her hallowed rest
 With all the loveliness that is your due,
 Yielding the precious beauty of her days
 To your deep sleep upon her tranquil breast,—
 Giving you back her deathless love of you!

Thomas S. Jones, Jr. [1882—]

THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS

[THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, 1769-1852]

A MIST was driving down the British Channel,
 The day was just begun,
 And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,
 Streamed the red autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,
And the white sails of ships;
And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon
Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hithe, and Dover,
Were all alert that day,
To see the French war-steamers speeding over
When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,
Their cannon, through the night,
Holding their breath, had watched, in grim defiance
The seacoast opposite.

And now they roared at drum-beat from their stations
On every citadel;
Each answering each, with morning salutations,
That all was well.

And down the coast, all taking up the burden,
Replied the distant forts,
As if to summon from his sleep the Warden
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,
No drum-beat from the wall,
No morning gun from the black fort's embrasure,
Awaken with its call!

No more, surveying with an eye impartial
The long line of the coast,
Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field Marshal
Be seen upon his post!

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,
In somber harness mailed,
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,
The rampart wall had scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,
 The dark and silent room;
 And, as he entered, darker grew, and deeper,
 The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley or dissemble,
 But smote the Warden hoar;
 Ah! what a blow! that made all England tremble
 And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon waited,
 The sun rose bright o'erhead;
 Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated
 That a great man was dead.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow [1807-1882]

MEMORIAL VERSES

[WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1770-1850]

GOETHE in Weimar sleeps, and Greece,
 Long since, saw Byron's struggle cease.
 But one such death remained to come;
 The last poetic voice is dumb—
 We stand to-day by Wordsworth's tomb.

When Byron's eyes were shut in death,
 We bowed our head and held our breath.
 He taught us little; but our soul
 Had *felt* him like the thunder's roll.
 With shivering heart the strife we saw
 Of passion with eternal law;
 And yet with reverential awe
 We watched the fount of fiery life
 Which served for that Titanic strife.

When Goethe's death was told, we said:
 Sunk, then, is Europe's sagest head.
 Physician of the iron age,
 Goethe has done his pilgrimage.

He took the suffering human race,
He read each wound, each weakness clear:
And struck his finger on the place,
And said: *Thou ailest here, and here!*
He looked on Europe's dying hour
Of fitful dream and feverish power;
His eye plunged down the weltering strife,
The turmoil of expiring life—
He said: *The end is everywhere,*
Art still has truth, take refuge there!
And he was happy, if to know
Causes of things, and far below
His feet to see the lurid flow
Of terror, and insane distress,
And headlong fate, be happiness.

And Wordsworth!—Ah, pale ghosts, rejoice!
For never has such soothing voice
Been to your shadowy world conveyed,
Since erst, at morn, some wandering shade
Heard the clear song of Orpheus come
Through Hades, and the mournful gloom.
Wordsworth has gone from us—and ye,
Ah, may ye feel his voice as we!
He too upon a wintery clime
Had fallen—on this iron time
Of doubts, disputes, distractions, fears.
He found us when the age had bound
Our souls in its benumbing round;
He spoke, and loosed our hearts in tears.
He laid us as we lay at birth
On the cool flowery lap of earth,
Smiles broke from us, and we had ease;
The hills were round us, and the breeze
Went o'er the sun-lit fields again;
Our foreheads felt the wind and rain.
Our youth returned; for there was shed
On spirits that had long been dead,
Spirits dried up and closely furled,
The freshness of the early world.

Ah! since dark days still bring to light
 Man's prudence and man's fiery might,
 Time may restore us in his course
 Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force;
 But where will Europe's latter hour
 Again find Wordsworth's healing power?
 Others will teach us how to dare,
 And against fear our breast to steel;
 Others will strengthen us to bear—
 But who, ah! who, will make us feel?
 The cloud of mortal destiny,
 Others will front it fearlessly—
 But who, like him, will put it by?

Keep fresh the grass upon his grave,
 O Rotha, with thy living wave!
 Sing him thy best! for few or none
 Hears thy voice right, now he is gone.

Matthew Arnold [1822-1888]

WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE

I

THE old rude church, with bare, bald tower, is here;
 Beneath its shadow high-born Rotha flows;
 Rotha, remembering well who slumbers near,
 And with cool murmur lulling his repose.

Rotha, remembering well who slumbers near.

His hills, his lakes, his streams are with him yet.
 Surely the heart that reads her own heart clear
 Nature forgets not soon: 'tis we forget.

We that with vagrant soul his fixity
 Have slighted; faithless, done his deep faith wrong;
 Left him for poorer loves, and bowed the knee
 To misbegotten strange new gods of song.

Yet, led by hollow ghost or beckoning elf
 Far from her homestead to the desert bourn,
 The vagrant soul returning to herself
 Wearily wise, must needs to him return.

To him and to the powers that with him dwell:—
Inflowings that divulged not whence they came;
And that secluded Spirit unknowable,
The mystery we make darker with a name;

The Somewhat which we name but cannot know,
Even as we name a star and only see
His quenchless flashings forth, which ever show
And ever hide him, and which are not he.

II

Poet who sleepest by this wandering wave!
When thou wast born, what birth-gift hadst thou then?
To thee what wealth was that the Immortals gave,
The wealth thou gavest in thy turn to men?

Not Milton's keen, translunar music thine;
Not Shakespeare's cloudless, boundless human view;
Not Shelley's flush of rose on peaks divine;
Nor yet the wizard twilight Coleridge knew.

What hadst thou that could make so large amends
For all thou hadst not and thy peers possessed,
Motion and fire, swift means to radiant ends?—
Thou hadst, for weary feet, the gift of rest.

From Shelley's dazzling glow or thunderous haze,
From Byron's tempest-anger, tempest-mirth,
Men turned to thee and found—not blast and blaze,
Tumult of tottering heavens, but peace on earth.

Nor peace that grows by Lethe, scentless flower,
There in white languors to decline and cease;
But peace whose names are also rapture, power,
Clear sight, and love: for these are parts of peace.

III

I hear it vowed the Muse is with us still;—
If less divinely frenzied than of yore,
In lieu of feelings she has wondrous skill
To simulate emotion felt no more.

Not such the authentic Presence pure, that made
 This valley vocal in the great days gone!—
 In *his* great days, while yet the spring-time played
 About him, and the mighty morning shone.

No word-mosaic artificer, he sang
 A lofty song of lowly weal and dole.
 Right from the heart, right to the heart it sprang,
 Or from the soul leapt instant to the soul.

He felt the charm of childhood, grace of youth,
 Grandeur of age, insisting to be sung.
 The impassioned argument was simple truth
 Half-wondering at its own melodious tongue.

Impassioned? ay, to the song's ecstatic core!
 But far removed were clangor, storm, and feud;
 For plenteous health was his, exceeding store
 Of joy, and an impassioned quietude.

IV

A hundred years ere he to manhood came,
 Song from celestial heights had wandered down,
 Put off her robe of sunlight, dew, and flame,
 And donned a modish dress to charm the Town.

Thenceforth she but festooned the porch of things;
 Apt at life's lore, incurious what life meant.
 Dextrous of hand, she struck her lute's few strings;
 Ignobly perfect, barrenly content.

Unflushed with ardor and unblanched with awe,
 Her lips in profitless derision curled,
 She saw with dull emotion—if she saw—
 The vision of the glory of the world.

The human masque she watched, with dreamless eyes
 In whose clear shallows lurked no trembling shade:
 The stars, unkenned by her, might set and rise;
 Unmarked by her, the daisies bloom and fade.

The age grew sated with her sterile wit.

Herself waxed weary on her loveless throne.
Men felt life's tide, the sweep and surge of it,
And craved a living voice, a natural tone.

For none the less, though song was but half true,
The world lay common, one abounding theme.
Man joyed and wept, and fate was ever new,
And love was sweet, life real, death no dream.

In sad, stern verse the rugged scholar-sage
Bemoaned his toil unvalued, youth uncheered.
His numbers wore the vesture of the age,
But, 'neath it beating, the great heart was heard.

From dewy pastures, uplands sweet with thyme,
A virgin breeze freshened the jaded day.
It wafted Collins' lonely vesper-chime,
It breathed abroad the frugal note of Gray.

It fluttered here and there, nor swept in vain
The dusty haunts where futile echoes dwell,—
Then, in a cadence soft as summer rain,
And sad from Auburn voiceless, drooped and fell.

It drooped and fell, and one 'neath northern skies,
With southern heart, who tilled his father's field,
Found Poesy a-dying, bade her rise
And touch quick Nature's hem and go forth healed.

On life's broad plain the plowman's conquering share
Upturned the fallow lands of truth anew,
And o'er the formal garden's trim parterre
The peasant's team a ruthless furrow drew.

Bright was his going forth, but clouds ere long
Whelmed him; in gloom his radiance set, and those
Twin morning stars of the new century's song,
Those morning stars that sang together, rose.

In elvish speech the *Dreamer* told his tale
 Of marvelous oceans swept by fateful wings.—
 The *Seer* strayed not from earth's human pale
 But the mysterious face of common things

He mirrored as the moon in Rydal Mere
 Is mirrored, when the breathless night hangs blue:
 Strangely remote she seems and wondrous near,
 And by some nameless difference born anew.

V

Peace—peace—and rest! Ah, how the lyre is loth,
 Or powerless now, to give what all men seek!
 Either it deadens with ignoble sloth
 Or deafens with shrill tumult, loudly weak.

Where is the singer whose large notes and clear
 Can heal, and arm, and plenish, and sustain?
 Lo, one with empty music floods the ear,
 And one, the heart refreshing, tires the brain.

And idly tuneful, the loquacious throng
 Flutter and twitter, prodigal of time,
 And little masters make a toy of song,
 Till grave men weary of the sound of rhyme.

And some go pranked in faded antique dress,
 Abhorring to be hale and glad and free;
 And some parade a conscious naturalness,
 The scholar's not the child's simplicity.

Enough;—the wisest who from words forbear.
 The gentle river rails not as it glides;
 And suave and charitable, the winsome air
 Chides not at all, or only him who chides.

VI

Nature! we storm thine ear with choric notes.
 Thou answerest through the calm great nights and days,
 “Laud me who will: not tuneless are your throats;
 Yet if ye paused I should not miss the praise.”

We falter, half-rebuked, and sing again.

We chant thy desertness and haggard gloom,
Or with thy splendid wrath inflate the strain,
Or touch it with thy color and perfume.

One, his melodious blood aflame for thee,

Wooed with fierce lust, his hot heart world-defiled.

One, with the upward eye of infancy,

Looked in thy face, and felt himself thy child.

Thee he approached without distrust or dread—

Beheld thee throned, an awful queen, above—

Climbed to thy lap and merely laid his head

Against thy warm wild heart of mother-love.

He heard that vast heart beating—thou didst press

Thy child so close, and lov'dst him unaware.

Thy beauty gladdened him; yet he scarce less

Had loved thee, had he never found thee fair!

For thou wast not as legendary lands

To which with curious eyes and ears we roam.

Nor wast thou as a fane 'mid solemn sands,

Where palmers halt at evening. Thou wast home.

And here, at home, still bides he; but he sleeps;

Not to be wakened even at thy word;

Though we, vague dreamers, dream he somewhere keeps

An ear still open to thy voice still heard,—

Thy voice, as heretofore, about him blown,

For ever blown about his silence now;

Thy voice, though deeper, yet so like his own

That almost, when he sang, we deemed 'twas thou!

VII

Behind Helm Crag and Silver Howe the sheen

Of the retreating day is less and less.

Soon will the lordlier summits, here unseen,

Gather the night about their nakedness.

The half-heard bleat of sheep comes from the hill.
Faint sounds of childish play are in the air.
The river murmurs past. All else is still.
The very graves seem stiller than they were.

Afar though nation be on nation hurled,
And life with toil and ancient pain depressed,
Here one may scarce believe the whole wide world
Is not at peace, and all man's heart at rest.

Rest! 'twas the gift *he* gave, and peace! the shade
He spread, for spirits fevered with the sun.
To him his bounties are come back—here laid
In rest, in peace, his labor nobly done.

William Watson [1858-

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

“JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN”*

JERUSALEM the Golden!

I weary for one gleam
Of all thy glory folden
In distance and in dream!
My thoughts, like palms in exile,
Climb up to look and pray
For a glimpse of thy dear country
That lies so far away.

Jerusalem the Golden!

Methinks each flower that blows,
And every bird a-singing
Of thee, some secret knows;
I know not what the flowers
Can feel, or singers see;
But all these summer raptures
Seem prophecies of thee.

Jerusalem the Golden!

When sunset's in the west,
It seems the gate of glory,
Thou city of the blest!
And midnight's starry torches
Through intermediate gloom
Are waving with our welcome
To thy eternal home!

Jerusalem the Golden!

When loftily they sing,
O'er pain and sorrow olden
Forever triumphing;

* For the original of this poem see page 3574.

Jerusalem the Golden

Lowly may be the portal,
 And dark may be the door,
 The mansion is immortal—
 God's palace for His poor!

Jerusalem the Golden!
 There all our birds that flew—
 Our flowers but half unfolden,
 Our pearls that turned to dew,
 And all the glad life-music
 Now heard no longer here,
 Shall come again to greet us
 As we are drawing near.

Jerusalem the Golden!
 I toil on day by day;
 Heart-sore each night with longing,
 I stretch my hands and pray,
 That mid thy leaves of healing
 My soul may find her nest;
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest!

Gerald Massey [1828-1907]

THE NEW JERUSALEM *

From "Song of Mary the Mother of Christ"

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
 When shall I come to thee?
 When shall my sorrows have an end?
 Thy joys when shall I see?

O happy harbor of the Saints!
 O sweet and pleasant soil!
 In thee no sorrow may be found,
 No grief, no care, no toil.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
 There envy bears no sway;
 There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
 But pleasure every way.

* For the original of this poem see page 3576.

Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square;
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine;
Thy very streets are paved with gold,
Surpassing clear and fine.

Ah, my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

Quite through thy streets, with silver sound,
The flood of Life doth flow;
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of Life doth grow.

There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing.

Our Lady sings *Magnificat*
With tones surpassing sweet;
And all the virgins bear their part,
Sitting about her feet.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

Unknown

MY AIN COUNTREE

I AM far frae my hame, an' I'm weary often whiles
 For the longed-for hame-bringing an' my Father's welcome
 smiles;

I'll ne'er be fu' content until my een do see
 The gowden gates o' heaven, an' my ain countree.

The earth is flecked wi' flowers, mony-tinted, fresh an' gay,
 The birdies warble blithely, for my Father made them sae;
 But these sights an' these soun's will as naething be to me,
 When I hear the angels singing in my ain countree.

I've his gude word of promise, that some gladsome day the
 King

To his ain royal palace his banished hame will bring;
 Wi' een an' wi' heart running over we shall see
 "The King in his beauty," an' our ain countree.

My sins hae been mony an' my sorrows hae been sair,
 But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair;
 His bluid has made me white, his hand shall wipe mine ee,
 When he brings me hame at last to my ain countree.

Like a bairn to his mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
 I wud fain be ganging noo unto my Saviour's breast;
 For he gathers in his bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,
 An' he carries them himsel' to his ain countree.

He's faithfu' that hath promised, he'll surely come again;
 He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;
 But he bids me still to watch, an' ready aye to be
 To gang at ony moment to my ain countree.

So I'm watching aye an' singing o' my hame as I wait,
 For the soun'ing o' his footsteps this side the gowden gate.
 God gie his grace to ilka ane wha listens noo to me,
 That we may a' gang in gladness to our ain countree.

Mary Lee Demarest [1838-1888]

PEACE

My soul, there is a country
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingèd sentry
All skilful in the wars:
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious Friend,
And—O my soul, awake!—
Did in pure love descend
To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of Peace,
The Rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress, and thy ease.
Leave then thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure
But One who never changes—
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

Henry Vaughan [1622-1695]

PARADISE

O PARADISE, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest,
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?

O Paradise, O Paradise,
 Wherefore doth death delay?
 Bright death, that is the welcome dawn
 Of our eternal day.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
 'Tis weary waiting here;
 I long to be where Jesus is,
 To feel, to see Him near.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
 I want to sin no more,
 I want to be as pure on earth
 As on thy spotless shore.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
 I greatly long to see
 The special place my dearest Lord
 Is destining for me.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
 I feel 'twill not be long;
 Patience! I almost think I hear
 Faint fragments of thy song;
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.

Frederick William Faber [1814-1863]

THE WORLD

I SAW Eternity the other night,
 Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
 All calm, as it was bright;
 And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,
 Driven by the spheres,
 Like a vast shadow moved; in which the world
 And all her train were hurled.

The doting lover in his quaintest strain
Did there complain;
Near him, his lute, his fancy, and his flights,
Wit's sour delights;
With gloves, and knots and silly snares of pleasure,
Yet his dear treasure
All scattered lay, while he his eyes did pour
Upon a flower.

The darksome statesman, hung with weights and woe,
Like a thick midnight-fog. moved there so slow,
He did nor stay, nor go;
Condemning thoughts—like sad eclipses—scowl
Upon his soul,
And clouds of crying witnesses without
Pursued him with one shout.
Yet digged the mole, and lest his ways be found,
Worked under ground,
Where he did clutch his prey; but one did see
That policy:
Churches and altars fed him; perjuries
Were gnats and flies;
It rained about him blood and tears, but he
Drank them as free.

The fearful miser on a heap of rust
Sate pining all his life there, did scarce trust
His own hands with the dust,
Yet would not place one piece above, but lives
In fear of thieves.
Thousands there were as frantic as himself,
And hugged each one his pelf;
The down-right epicure placed heaven in sense,
And scorned pretense;
While others, slipped into a wide excess,
Said little less;
The weaker sort slight, trivial wares enslave,
Who think them brave;
And poor, despisèd Truth sate counting by
Their victory.

'Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,
 And sing and weep, soared up into the ring;
 But most would use no wing.
 O fools—said I—thus to prefer dark night
 Before true light!
 To live in grots and caves, and hate the day
 Because it shows the way;
 The way, which from this dead and dark abode
 Leads up to God;
 A way where you might tread the sun, and be
 More bright then he!
 But as I did their madness so discuss,
 One whispered thus,
 "This ring the Bride-groom did for none provide,
 But for His Bride."

Henry Vaughan [1622-1695]

THE WHITE ISLAND

IN this world, the Isle of Dreams,
 While we sit by sorrow's streams,
 Tears and terror are our themes
 Reciting:

But when once from hence we fly,
 More and more approaching nigh
 Unto young Eternity
 Uniting:

In that whiter island, where
 Things are evermore sincere;
 Candor here, and luster there
 Delighting:

There no monstrous fancies shall
 Out of Hell an horror call,
 To create (or cause at all)
 Affrighting.

There in calm and cooling sleep
We our eyes shall never steep;
But eternal watch shall keep
Attending

Pleasures such as shall pursue
Me immortalized, and you;
And fresh joys, as never too
Have ending.

Robert Herrick [1591-1674]

"THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW"

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,—
There's nothing true but Heaven!

And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb,—
There's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven,
And fancy's flash and reason's ray
Serve but to light the troubled way,—
There's nothing calm but Heaven!

Thomas Moore [1779-1852]

THE LAND O' THE LEAL

I'm wearin' awa', John,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John.
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal.

'There's nae sorrow there, John,
 There's neither cauld nor care, John,
 'The day is aye fair
 In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John,
 She was baith gude and fair, John;
 And O! we grudged her sair
 To the land o' the leal.
 But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
 And joy's a-comin' fast, John,
 The joy that's aye to last
 In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's that joy was bought, John,
 Sae free the battle fought, John,
 That sinfu' man e'er brought
 To the land o' the leal.
 O, dry your glistening e'e, John!
 My saul lang to be free, John,
 And angels beckon me
 To the land o' the leal.

O, haud ye leal and true, John!
 Your day it's wearin' through, John,
 And I'll welcome you
 To the land o' the leal.
 Now fare-ye-weel, my ain John,
 This warld's cares are vain, John,
 We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
 In the land o' the leal.

Carolina Nairne [1766-1845]

HEAVENWARD

WOULD you be young again?
 So would not I—
 One tear to memory given,
 Onward I'd hie.

Life's dark flood forded o'er,
All but at rest on shore,
Say, would you plunge once more,
With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now
Retrace your way?
Wander through thorny wilds,
Faint and astray?
Night's gloomy watches fled,
Morning all beaming red,
Hope's smiles around us shed,
Heavenward—away.

Where are they gone, of yore
My best delight?
Dear and more dear, though now
Hidden from sight.
Where they rejoice to be,
There is the land for me;
Fly time—fly speedily,
Come life and light.

Carolina Nairne [1766–1845]

“REST IS NOT HERE”

WHAT'S this vain world to me?
Rest is not here;
False are the smiles I see,
The mirth I hear.
Where is youth's joyful glee?
Where all once dear to me?
Gone as the shadows flee—
Rest is not here.

Why did the morning shine
Blithely and fair?
Why did those tints so fine
Vanish in air?

Jerusalem the Golden

Does not the vision say,
 Faint lingering heart, away,
 Why in this desert stay—
 Dark land of care!

Where souls angelic soar,
 Thither repair:
 Let this vain world no more
 Lull and ensnare.
 That heaven I love so well
 Still in my heart shall dwell;
 All things around me tell
 Rest is found there.

Carolina Nairne [1766–1845]

AT HOME IN HEAVEN

PART I

“FOR EVER with the Lord!”
 Amen! so let it be!
 Life from the dead is in that word,
 ’Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent,
 Absent from Him I roam,
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day’s march nearer home.

My Father’s house on high,
 Home of my soul! how near,
 At times, to faith’s foreseeing eye,
 Thy golden gates appear!

Ah! then my spirit faints
 To reach the land I love,
 The bright inheritance of saints,
 Jerusalem above!

Yet clouds will intervene,
 And all my prospect flies;
 Like Noah’s dove, I flit between
 Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease;
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace!

Beneath its glowing arch,
Along the hallowed ground,
I see cherubic armies march,
A camp of fire around.

I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.

Then, then I feel that He,
(Remembered or forgot,)
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

PART II

In darkness as in light,
Hidden alike from view,
I sleep, I wake, as in His sight
Who looks all nature through.

From the dim hour of birth,
Through every changing state
Of mortal pilgrimage on earth,
Till its appointed date;

All that I am, have been,
All that I yet may be,
He sees at once, as He hath seen,
And shall forever see.

How can I meet His eyes?
Mine on the cross I cast,
And own my life a Saviour's prize,
Mercy from first to last

“Forever with the Lord:”

Father, if 'tis Thy will,
 The promise of that faithful word
 Even here to me fulfil!

So, when my latest breath
 Shall rend the veil in twain,
 By death I shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain.

Knowing as I am known
 How shall I love that word,
 And oft repeat before the throne,
 “For ever with the Lord!”

Then though the soul enjoy
 Communion high and sweet,
 While worms this body must destroy,
 Both shall in glory meet.

The trump of final doom
 Will speak the self-same word,
 And heaven's voice thunder through the tomb,
 “For ever with the Lord!”

The tomb shall echo deep
 That death-awakening sound;
 The saints shall hear it in their sleep
 And answer from the ground.

Then upward as they fly,
 That resurrection-word
 Shall be their shout of victory,
 “For ever with the Lord!”

That resurrection-word,
 That shout of victory,
 Once more,—“For ever with the Lord!”
 Amen, so let it be.

James Montgomery [1771-1854]

PARADISE

ONCE in a dream I saw the flowers
That bud and bloom in Paradise;
More fair they are than waking eyes
Have seen in all this world of ours,
And faint the perfume-bearing rose,
And faint the lily on its stem,
And faint the perfect violet,
Compared with them.

I heard the songs of Paradise;
Each bird sat singing in its place;
A tender song so full of grace
It soared like incense to the skies.
Each bird sat singing to its mate
Soft cooing notes among the trees:
The nightingale herself were cold
To such as these.

I saw the fourfold River flow,
And deep it was, with golden sand;
It flowed between a mossy land
With murmured music grave and low.
It hath refreshment for all thirst,
For fainting spirit strength and rest:
Earth holds not such a draught as this
From east to west.

The Tree of Life stood budding there,
Abundant with its twelvefold fruits;
Eternal sap sustains its roots,
Its shadowing branches fill the air.
Its leaves are healing for the world,
Its fruit the hungry world can feed,
Sweeter than honey to the taste
And balm indeed.

I saw the Gate called Beautiful;
And looked, but scarce could look within;
I saw the golden streets begin,
And outskirts of the glassy pool.

Oh harps, oh crowns of plenteous stars,
 Oh green palm branches, many-leaved—
 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
 Nor heart conceived.

I hope to see these things again,
 But not as once in dreams by night;
 To see them with my very sight,
 And touch and handle and attain:
 To have all heaven beneath my feet
 For narrow way that once they trod;
 To have my part with all the saints,
 And with my God.

Christina Georgina Rossetti [1830-1894]

"HEAVEN OVERARCHES EARTH AND SEA"

HEAVEN overarches earth and sea,
 Earth-sadness and sea-bitterness.
 Heaven overarches you and me:
 A little while and we shall be—
 Please God—where there is no more sea
 Nor barren wilderness.

Heaven overarches you and me,
 And all earth's gardens and her graves.
 Look up with me, until we see
 The day break and the shadows flee.
 What though to-night wrecks you and me,
 If so to-morrow saves?

Christina Georgina Rossetti [1830-1894]

THE SUNSET CITY

THERE'S a city that lies in the Kingdom of Clouds,
 In the glorious country on high,
 Which an azure and silvery curtain enshrouds,
 To screen it from mortal eye;

A city of temples and turrets of gold,
That gleam by a sapphire sea,
Like jewels more splendid than earth may behold,
Or are dreamed of by you and by me.

And about it are highlands of amber that reach
Far away till they melt in the gloom;
And waters that hem an immaculate beach
With fringes of luminous foam.

Aerial bridges of pearl there are,
And belfries of marvelous shapes,
And lighthouses lit by the evening star,
That sparkle on violet capes;

And hanging gardens that far away
Enchantedly float aloof;
Rainbow pavilions in avenues gay,
And banners of glorious woof!

When the Summer sunset's crimsoning fires
Are aglow in the western sky,
The pilgrim discovers the domes and spires
Of this wonderful city on high;

And gazing entrapt as the gathering shade
Creeps over the twilight lea,
Sees palace and pinnacle totter and fade,
And sink in the sapphire sea;

Till the vision loses by slow degrees
The magical splendor it wore;
The silvery curtain is drawn, and he sees
The beautiful city no more!

Henry Sylvester Cornwell [1831-1886]

GRADATIM

HEAVEN is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:
 That a noble deed is a step toward God,
 Lifting the soul from the common clod
 To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under feet;
 By what we have mastered of good and gain;
 By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
 And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
 When the morning calls us to life and light,
 But our hearts grow weary, and, ere the night,
 Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
 And we think that we mount the air on wings
 Beyond the recall of sensual things,
 While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for men!
 We may borrow the wings to find the way—
 We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray;
 But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
 From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
 But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
 And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
 But we build the ladder by which we rise
 From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
 And we mount to its summit, round by round.

Josiah Gilbert Holland [1819-1881]

THE OTHER WORLD

It lies around us like a cloud—
 The world we do not see;
 Yet the sweet closing of an eye
 May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheeks
Amid our worldly cares;
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between
With breathings almost heard.

The silence—awful, sweet, and calm
They have no power to break;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem,
They lull us gently to our rest,
And melt into our dream.

And, in the hush of rest they bring,
'Tis easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be!

To close the eye and close the ear,
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And, gently drawn in loving arms,
To swoon to that—from this.

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarce asking where we are,
To feel all evil sink away,
All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us! watch us still,
Press nearer to our side,
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helping glide.

Let death between us be as naught,
 A dried and vanished stream;
 Your joy be the reality,
 Our suffering life the dream.

Harriet Beecher Stowe [1811-1896]

SONG OF AN ANGEL

AT noon a shower had fallen, and the clime
 Breathed sweetly, and upon a cloud there lay
 One more sublime in beauty than the Day,
 Or all the Sons of Time;

A gold harp had he, and was singing there
 Songs that I yearned to hear; a glory shone
 Of rosy twilights on his cheeks—a zone
 Of amaranth on his hair.

He sang of joys to which the earthly heart
 Hath never beat; he sang of deathless Youth,
 And by the throne of Love, Beauty, and Truth
 Meeting, no more to part;

He sang lost Hope, faint Faith, and vain Desire
 Crowned there; great works, that on the earth began,
 Accomplished; towers impregnable to man
 Scaled with the speed of fire;

Of Power, and Life, and wingèd Victory
 He sang—of bridges strown 'twixt star and star—
 And hosts all armed in light for bloodless war
 Pass, and repass on high;

Lo! in the pauses of his jubilant voice
 He leans to listen: answers from the spheres,
 And mighty pæans thundering he hears
 Down the empyreal skies:

Then suddenly he ceased—and seemed to rest
 His godly-fashioned arm upon a slope
 Of that fair cloud, and with soft eyes of hope
 He pointed towards the West.

And shed on me a smile of beams, that told
Of a bright World beyond the thunder-piles,
With blessed fields, and hills, and happy isles,
And citadels of gold.

Frederick Tennyson [1807-1898]

HOME

THERE lies a little city in the hills;
White are its roofs, dim is each dwelling's door,
And peace with perfect rest its bosom fills.

There the pure mist, the pity of the sea,
Comes as a white, soft hand, and reaches o'er
And touches its still face most tenderly.

Unstirred and calm, amid our shifting years,
Lo! where it lies, far from the clash and roar,
With quiet distance blurred, as if through tears.

O heart that prayest so for God to send
Some loving messenger to go before
And lead the way to where thy longings end,

Be sure, be very sure, that soon will come
His kindest angel, and through that still door
Into the Infinite love will lead thee home.

Edward Rowland Sill [1841-1887]

CHARTLESS

I NEVER saw a moor,
I never saw the sea;
Yet know I how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if the chart were given.

Emily Dickinson [1830-1886]

“IT CANNOT BE”

It cannot be that He who made
 This wondrous world for our delight,
 Designed that all its charms should fade
 And pass forever from our sight;
 That all shall wither and decay,
 And know on earth no life but this,
 With only one finite survey
 Of all its beauty and its bliss.

It cannot be that all the years
 Of toil and care and grief we live
 Shall find no recompense but tears,
 No sweet return that earth can give;
 That all that leads us to aspire,
 And struggle onward to achieve,
 And every unattained desire
 Were given only to deceive.

It cannot be that, after all
 The mighty conquests of the mind,
 Our thoughts shall pass beyond recall
 And leave no record here behind;
 That all our dreams of love and fame,
 And hopes that time has swept away,—
 All that enthralled this mortal frame,—
 Shall not return some other day.

It cannot be that all the ties
 Of kindred souls and loving hearts
 Are broken when this body dies,
 And the immortal mind departs;
 That no serener light shall break
 At last upon our mortal eyes,
 To guide us as our footsteps make
 The pilgrimage to Paradise.

David Banks Sickels [1837-

A THANKSGIVING TO GOD FOR HIS HOUSE

LORD, Thou hast given me a cell
 Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
 Is weather-proof;
Under the spars of which I lie
 Both soft and dry;
Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,
 Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
 Me, while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate;
 Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my door
 Is worn by the poor,
Who thither come, and freely get
 Good words, or meat.
Like as my parlor, so my hall
 And kitchen's small;
A little buttery, and therein
 A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
 Unchipped, unfead;
Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar
 Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
 And glow like it.
Lord, I confess too, when I dine,
 The pulse is Thine,
And all those other bits that be
 There placed by Thee:
The worts, the purslain, and the mess
 Of water-cress;
Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent;
 And my content
Makes those, and my beloved beet,
 To be more sweet.
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
 With guiltless mirth,

And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
 Spiced to the brink.
 Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand
 That soils my land,
 And giv'st me, for my bushel sown,
 Twice ten for one;
 Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
 Her egg each day;
 Besides, my healthful ewes to bear
 Me twins each year;
 The while the conduits of my kine
 Run cream, for wine:
 All these, and better, Thou dost send
 Me, to this end,—
 That I should render, for my part,
 A thankful heart;
 Which, fired with incense, I resign,
 As wholly Thine;
 —But the acceptance, that must be,
 My Christ, by Thee.

Robert Herrick [1591-1674]

THE SHEPHERD BOY SINGS IN THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION

From "The Pilgrim's Progress"

He that is down needs fear no fall,
 He that is low, no pride;
 He that is humble ever shall
 Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,
 Little be it or much:
 And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
 Because Thou savest such.

Fullness to such a burden is
 That go on pilgrimage:
 Here little, and hereafter bliss,
 Is best from age to age.

John Bunyan [1628-1688]

THE PILGRIM

From “The Pilgrim’s Progress”

Who would true valor see,
Let him come hither!
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather;
There’s no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first-avowed intent
To be a Pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound;
His strength the more is.
No lion can him fright;
He’ll with a giant fight;
But he will have a right
To be a Pilgrim.

Hobgoblin, nor foul fiend,
Can daunt his spirit;
He knows he at the end
Shall Life inherit:—
Then, fancies, fly away;
He’ll not fear what men say;
He’ll labor, night and day,
To be a Pilgrim.

John Bunyan [1628–1688]

“THE BIRD, LET LOOSE IN EASTERN SKIES”

THE bird, let loose in eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne’er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam;

But high she shoots through air and light,
 Above all low delay,
 Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
 Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God! from every care
 And stain of passion free,
 Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
 To hold my course to Thee!
 No sin to cloud,—no lure to stay
 My soul, as home she springs;—
 Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
 Thy freedom in her wings!

Thomas Moore [1779-1852]

“HE LIVETH LONG WHO LIVETH WELL”

He liveth long who liveth well!
 All other life is short and vain;
 He liveth longest who can tell
 Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well!
 All else is being flung away;
 He liveth longest who can tell
 Of true things truly done each day.

Waste not thy being; back to Him
 Who freely gave it, freely give;
 Else is that being but a dream;
 'Tis but to *be*, and not to *live*.

Be what thou seemest! live thy creed!
 Hold up to earth the torch divine;
 Be what thou prayest to be made;
 Let the great Master's steps be thine.

Fill up each hour with what will last;
 Buy up the moments as they go;
 The life above, when this is past,
 Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow truth, if thou the truth wouldest reap:
Who sows the false shall reap the vain;
Erect and sound thy conscience keep;
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvests bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

Horatius Bonar [1808-1889]

THE MASTER'S TOUCH

In the still air the music lies unheard;
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen:
To wake the music and the beauty needs
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with thy skilful hand;
Let not the music that is in us die!
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us; nor let,
Hidden and lost, thy form within us lie!

Spare not the stroke! do with us as thou wilt!
Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred;
Complete thy purpose, that we may become
Thy perfect image, O our God and Lord!

Horatius Bonar [1808-1889]

HOW WE LEARN

GREAT truths are dearly bought. The common truth,
Such as men give and take from day to day,
Comes in the common walks of easy life,
Blown by the careless wind across our way.

Bought in the market, at the current price,
Bred of the smile, the jest, perchance the bowl,
It tells no tale of daring or of worth,
Nor pierces even the surface of a soul.

Great truths are greatly won. Not found by chance,
 Nor wafted on the breath of summer dream,
 But grasped in the great struggle of the soul,
 Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream.

Not in the general mart, 'mid corn and wine,
 Not in the merchandise of gold and gems,
 Not in the world's gay halls of midnight mirth,
 Not 'mid the blaze of regal diadems,
 But in the day of conflict, fear, and grief,
 When the strong hand of God, put forth in might,
 Plows up the subsoil of the stagnant heart,
 And brings the imprisoned truth-seed to the light.

Wrung from the troubled spirit in hard hours
 Of weakness, solitude, perchance of pain,
 Truth springs, like harvest, from the well-plowed field,
 And the soul feels it has not wept in vain.

Horatius Bonar [1808-1889]

LOVE

Love bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back,
 Guilty of dust and sin.

But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
 From my first entrance in,
 Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
 If I lack anything.

"A guest," I answered, "worthy to be here:"
 Love said, "You shall be he."

"I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,
 I cannot look on Thee."

Love took my hand and, smiling, did reply,
 "Who made the eyes but I?"

"Truth, Lord; but I have marred them: let my shame
 Go where it doth deserve."

"And know you not," says Love, "Who bore the blame?"
 "My dear, then I will serve."

"You must sit down," says Love, "and taste my meat."
 So I did sit and eat.

George Herbert [1593-1633]

THE COLLAR

I STRUCK the board, and cried, "No more;
I will abroad.
What, shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free; free as the road,
Loose as the wind, as large as store.
Shall I be still in suit?
Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me blood and not restore
What I have lost with cordial fruit?
Sure there was wine,
Before my sighs did dry it; there was corn
Before my tears did drown it;
Is the year only lost to me?
Have I no bays to crown it,
No flowers, no garlands gay? all blasted,
All wasted?
Not so, my heart; but there is fruit,
And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasures; leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit and not; forsake thy cage,
Thy rope of sands
Which petty thoughts have made; and made to thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw,
And be thy law,
While thou didst wink and wouldest not see.
Away! take heed;
I will abroad.
Call in thy death's-head there, tie up thy fears;
He that forbears
To suit and serve his need
Deserves his load."
But as I raved and grew more fierce and wild
At every word,
Methought I heard one calling, "Child!"
And I replied, "My Lord!"

George Herbert [1593-1633]

VIRTUE

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright!
 The bridal of the earth and sky—
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
 For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
 Thy root is ever in its grave,
 And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
 A box where sweets compacted lie,
 My music shows ye have your closes,
 And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
 Like seasoned timber, never gives;
 But though the whole world turn to coal
 Then chiefly lives.

George Herbert [1593-1633]

DISCIPLINE

THROW away Thy rod,
 Throw away Thy wrath;
 O my God,
 Take the gentle path!

For my heart's desire
 Unto Thine is bent:
 I aspire
 To a full consent.

Not a word or look
 I affect to own,
 But by book,
 And Thy Book alone.

Though I fail, I weep;
 Though I halt in pace,
 Yet I creep
 To the throne of grace.

Then let wrath remove;
 Love will do the deed;
 For with love
 Stony hearts will bleed.

Love is swift of foot;
 Love's a man of war,
 And can shoot,
 And can hit from far.

Who can 'scape his bow?
 That which wrought on Thee,
 Brought Thee low,
 Needs must work on me.

Throw away Thy rod;
 Though man frailties hath,
 Thou art God:
 Throw away Thy wrath.

George Herbert [1593-1633]

HOLY BAPTISM

SINCE, Lord, to Thee
 A narrow way and little gate
 Is all the passage, on my infancy
 Thou didst lay hold, and antedate
 My faith in me.

O, let me still
 Write Thee "great God," and me "a child";
 Let me be soft and supple to Thy will,
 Small to myself, to others mild,
 Behither ill.

Although by stealth
 My flesh get on; yet let her sister,
 My soul, bid nothing, but preserve her wealth:
 The growth of flesh is but a blister;
 Childhood is health.

George Herbert [1593-1633]

UNKINDNESS

LORD, make me coy and tender to offend:
 In friendship first, I think, if that agree
 Which I intend
 Unto my friend's intent and end;
 I would not use a friend as I use Thee.

If any touch my friend or his good name,
 It is my honor and my love to free
 His blasted fame
 From the least spot or thought of blame;
 I could not use a friend as I use Thee.

My friend may spit upon my curious floor.
 Would he have gold? I lend it instantly;
 But let the poor,
 And Thee within them, starve at door;
 I cannot use a friend as I use Thee.

When that my friend pretendeth to a place,
 I quit my interest, and leave it free;
 But when Thy grace
 Sues for my heart, I Thee displace;
 Nor would I use a friend as I use Thee.

Yet can a friend what Thou hast done fulfil?
 O, write in brass, "My God upon a tree
 His blood did spill,
 Only to purchase my good-will";
 Yet use I not my foes as I use Thee.

George Herbert [1593-1633]

PRAYER

AN ODE WHICH WAS PREFIXED TO A LITTLE PRAYER-BOOK
GIVEN TO A YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN

Lo, here a little volume, but great book!
(Fear it not, sweet,
It is no hypocrite),
Much larger in itself than in its look.
A nest of new-born sweets,
Whose native fires, disdaining
To lie thus folded, and complaining
Of these ignoble sheets,
Affect more comely bands,
Fair one, from thy kind hands,
And confidently look
To find the rest
Of a rich binding in your breast!
It is, in one choice handful, heaven; and all
Heaven's royal host, encamped thus small
To prove that true, schools use to tell,
Ten thousand angels in one point can dwell.
It is love's great artillery,
Which here contracts itself, and comes to lie
Close-couched in your white bosom; and from thence,
As from a snowy fortress of defense,
Against the ghostly foe to take your part,
And fortify the hold of your chaste heart.
It is the armory of light;
Let constant use but keep it bright,
You'll find it yields
To holy hands and humble hearts
More swords and shields
Than sin hath snares, or hell hath darts.
Only be sure
The hands be pure
That hold these weapons; and the eyes
Those of turtles, chaste and true,
Wakeful and wise,
Here is a friend shall fight for you;

Hold but this book before your heart,—
Let prayer alone to play his part.

But, O! the heart
That studies this high art
Must be a sure house-keeper,
And yet no sleeper.
Dear soul, be strong;
Mercy will come ere long,
And bring her bosom fraught with blessings,—
Flowers of never-fading graces,
To make immortal dressings
For worthy souls, whose wise embraces
Store up themselves for Him Who is alone
The Spouse of virgins, and the Virgin's Son.
But if the noble Bridegroom, when He come,
Shall find the wandering heart from home,
Leaving her chaste abode
To gad abroad,
Amongst the gay mates of the god of flies
To take her pleasure, and to play
And keep the Devil's holiday;
To dance in the sunshine of some smiling,
But beguiling
Spheres of sweet and sugared lies,
Some slippery pair
Of false, perhaps, as fair,
Flattering, but forswearing, eyes;
Doubtless some other heart
Will get the start
Meanwhile, and, stepping in before,
Will take possession of that sacred store
Of hidden sweets, and holy joys—
Words which are not heard with ears
(These tumultuous shops of noise),
Effectual whispers, whose still voice
The soul itself more feels than hears;
Amorous languishments, luminous trances,
Sights which are not seen with eyes,
Spiritual and soul-piercing glances,
Whose pure and subtle lightning flies

Home to the heart, and sets the house on fire,
And melts it down in sweet desire;

Yet doth not stay

To ask the window's leave to pass that way;

Delicious deaths, soft exhalations

Of soul, dear and divine annihilations;

A thousand unknown rites

Of joys, and rarefied delights;

An hundred thousand loves and graces,

And many a mystic thing,

Which the divine embraces

Of the dear Spouse of spirits, with them will bring,

For which it is no shame

That dull mortality must not know a name.

Of all this store

Of blessings, and ten thousand more,

If, when He come,

He find the heart from home,

Doubtless He will unload

Himself some otherwhere,

And pour abroad

His precious sweets

On the fair soul whom first He meets.

O fair! O fortunate! O rich! O dear!

O happy and thrice-happy she,

Selected dove,

Whoe'er she be,

Whose early love

With wingèd vows

Makes haste to meet her morning Spouse,

And close with His immortal kisses!

Happy, indeed, who never misses

To improve that precious hour,

And every day

Seize her sweet prey,

All fresh and fragrant as He rises,

Dropping, with a balmy shower,

A delicious dew of spices.

O, let the blissful heart hold fast

Her heavenly armful; she shall taste

At once ten thousand paradises!

She shall have power

To rifle and deflower

The rich and roseal spring of those rare sweets
Which, with a swelling bosom, there she meets;

Boundless and infinite, bottomless treasures

Of pure inebriating pleasures;

Happy proof! she shall discover

What joy, what bliss,

How many heavens at once it is

To have her God become her lover.

Richard Crashaw [1613?–1649]

PROVIDENCE

Lo, the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield!
Hark to Nature's lesson given
By the blessed birds of heaven!
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy:
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,
God provideth for the morrow.

Say, with richer crimson glows
The kingly mantle than the rose?
Say, have kings more wholesome fare
Than we citizens of air?
Barns nor hoarded grain have we,
Yet we carol merrily.
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,
God provideth for the morrow.

One there lives, whose guardian eye
Guides our humble destiny;
One there lives, who, Lord of all,
Keeps our feathers lest they fall.
Pass we blithely then the time,
Fearless of the snare and lime,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow:
God provideth for the morrow.

Reginald Heber [1783–1826]

CONSIDER

CONSIDER

The lilies of the field, whose bloom is brief—
We are as they;
Like them we fade away,
As doth a leaf.

Consider

The sparrows of the air, of small account:
Our God doth view
Whether they fall or mount—
He guards us too.

Consider

The lilies, that do neither spin nor toil,
Yet are most fair—
What profits all this care,
And all this coil?

Consider

The birds, that have no barn nor harvest-weeks;
God gives them food—
Much more our Father seeks
To do us good.

Christina Georgina Rossetti [1830-1894]

MY LEGACY

THEY told me I was heir: I turned in haste,
And ran to seek my treasure,
And wondered, as I ran, how it was placed,—
If I should find a measure
Of gold, or if the titles of fair lands
And houses would be laid within my hands.

I journeyed many roads; I knocked at gates;
I spoke to each wayfarer
I met, and said, “A heritage awaits
Me. Art not thou the bearer

Of news? Some message sent to me whereby
I learn which way my new possessions lie?"

Some asked me in; naught lay beyond their door;
Some smiled, and would not tarry,
But said that men were just behind who bore
More gold than I could carry;
And so the morn, the noon, the day, were spent,
While empty-handed up and down I went.

At last one cried, whose face I could not see,
As through the mists he hasted:
"Poor child, what evil ones have hindered thee
Till this whole day is wasted?
Hath no man told thee that thou art joint heir
With one named Christ, who waits the goods to share?"

The one named Christ I sought for many days,
In many places vainly;
I heard men name his name in many ways;
I saw his temples plainly;
But they who named him most gave me no sign
To find him by, or prove the heirship mine.

And when at last I stood before his face,
I knew him by no token
Save subtle air of joy which filled the place;
Our greeting was not spoken;
In solemn silence I received my share,
Kneeling before my brother and "joint heir."

My share! No deed of house or spreading lands,
As I had dreamed; no measure
Heaped up with gold; my elder brother's hands
Had never held such treasure.
Foxes have holes, and birds in nests are fed:
My brother had not where to lay his head.

My share! The right like him to know all pain
Which hearts are made for knowing;
The right to find in loss the surest gain;
To reap my joy from sowing

In bitter tears; the right with him to keep
A watch by day and night with all who weep.

My share! To-day men call it grief and death;
I see the joy and life to-morrow;
I thank my Father with my every breath,
For this sweet legacy of sorrow;
And through my tears I call to each, "Joint heir
With Christ make haste to ask him for thy share."

Helen Hunt Jackson [1831-1885]

THE STARRY HOST

From "God and the Soul"

THE countless stars, which to our human eye
Are fixed and steadfast, each in proper place,
Forever bound to changeless points in space,
Rush with our sun and planets through the sky,
And like a flock of birds still onward fly;
Returning never whence began their race,
They speed their ceaseless way with gleaming face
As though God bade them win Infinity.
Ah whither, whither is their forward flight
Through endless time and limitless expanse?
What power with unimaginable might
First hurled them forth to spin in tireless dance?
What beauty lures them on through primal night,
So that for them to be is to advance?

John Lancaster Spalding [1840-

THE CELESTIAL SURGEON

If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning skies,
Books, and my food, and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain,—

Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure take,
 And stab my spirit broad awake;
 Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,
 Choose Thou, before that spirit die,
 A piercing pain, a killing sin,
 And to my dead heart run them in!

Robert Louis Stevenson [1850-1894]

THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE

O thou great Friend to all the sons of men,
 Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
 Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
 And call thy brethren forth from want and woe,—

We look to thee! thy truth is still the Light
 Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
 Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
 Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

Yes; thou art still the Life, thou art the Way
 The holiest know; Light, Life, the Way of heaven!
 And they who dearest hope and deepest pray,
 Toil by the Light, Life, Way, which thou hast given.

Theodore Parker [1810-1860]

THE INNER LIGHT

Lo, if some pen should write upon your rafter
 MENE and MENE in the folds of flame,
 Think you could any memories thereafter
 Wholly retrace the couplet as it came?

Lo, if some strange, intelligible thunder
 Sang to the earth the secret of a star,
 Scarce could ye catch, for terror and for wonder,
 Shreds of the story that was pealed so far.

Scarcely I catch the words of His revealing,
 Hardly I hear Him, dimly understand,
 Only the Power that is within me pealing
 Lives on my lips and beckons to my hand.

Whoso has felt the Spirit of the Highest
Cannot confound nor doubt Him nor deny:
Yea, with one voice, O world, though thou deniest,
Stand thou on that side, for on this am I.

Rather the earth shall doubt when her retrieving
Pours in the rain and rushes from the sod,
Rather than he for whom the great conceiving
Stirs in his soul to quicken into God.

Ay, though thou then shouldst strike from him his glory,
Blind and tormented, maddened and alone,
Even on the cross would he maintain his story,
Yes, and in hell would whisper, I have known.

Frederic William Henry Myers [1843-1901]

HEREDITY

Why bowest thou, O soul of mine,
Crushed by ancestral sin?
Thou hast a noble heritage,
That bids thee victory win.

The tainted past may bring forth flowers,
As blossomed Aaron's rod;
No legacy of sin annuls
Heredity from God.

Lydia Avery Coonley Ward [1845-

BRINGING OUR SHEAVES

THE time for toil is past, and night has come,
The last and saddest of the harvest eves;
Worn out with labor long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the laborers, Thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest! and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened not so much with grain
As with a heaviness of heart and brain;
Master, behold my sheaves!

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat,
 Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and withered leaves;
 Wherefore I blush and weep, as at thy feet
 I kneel down reverently and repeat:
 “Master, behold my sheaves!”

Few, light and worthless; yet their trifling weight
 Through all my frame a weary aching leaves;
 For long I struggled with my hapless fate,
 And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late,
 But these are all my sheaves.

And yet I gather strength and hope anew,
 For well I know thy patient love perceives
 Not what I did, but what I strove to do;
 And though the full, ripe ears be sadly few,
 Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

Elizabeth Akers [1832-1911]

TAKE HEART

All day the stormy wind has blown
 From off the dark and rainy sea;
 No bird has past the window flown,
 The only song has been the moan
 The wind made in the willow-tree.

This is the summer's burial-time:
 She died when dropped the earliest leaves;
 And, cold upon her rosy prime,
 Fell direful autumn's frosty rime;
 Yet I am not as one that grieves,—

For well I know o'er sunny seas
 The bluebird waits for April skies;
 And at the roots of forest trees
 The May-flowers sleep in fragrant ease,
 And violets hide their azure eyes.

O thou, by winds of grief o'erblown
 Beside some golden summer's bier,—

Take heart! Thy birds are only flown,
Thy blossoms sleeping, tearful sown,
To greet thee in the immortal year!

Edna Dean Proctor [1838-

FORWARD

DREAMER, waiting for darkness with sorrowful, drooping eyes,

Linger not in the valley, bemoaning the day that is done!
Climb the hills of morning and welcome the rosy skies—
Never yet was the setting so fair as the rising sun!

Dear is the past; its treasures we hold in our hearts for aye;
Woe to the hand that would scatter one wreath of its garnered flowers;

But larger blessing and honor will come with the waking day—

Hail, then, To-morrow, nor tarry with Yesterday's ghostly hours!

Mark how the summers hasten through blossoming fields of June

To the purple lanes of the vintage and levels of golden corn;

"Splendors of life I lavish," runs nature's exultant rune,

"For myriads press to follow, and the rarest are yet unborn."

Think how eager the earth is, and every star that shines,

To circle the grander spaces about God's throne that be;

Never the least moon loiters nor the largest sun declines—

Forward they roll forever those glorious depths to see.

Dreamer, waiting for darkness with sorrowful, drooping eyes,

Summers and suns go gladly, and wherefore dost thou repine?

Climb the hills of morning and welcome the rosy skies—
The joy of the boundless future—nay, God himself is
thine!

Edna Dean Proctor [1838-

“THE HARVEST WAITS”

GOD hath been patient long. In eons past
He plowed the waste of Chaos. He hath sown
The furrows with His worlds, and from His throne
Showered, like grain, planets upon the Vast.
What meed of glory hath He from the past?
Shall He not reap, who hears but prayer and groan?
The harvest waits. . . . He cometh to His own,—
He who shall scythe the starry host at last.
When the accumulated swarms of Death
Glut the rank worlds as rills are choked by leaves,
Then shall God flail the million orbs, as sheaves
Unfruitful gleaned; and, in His age sublime,
Winnow the gathered stars, and with a breath
Whirl the spurned chaff adown the void of Time! .

Lloyd Mifflin [184-

ONE GIFT I ASK

THROUGH weary days and sleepless nights
I fast and pray;
And of my listening Lord I ask
The same alway—
That He will to His child impart
Purity of heart.

The pure in heart God's face shall see.
And does not this
Include the whole ecstatic scale
Of promised bliss?
Can souls which His dear presence gain
More joy attain?

I need not plead with Him to give
Me every grace
That makes the spirit beautiful;
For, if God's face
I am to see, He will bestow
All else, I know.

And so, through days of prayer and fast,
I only try
To win that purity of heart
Which, by and by,
The wondrous boon will gain for me,
God's face to see.

Virginia Bioren Harrison 18 -

MY AIM

I LIVE for those who love me, whose hearts are kind and true,
For the heaven that smiles above me, and awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me, for the task by God assigned me;
For the bright hopes yet to find me, and the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story who suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory and follow in their wake:
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages, the heroic of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd history's pages, and time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion with all that is divine,
To feel there is a union 'twixt nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction, reap truth from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction, and fulfil God's grand design.

I live to hail the season, by gifted ones foretold,
When man shall live by reason, and not alone by gold;
When man to man united, and every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted, as Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me, for those who know me true;
 For the heaven that smiles above me, and awaits my spirit
 too;
 For the cause that lacks assistance, for the wrong that needs
 resistance,
 For the future in the distance, and the good that I can do.

G. Linnæus Banks [1821-1881]

“ THOU KNOWEST ”

THOU knowest, O my Father! Why should I
 Weary high heaven with restless prayers and tears!
 Thou knowest all! My heart's unuttered cry
 Hath soared beyond the stars and reached Thine ears.
 Thou knowest,—ah, Thou knowest! Then what need
 O, loving God, to tell Thee o'er and o'er,
 And with persistent iteration plead
 As one who crieth at some closèd door?
 “Tease not!” we mothers to our children say,—
 “Our wiser love will grant whate'er is best.”
 Shall we, Thy children, run to Thee alway,
 Begging for this and that in wild unrest?
 I dare not clamor at the heavenly gate,
 Lest I should lose the high, sweet strains within;
 O, Love Divine! I can but stand and wait
 Till Perfect Wisdom bids me enter in!

Julia C. R. Dorr [1825-1913]

THE BURIAL OF MOSES

“And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulcher unto this day.”—DEUT. xxxiv. 6.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
 On this side Jordan's wave,
 In a vale in the land of Moab,
 There lies a lonely grave;
 But no man built that sepulcher,
 And no man saw it e'er;
 For the angels of God upturned the sod
 And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
Yet no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth:
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun;

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Unfold their thousand leaves:
So without sound of music
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Beth-peor's height
Out of his rocky eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But, when the warrior dieth,
His comrades of the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drums,
Follow the funeral car:
They show the banners taken;
They tell his battles won;
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place
With costly marble dressed,

In the great minster transept
 Where lights like glories fall,
 And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings
 Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
 That ever buckled sword;
 This the most gifted poet
 That ever breathed a word;
 And never earth's philosopher
 Traced with his golden pen
 On the deathless page truths half so sage
 As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?—
 The hillside for a pall!
 To lie in state, while angels wait,
 With stars for tapers tall!
 And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
 Over his bier to wave,
 And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
 To lay him in the grave!—

In that strange grave without a name,
 Whence his uncoffined clay
 Shall break again—O wondrous thought!—
 Before the judgment-day,
 And stand, with glory wrapped around,
 On the hills he never trod
 And speak of the strife that won our life
 With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
 O dark Beth-peor's hill!
 Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
 And teach them to be still:
 God hath His mysteries of grace,
 Ways that we cannot tell;
 He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
 Of him He loved so well.

Cecil Frances Alexander [1818-1895]

THE CROOKED FOOTPATH

From "The Professor at the Breakfast Table"

Ah, here it is! the sliding rail
That marks the old remembered spot,—
The gap that struck our schoolboy trail,—
The crooked path across the lot.

It left the road by school and church,
A penciled shadow, nothing more,
That parted from the silver birch
And ended at the farm-house door.

No line or compass traced its plan;
With frequent bends to left or right,
In aimless, wayward curves it ran
But always kept the door in sight.

The gabled porch, with woodbine green,—
The broken millstone at the sill,—
Though many a rood might stretch between
The truant child could see them still.

No rocks across the pathway lie,—
No fallen trunk is o'er it thrown,—
And yet it winds, we know not why,
And turns as if for tree or stone.

Perhaps some lover trod the way
With shaking knees and leaping heart,—
And so it often runs astray
With sinuous sweep or sudden start.

Or one, perchance, with clouded brain
From some unholy banquet reeled,—
And since, our devious steps maintain
His track across the trodden field.

Nay, deem not thus,—no earthborn will
 Could ever trace a faultless line;
 Our truest steps are human still,—
 To walk unswerving were divine!

Truants from love, we dream of wrath;—
 Oh, rather, let us trust the more!
 Through all the wanderings of the path,
 We still can see our Father's door!

Oliver Wendell Holmes [1809-1894]

ALLAH'S TENT

WITH fore-cloth smoothed by careful hands
 The night's serene pavilion stands,
 And many cressets hang on high
 Against its arching canopy.

Peace to His children God hath sent,
 We are at peace within His tent.
 Who knows without these guarded doors
 What wind across the desert roars?

Arthur Colton [1868-

ST. JOHN BAPTIST

I THINK he had not heard of the far towns;
 Nor of the deeds of men, nor of kings' crowns;
 Before the thought of God took hold of him,
 As he was sitting dreaming in the calm
 Of one first noon, upon the desert's rim,
 Beneath the tall fair shadows of the palm,
 All overcome with some strange inward balm.

He numbered not the changes of the year,
 The days, the nights, and he forgot all fear
 Of death: each day he thought there should have been
 A shining ladder set for him to climb
 Athwart some opening in the heavens, e'en
 To God's eternity, and see, sublime—
 His face whose shadow passing fills all time.

But he walked through the ancient wilderness.
O, there the prints of feet were numberless
 And holy all about him! And quite plain
He saw each spot an angel silvershod
 Had lit upon; where Jacob too had lain
The place seemed fresh,—and, bright and lately trod,
A long track showed where Enoch walked with God.

And often, while the sacred darkness trailed
Along the mountains smitten and unveiled
 By rending lightnings,—over all the noise
Of thunders and the earth that quaked and bowed
 From its foundations—he could hear the voice
Of great Elias prophesying loud
To Him whose face was covered by a cloud.

Arthur O’Shaughnessy [1844-1881]

FOR THE BAPTIST

THE last and greatest Herald of Heaven’s King,
Girt with rough skins, hies to the deserts wild,
Among that savage brood the woods forth bring,
Which he than man more harmless found and mild.
His food was locusts, and what there doth spring,
With honey that from virgin hives distilled;
Parched body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing
Made him appear, long since from earth exiled.
There burst he forth: “All ye whose hopes rely
On God, with me amidst these deserts mourn,
Repent, repent, and from old errors turn!”
—Who listened to his voice, obeyed his cry?
Only the echoes, which he made relent,
Rung from their flinty caves, “Repent! Repent!”

William Drummond [1585-1649]

“THE SPRING IS LATE”

SHE stood alone amidst the April fields,—
 Brown, sodden fields, all desolate and bare,—
“The spring is late,” she said,—“the faithless spring,
 That should have come to make the meadows fair.

"Their sweet South left too soon, among the trees
 The birds, bewildered, flutter to and fro;
 For them no green boughs wait,—their memories
 Of last year's April had deceived them so.

"From 'neath a sheltering pine some tender buds
 Looked out, and saw the hollows filled with snow;
 On such a frozen world they closed their eyes;
 When spring is cold, how can the blossoms blow?"

She watched the homeless birds, the slow, sad spring,
 The barren fields, and shivering, naked trees:
 "Thus God has dealt with me, his child," she said,—
 "I wait my spring-time, and am cold like these.

"To them will come the fulness of their time;
 Their spring, though late, will make the meadows fair;
 Shall I, who wait like them, like them be blest?
 I am His own,—doth not my Father care?"

Louise Chandler Moulton [1835-1908]

EASTER

I GOT me flowers to straw Thy way,
 I got me boughs off many a tree;
 But Thou wast up by break of day,
 And brought'st Thy sweets along with Thee.

Yet though my flowers be lost, they say
 A heart can never come too late;
 Teach it to sing Thy praise this day,
 And then this day my life shall date.

Unknown

A DIVINE RAPTURE

E'EN like two little bank-dividing brooks,
 That wash the pebbles with their wanton streams,
 And having ranged and searched a thousand nooks,
 Meet both at length in silver-breasted Thames,
 Where in a greater current they conjoin:
 So I my Best-belovèd's am; so He is mine.

E'en so we met; and after long pursuit,
E'en so we joined; we both became entire;
No need for either to renew a suit,
For I was flax, and He was flames of fire:
Our firm-united souls did more than twine;
So I my Best-belovèd's am; so He is mine.

If all those glittering Monarchs, that command
The servile quarters of this earthly ball,
Should tender in exchange their shares of land,
I would not change my fortunes for them all:
Their wealth is but a counter to my coin:
The world's but theirs; but my Belovèd's mine.

Francis Quarles [1592-1644]

“IF I COULD SHUT THE GATE AGAINST MY THOUGHTS”

If I could shut the gate against my thoughts,
And keep out sorrow from this room within,
Or memory could cancel all the notes
Of my misdeeds, and I unthink my sin:
How free, how clear, how clean my soul should lie,
Discharged of such a loathsome company.

Or were there other rooms within my heart
That did not to my conscience join so near,
Where I might lodge the thoughts of sin apart,
That I might not their clamorous crying hear;
What peace, what joy, what ease should I possess,
Freed from their horrors that my soul oppress.

But, O my Saviour, who my refuge art,
Let Thy dear mercies stand 'twixt them and me,
And be the wall to separate my heart
So that I may at length repose me free;
That peace, and joy, and rest may be within,
And I remain divided from my sin.

John Daniel [fl. 1625]

HIS LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT

IN the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick at heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomfited,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the artless doctor sees
No one hope, but of his fees,
And his skill runs on the lees,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When his potion and his pill,
His, or none, or little skill,
Meet for nothing, but to kill,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the passing-bell doth toll,
And the furies in a shoal
Come to fright a parting soul,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last hath prayed,
And I nod to what is said
'Cause my speech is now decayed,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When, God knows, I'm tossed about
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet, before the glass be out,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the Judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed,
When to Thee I have appealed,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

Robert Herrick [1591-1674]

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT

Is this a fast, to keep
 The larder lean,
 And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
 Of flesh, yet still
 To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
 Or ragged to go,
 Or show
A downcast look, and sour?

No; 'tis a fast to dole
 Thy sheaf of wheat
 And meat
Unto the hungry soul.

Jerusalem the Golden

It is to fast from strife,
 From old debate
 And hate;
 To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent;
 To starve thy sin,
 Not bin;
 And that's to keep thy Lent.

Robert Herrick [1591-1674]

THE FALLEN STAR

A STAR is gone! a star is gone!
 There is a blank in Heaven;
 One of the cherub choir has done
 His airy course this even.

He sat upon the orb of fire
 That hung for ages there,
 And lent his music to the choir
 That haunts the nightly air.

But when his thousand years are passed,
 With a cherubic sigh
 He vanished with his car at last,
 For even cherubs die!

Hear how his angel-brothers mourn—
 The minstrels of the spheres—
 Each chiming sadly in his turn
 And dropping splendid tears.

The planetary Sisters all
 Join in the fatal song.
 And weep this hapless brother's fall,
 Who sang with them so long.

But deepest of the choral band
 The Lunar Spirit sings,
 And with a bass-according hand
 Sweeps all her sullen strings.

From the deep chambers of the dome
Where sleepless Uriel lies,
His rude harmonic thunders come
Mingled with mighty sighs.

The thousand car-borne cherubim,
The wandering Eleven,
All join to chant the dirge of him
Who fell just now from Heaven.

George Darley [1795-1846]

“WE NEED NOT BID, FOR CLOISTERED CELL”

WE need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbor and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky:

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

Seek we no more; content with these
Let present Rapture, Comfort, Ease,
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go:—
The secret this of Rest below

John Keble [1792-1866]

“A CHILD MY CHOICE”

LET folly praise that fancy loves, I praise and love that Child
Whose heart no thought, whose tongue no word, whose
hand no deed defiled.

I praise Him most, I love Him best, all praise and love is His,
While Him I love, in Him I live, and cannot live amiss.

Love's sweetest mark, laud's highest theme, man's most desired light,

To love Him life, to leave Him death, to live in Him delight.

He mine by gift, I His by debt, thus each to other due,

First friend He was, best friend He is, all times will try Him true.

Though young, yet wise, though small, yet strong; though man, yet God He is;

As wise He knows, as strong He can, as God He loves to bliss.

His knowledge rules, His strength defends, His love doth cherish all;

His birth our joy, His life our light, His death our end of thrall.

Alas! He weeps, He sighs, He pants, yet do His angels sing;

Out of His tears, His sighs and throbs, doth bud a joyful spring.

Almighty Babe, whose tender arms can force all foes to fly,
Correct my faults, protect my life, direct me when I die!

Robert Southwell [1561?–1595]

AN UPPER CHAMBER

I CAME into the City and none knew me;
None came forth, none shouted “He is here!”
Not a hand with laurel would bestrew me,
All the way by which I drew anear—
Night my banner, and my herald Fear.

But I knew where one so long had waited
In the low room at the stairway’s height,
Trembling lest my foot should be belated,
Singing, sighing for the long hours’ flight
Towards the moment of our dear delight.

I came into the City when you hailed me
Saviour, and again your chosen Lord:—
Not one guessing what it was that failed me,
While along the way as they adored
Thousands, thousands, shouted in accord.

But through all the joy I knew—I only—
How the hostel of my heart lay bare and cold,
Silent of its music, and how lonely!
Never, though you crown me with your gold,
Shall I find that little chamber as of old!

Frances Bannerman [18 -

THE SECOND CRUCIFIXION

Loud mockers in the roaring street
Say Christ is crucified again:
Twice pierced His gospel-bearing feet,
Twice broken His great heart in vain.

I hear, and to myself I smile,
For Christ talks with me all the while.

No angel now to roll the stone
From off His unawaking sleep,
In vain shall Mary watch alone,
In vain the soldiers vigil keep.

Yet while they deem my Lord is dead
My eyes are on His shining head.

Ah! never more shall Mary hear
That voice exceeding sweet and low
Within the garden calling clear:
Her Lord is gone, and she must go.

Yet all the while my Lord I meet
In every London lane and street.

Poor Lazarus shall wait in vain,
And Bartimæus still go blind;
The healing hem shall ne'er again
Be touched by suffering humankind.

Yet all the while I see them rest,
The poor and outcast, on His breast.

No more unto the stubborn heart
 With gentle knocking shall He plead,
 No more the mystic pity start,
 For Christ twice dead is dead indeed.

So in the street I hear men say,
 Yet Christ is with me all the day.

Richard Le Gallienne [1866-]

THE WINGED WORSHIPERS

GAY, guiltless pair,
 What seek ye from the fields of Heaven?
 Ye have no need of prayer,
 Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,
 Where mortals to their Maker bend?
 Can your pure spirits fear
 The God ye never could offend?

Ye never knew
 The crimes for which we come to weep.
 Penance is not for you,
 Blessed wanderers of the upper deep.

To you 'tis given
 To wake sweet Nature's untaught lays,
 Beneath the arch of Heaven
 To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing,
 Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,
 And join the choirs that sing
 In yon blue dome not reared with hands.

Or, if ye stay
 To note the consecrated hour,
 Teach me the airy way,
 And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd,
On upward wings could I but fly,
I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'Twere Heaven indeed
Through fields of trackless light to soar,
On nature's charms to feed,
And Nature's own great God adore.

Charles Sprague [1791-1875]

DE SHEEPFOL'

De massa ob de sheepfol',
Dat guards de sheepfol' bin,
Look out in de gloomerin' meadows,
Wha'r de long night rain begin—
So he call to de hirelin' shepa'd,
"Is my sheep, is dey all come in?—
My sheep, is dey all come in?"

Oh den, says de hirelin' shepa'd:
"Dey's some, dey's black and thin,
And some, dey's po' ol' wedda's,
Dat can't come home agin.
Dey's some black sheep an' ol' wedda's,
But de res', dey's all brung in.—
De res', dey's all brung in."

Den de massa ob de sheepfol',
Dat guards de sheepfol' bin,
Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows,
Wha'r de long night rain begin—
So he le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol',
Callin' sof', "Come in. Come in."
Callin' sof', "Come in. Come in."

Den up t'ro' de gloomerin' meadows,
T'ro' de col' night rain and win',
And up t'ro' de gloomerin' rain-paf',
Wha'r de sleet fa' pie'cin' thin,

De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol',
 Dey all comes gadderin' in.
 De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol',
 Dey all comes gadderin' in.

Sarah Pratt McLean Greene [1856-

THE LOST SHEEP

(“THE NINETY AND NINE”)

THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
 In the shelter of the fold;
 But one was out on the hills away,
 Far off from the gates of gold,—
 Away on the mountains wild and bare,
 Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

“Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine:
 Are they not enough for thee?”
 But the Shepherd made answer: “’Tis of mine
 Has wandered away from me;
 And although the road be rough and steep
 I go to the desert to find my sheep.”

But none of the ransomed ever knew
 How deep were the waters crossed,
 Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
 Ere he found his sheep that was lost.
 Out in the desert he heard its cry—
 Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

“Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way,
 That mark out the mountain-track?”
 “They were shed for one who had gone astray
 Ere the Shepherd could bring him back.”
 “Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?”
 “They are pierced to-night by many a thorn.”

But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
 And up from the rocky steep,
 There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
 “Rejoice! I have found my sheep!”

And the angels echoed around the throne,
“Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!”

Elizabeth Cecilia Clephane [1830-1869]

LOST BUT FOUND

I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

The Shepherd sought his sheep;
The Father sought his child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love;
They saved the wandering one.

They spoke in tender love,
They raised my drooping head;
They gently closed my bleeding wounds,
My fainting soul they fed.
They washed my filth away,
They made me clean and fair;
They brought me to my home in peace,
The long-sought wanderer.

Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas he that loved my soul;
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole;
'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas he that brought me to the fold,
'Tis he that still doth keep.

I was a wandering sheep,
 I would not be controlled;
 But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
 I love, I love the fold.
 I was a wayward child,
 I once preferred to roam;
 But now I love my Father's voice,
 I love, I love his home.

Horatius Bonar [1808-1889]

STAINS

THE three ghosts on the lonesome road
 Spake each to one another,
 "Whence came that stain about your mouth
 No lifted hand may cover?"
 "From eating of forbidden fruit,
 Brother, my brother."

The three ghosts on the sunless road
 Spake each to one another,
 "Whence came that red burn on your foot
 No dust or ash may cover?"
 "I stamped a neighbor's hearth-flame out,
 Brother, my brother."

The three ghosts on the windless road
 Spake each to one another,
 "Whence came that blood upon your hand
 No other hand may cover?"
 "From breaking of a woman's heart,
 Brother, my brother."

"Yet on the earth clean men we walked,
 Glutton and Thief and Lover;
 White flesh and fair it hid our stains
 That no man might discover."
 "Naked the soul goes up to God,
 Brother, my brother."

Theodosia Garrison [18 -

A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER

Wilt Thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which was my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin through which I run,
And do run still, though still I do deplore?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done;
For I have more.

Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I have won
Others to sin, and made my sin their door?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year or two, but wallowed in a score?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done;
For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore;
But swear by Thyself that at my death Thy Son
Shall shine as He shines now and heretofore:
And having done that, Thou hast done;
I fear no more.

John Donne [1573-1631]

SHEEP AND LAMBS

All in the April evening,
April airs were abroad;
The sheep with their little lambs
Passed me by on the road.

The sheep with their little lambs
Passed me by on the road;
All in the April evening
I thought on the Lamb of God.

The lambs were weary, and crying
With a weak human cry,
I thought on the Lamb of God
Going meekly to die.

Up in the blue, blue mountains
 Dewy pastures are sweet:
 Rest for the little bodies,
 Rest for the little feet.

But for the Lamb of God
 Up on the hill-top green,
 Only a Cross of shame
 Two stark crosses between.

All in the April evening,
 April airs were abroad;
 I saw the sheep with their lambs,
 And thought on the Lamb of God.

Katharine Tynan [1861-

“ALL’S WELL!”

EIGHT bells! Eight bells! their clear tone tells
 The midnight hour is here,
 And as they cease, these words of peace
 Fall gently on my ear:
 “All’s well! All’s well!”

Fond thoughts fly far, where loved ones are,
 Though distant, ever near,
 From those dear homes the echo comes,
 Our longing hearts to cheer:
 “All’s well! All’s well!”

Swift through the deep our course we keep,
 To shores unseen we steer,
 No thought of ill our souls shall chill,
 Nor wind nor wave we fear:
 “All’s well! All’s well!”

Thus o’er life’s sea our voyage may be
 A pathway lone and drear,
 Through tempest loud and sorrow’s cloud,
 Faith still shall whisper near:
 “All’s well! All’s well!”

And when for me, earth, sky, and sea
 Shall fade and disappear,

May this sweet note still downward float,
From some undying sphere:
“All’s well! All’s well!”

William Allen Butler [1825-1902]

LIVING WATERS

THERE are some hearts like wells, green-mossed and deep
As ever Summer saw;
And cool their water is,—yea, cool and sweet;—
But you must come to draw.
They hoard not, yet they rest in calm content,
And not unsought will give;
They can be quiet with their wealth unspent,
So self-contained they live.

And there are some like springs, that bubbling burst
To follow dusty ways,
And run with offered cup to quench his thirst
Where the tired traveller strays;
That never ask the meadows if they want
What is their joy to give;—
Unasked, their lives to other life they grant,
So self-bestowed they live!

And One is like the ocean, deep and wide,
Wherein all waters fall;
That girdles the broad earth, and draws the tide,
Feeding and bearing all;
That broods the mists, that sends the clouds abroad,
That takes, again to give;—
Even the great and loving heart of God,
Whereby all love doth live.

Caroline Spencer [18

ONE BY ONE

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

Jerusalem the Golden

One by one thy duties wait thee—
 Let thy whole strength go to each,
 Let no future dreams elate thee,
 Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)
 Joys are sent thee here below;
 Take them readily when given—
 Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee;
 Do not fear an arm'd band;
 One will fade as others greet thee—
 Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
 See how small each moment's pain;
 God will help thee for to-morrow,
 So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
 Has its task to do or bear;
 Luminous the crown, and holy,
 When each gem is set with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
 Or for passing hours despond;
 Nor, thy daily toil forgetting,
 Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
 Reaching heaven; but, one by one,
 Take them, lest the chain be broken
 Ere the pilgrimage be done.

Adelaide Anne Procter [1825-1864]

UNBELIEF

THERE is no unbelief;
 Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
 And waits to see it push away the clod,
 He trusts in God.

Whoever says when clouds are in the sky,
“Be patient, heart; light breaketh by and by,”
 Trusted the Most High.

Whoever sees ‘neath Winter’s field of snow
The silent harvest of the future grow,
 God’s power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
 Knows God will keep.

Whoever says, “To-morrow,” “The unknown,”
“The future,” trusts the Power alone
 He dares disown.

The heart that looks on when eyelids close,
And dares to live when life has woes,
 God’s comfort knows.

There is no unbelief;
And day by day, unconsciously,
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny,
 God knoweth why!

Elizabeth York Case [18 -]

“THERE IS NO DEATH”

THERE is no death! The stars go down
 To rise upon some other shore,
And bright in heaven’s jeweled crown
 They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
 Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellow fruit
 Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
 To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
 From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
 The flowers may fade and pass away—
 They only wait, through wintry hours,
 The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
 Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
 He bears our best loved things away,
 And then we call them “dead.”

He leaves our hearts all desolate—
 He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
 Transplanted into bliss, they now
 Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
 Made glad this scene of sin and strife,
 Sings now an everlasting song,
 Amid the tree of life.

Where'er He sees a smile too bright,
 Or soul too pure for taint of vice,
 He bears it to that world of light,
 To dwell in Paradise.

Born into that undying life,
 They leave us but to come again;
 With joy we welcome them—the same
 Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
 The dear immortal spirits tread;
 For all the boundless universe
 Is life—there are no dead!

John Luckey McCreery [1835-1906]

THE FOOL'S PRAYER

THE royal feast was done; the King
 Sought some new sport to banish care,
 And to his jester cried: “Sir Fool,
 Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!”

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin: but Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung!

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders—oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
 The King, and sought his gardens cool,
 And walked apart, and murmured low,
 "Be merciful to me, a fool!"

Edward Rowland Sill [1841-1887]

THE ECLIPSE

WHITHER, O whither didst Thou fly?
 When did I grieve Thine holy eye?
 When Thou didst mourn to see me lost,
 And all Thy care and counsels crossed.
 O do not grieve, where'er Thou art!
 Thy grief is an undoing smart,
 Which doth not only pain, but break
 My heart, and makes me blush to speak.
 Thy anger I could kiss, and will;
 But O Thy grief, Thy grief, doth kill!

Henry Vaughan [1622-1695]

COMFORT

SPEAK low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet
 From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,
 Lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee so,
 Who art not missed by any that entreat.
 Speak to me as to Mary at Thy feet!
 And if no precious gums my hands bestow,
 Let my tears drop like amber, while I go
 In reach of Thy divinest voice complete
 In humanest affection—thus, in sooth,
 To lose the sense of losing. As a child,
 Whose song-bird seeks the wood for evermore,
 Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth,
 Till, sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,
 He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning [1806-1861]

ST. AGNES' EVE

DEEP on the convent-roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon:
My breath to heaven like vapor goes:
May my soul follow soon!
The shadows of the convent-towers
Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
That lead me to my Lord:
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year
That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soiled and dark,
To yonder shining ground;
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
To yonder argent round;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
My spirit before Thee;
So in mine earthly house I am,
To that I hope to be.
Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far,
Through all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors;
The flashes come and go;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
And strews her lights below,
And deepens on and up! the gates
Roll back, and far within
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
To make me pure of sin.
The Sabbaths of Eternity,
One Sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea—
The Bridegroom with his bride!

Alfred Tennyson [1809-1892]

HIS BANNER OVER ME

SURROUNDED by unnumbered foes,
 Against my soul the battle goes!
 Yet though I weary, sore distressed,
 I know that I shall reach my rest:
 I lift my tearful eyes above,—
 His banner over me is love.

Its sword my spirit will not yield,
 Though flesh may faint upon the field;
 He waves before my fading sight
 The branch of palm,—the crown of light;
 I lift my brightening eyes above,—
 His banner over me is love.

My cloud of battle-dust may dim,
 His veil of splendor curtain him!
 And in the midnight of my fear
 I may not feel him standing near;
 But, as I lift mine eyes above,
 His banner over me is love.

Gerald Massey [1828-1907]

JESUS THE CARPENTER

“ISN’T this Joseph’s son?”—ay, it is He;
 Joseph the carpenter—same trade as me—
 I thought as I’d find it—I knew it was here—
 But my sight’s getting queer.

I don’t know right where as His shed must ha’ stood—
 But often, as I’ve been a-planing my wood,
 I’ve took off my hat, just with thinking of He
 At the same work as me,

He warn’t that set up that He couldn’t stoop down
 And work in the country for folks in the town;
 And I’ll warrant He felt a bit pride, like I’ve done,
 At a good job begun.

The parson he knows that I'll not make too free,
But on Sunday I feels as pleased as can be,
When I wears my clean smock, and sits in a pew,
And has thoughts a few.

I think of as how not the parson hissen,
As is teacher and father and shepherd o' men,
Not he knows as much of the Lord in that shed,
Where He earned His own bread.

And when I goes home to my missus, says she,
“Are ye wanting your key?”
For she knows my queer ways, and my love for the shed,
(We've been forty years wed.)

So I comes right away by mysen, with the Book,
And I turns the old pages and has a good look
For the text as I've found, as tells me as He
Were the same trade as me.

Why don't I mark it? Ah, many says so,
But I think I'd as lief, with your leaves, let it go:
It do seem that nice when I fall on it sudden—
Unexpected, you know!

Catharine C. Liddell [1848-

“I SAW THEE”

“When thou wast under the fig-tree, I saw thee”

I SAW thee when, as twilight fell,
And evening lit her fairest star,
Thy footsteps sought yon quiet dell,
The world's confusion left afar.

I saw thee when thou stood'st alone,
Where drooping branches thick o'erhung,
Thy still retreat to all unknown,
Hid in deep shadows darkly flung.

I saw thee when, as died each sound
 Of bleating flock or woodland bird,
 Kneeling, as if on holy ground,
 Thy voice the listening silence heard.

I saw thy calm, uplifted eyes,
 And marked the heaving of thy breast,
 When rose to heaven thy heartfelt sighs
 For purer life, for perfect rest.

I saw the light that o'er thy face
 Stole with a soft, suffusing glow,
 As if, within, celestial grace
 Breathed the same bliss that angels know.

I saw—what thou didst not—above
 Thy lowly head an open heaven;
 And tokens of thy Father's love
 With smiles to thy rapt spirit given.

I saw thee from that sacred spot
 With firm and peaceful soul depart,
 I, Jesus, saw thee,—doubt it not,—
 And read the secrets of thy heart!

Ray Palmer [1808-1887]

THE VETERAN OF HEAVEN

O CAPTAIN of the wars, whence won Ye so great scars?
 In what fight did Ye smite, and what manner was the
 foe?
 Was it on a day of rout they compassed Thee about,
 Or gat Ye these adornings when Ye wrought their over-
 throw?

“ ‘Twas on a day of rout they girded Me about,
 They wounded all My brow, and they smote Me through
 the side:
 My hand held no sword when I met their armèd horde,
 And the conqueror fell down, and the conquered bruised
 his pride.”

What is this, unheard before, that the unarmed make war,
And the slain hath the gain, and the victor hath the rout?
What wars, then, are these, and what the enemies,
Strange Chief, with the scars of Thy conquest trenched
about?

“The Prince I drove forth held the Mount of the North,
Girt with the guards of flame that roll around the pole.
I drove him with My wars from all his fortress-stars,
And the sea of death divided that My march might strike
its goal.

“In the keep of Northern Guard, many a great demonian
sword
Burns as it turns round the Mount occult, apart:
There is given power and place still for some certain days,
And his Name would turn the Sun’s blood back upon its
heart.”

What is *Thy* Name? O show!—“My Name ye may not
know;
’Tis a going forth with banners, and a baring of much
swords:
But my titles that are high, are they not upon my thigh?
‘King of Kings!’ are the words, ‘Lord of Lords’;
It is written ‘King of Kings, Lord of Lords.’”

Francis Thompson [1859?-1907]

LUCIFER IN STARLIGHT

ON a starred night Prince Lucifer uprose.
Tired of his dark dominion swung the fiend
Above the rolling ball in cloud part screened,
Where sinners hugged their specter of repose.
Poor prey to his hot fit of pride were those.
And now upon his western wing he leaned,
Now his huge bulk o’er Afric’s sands careened,
Now the black planet shadowed Arctic snows.
Soaring through wider zones that pricked his scars

With memory of the old revolt from Awe,
 He reached a middle height, and at the stars,
 Which are the brain of Heaven, he looked, and sank.
 Around the ancient track marched, rank on rank,
 The army of unalterable law.

George Meredith [1828-1909]

HORA CHRISTI

SWEET is the time for joyous folk
 Of gifts and minstrelsy;
 Yet I, O lowly-hearted One,
 Crave but Thy company.
 On lonesome road, beset with dread,
 My questing lies afar.
 I have no light, save in the east
 The gleaming of Thy star.

In cloistered aisles they keep to-day
 Thy feast, O living Lord!
 With pomp of banner, pride of song,
 And stately-sounding word.
 Mute stand the kings of power and place,
 While priests of holy mind
 Dispense Thy blessed heritage
 Of peace to all mankind.

I know a spot where budless twigs
 Are bare above the snow,
 And where sweet winter-loving birds
 Flit softly to and fro;
 There with the sun for altar-fire,
 The earth for kneeling-place,
 The gentle air for Chorister,
 Will I adore Thy face.

Loud, underneath the great blue sky,
 My heart shall pæan sing,
 The gold and myrrh of meekest love
 Mine only offering.

Bliss of Thy birth shall quicken me,
And for Thy pain and dole
Tears are but vain, so I will keep
The silence of the soul.

Alice Brown [1857-]

CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR

BESIDE the dead I knelt for prayer,
And felt a presence as I prayed.
Lo! it was Jesus standing there.
He smiled: "Be not afraid!"

"Lord, thou hast conquered death we know;
Restore again to life," I said,
"This one who died an hour ago."
He smiled: "She is not dead!"

"Asleep then, as thyself did say;
Yet thou canst lift the lids that keep
Her prisoned eyes from ours away!"
He smiled: "She doth not sleep!"

"Nay then, though haply she do wake,
And look upon some fairer dawn,
Restore her to our hearts that ache!"
He smiled: "She is not gone!"

"Alas! too well we know our loss,
Nor hope again our joy to touch,
Until the stream of death we cross."
He smiled: "There is no such!"

"Yet our beloved seem so far,
The while we yearn to feel them near,
Albeit with Thee we trust they are."
He smiled: "And I am here!"

"Dear Lord, how shall we know that they
Still walk unseen with us and Thee,
Nor sleep, nor wander far away?"
He smiled: "Abide with me."

Rossiter Worthington Raymond [1840-]

THAT HOLY THING

From "Paul Faber"

THEY all were looking for a king
 To slay their foes and lift them high:
 Thou cam'st, a little baby thing
 That made a woman cry.

O Son of Man, to right my lot
 Naught but Thy presence can avail;
 Yet on the road Thy wheels are not,
 Nor on the sea Thy sail!

My how or when Thou wilt not heed,
 But come down Thine own secret stair,
 That Thou mayst answer all my need—
 Yea, every bygone prayer.

George Macdonald [1824-1905]

WHAT CHRIST SAID

I said, "Let me walk in the fields;"
 He said, "Nay, walk in the town;"
 I said, "There are no flowers there;"
 He said, "No flowers, but a crown."

I said, "But the sky is black,
 There is nothing but noise and din;"
 But He wept as He sent me back—
 "There is more," He said, "there is sin."

I said, "But the air is thick,
 And fogs are veiling the sun;"
 He answered, "Yet hearts are sick,
 And souls in the dark undone."

I said, "I shall miss the light,
 And friends will miss me, they say;"
 He answered me, "Choose to-night
 If I am to miss you or they."

I pleaded for time to be given;
He said, "Is it hard to decide?
It will not seem hard in heaven
To have followed the steps of your Guide."

I cast one look at the field,
Then set my face to the town;
He said, "My child, do you yield?
Will you leave the flowers for the crown?"

Then into His hand went mine.
And into my heart came He.
And I walk in a light divine
The path I had feared to see.

George Macdonald [1824-1905]

SAN LORENZO GIUSTINIANI'S MOTHER

"And we the shadows of the dream"—SHELLEY

I HAD not seen my son's dear face
(He chose the cloister by God's grace)
Since it had come to full flower-time.
I hardly guessed at its perfect prime,
That folded flower of his dear face.

Mine eyes were veiled by mists of tears
When on a day in many years
One of his Order came. I thrilled,
Facing, I thought, that face fulfilled.
I doubted, for my mists of tears.

His blessing be with me forever!
My hope and doubt were hard to sever.
—That altered face, those holy weeds.
I filled his wallet and kissed his beads,
And lost his echoing feet for ever.

If to my son my alms were given
I know not, and I wait for Heaven.
He did not plead for child of mine,
But for another Child divine,
And unto Him it was surely given.

There is One alone who cannot change;
 Dreams are we, shadows, visions strange;
 And all I give is given to One.
 I might mistake my dearest son,
 But never the Son who cannot change.

Alice Meynell [1853-]

A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER

INTO the woods my Master went,
 Clean forspent, forspent.
 Into the woods my Master came,
 Forspent with love and shame.
 But the olives they were not blind to Him;
 The little gray leaves were kind to Him;
 The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
 When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
 And He was well content.
 Out of the woods my Master came,
 Content with death and shame.
 When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
 From under the trees they drew Him last:
 'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last
 When out of the woods He came.

Sidney Lanier [1842-1881]

SONGS OF PRAISE

DIES IRÆ *

DAY of wrath, that day of burning,
Seer and Sibyl speak concerning,
All the world to ashes turning.

Oh, what fear shall it engender,
When the Judge shall come in splendor,
Strict to mark and just to render!

Trumpet, scattering sounds of wonder,
Rending sepulchers asunder,
Shall resistless summons thunder.

All aghast then Death shall shiver,
And great Nature's frame shall quiver,
When the graves their dead deliver.

Volume, from which nothing's blotted,
Evil done nor evil plotted,
Shall be brought and dooms allotted.

When shall sit the Judge unerring,
He'll unfold all here occurring,
Vengeance then no more deferring.

What shall I say, that time pending?
Ask what advocate's befriending,
When the just man needs defending?

Dreadful King, all power possessing,
Saving freely those confessing,
Save thou me, O Fount of Blessing!

* For the original of this poem see page 3569.

Think, O Jesus, for what reason,
 Thou didst bear earth's spite and treason,
 Nor me lose in that dread season!

Seeking me Thy worn feet hasted,
 On the cross Thy soul death tasted:
 Let such travail not be wasted!

Righteous Judge of retribution!
 Make me gift of absolution
 Ere that day of execution!

Culprit-like, I plead, heart-broken,
 On my cheek shame's crimson token:
 Let the pardoning word be spoken!

Thou, who Mary gav'st remission,
 Heard'st the dying Thief's petition,
 Cheer'st with hope my lost condition.

Though my prayers be void of merit,
 What is needful, Thou confer it,
 Lest I endless fire inherit.

Be there, Lord, my place decided
 With Thy sheep, from goats divided,
 Kindly to Thy right hand guided!

When the accursed away are driven,
 To eternal burnings given,
 Call me with the blessed to heaven!

I beseech Thee, prostrate lying,
 Heart as ashes, contrite, sighing,
 Care for me when I am dying!

Day of tears and late repentance,
 Man shall rise to hear his sentence:
 Him, the child of guilt and error,
 Spare, Lord, in that hour of terror!

*Translated from the Latin of Tommáso di Celano by
 Abraham Coles [1813-1891]*

STABAT MATER DOLOROSA *

STOOD the afflicted mother weeping,
Near the cross her station keeping
Whereon hung her Son and Lord;
Through whose spirit sympathizing,
Sorrowing and agonizing,
Also passed the cruel sword.

Oh! how mournful and distressèd
Was that favored and most blessed
Mother of the only Son,
Trembling, grieving, bosom heaving,
While perceiving, scarce believing,
Pains of that Illustrious One!

Who the man, who, called a brother,
Would not weep, saw he Christ's mother
In such deep distress and wild?
Who could not sad tribute render
Witnessing that mother tender
Agonizing with her child?

For His people's sins atoning,
Him she saw in torments groaning,
Given to the scourger's rod;
Saw her darling offspring dying,
Desolate, forsaken, crying,
Yield His spirit up to God.

Make me feel thy sorrow's power,
That with thee I tears may shower,
Tender mother, fount of love!
Make my heart with love unceasing
Burn toward Christ the Lord, that pleasing
I may be to Him above.

Holy mother, this be granted,
That the slain one's wounds be planted
Firmly in my heart to bide.

* For the original of this poem see page 3571.

Of Him wounded, all astounded—
 Depths unbounded for me sounded—
 All the pangs with me divide.

Make me weep with thee in union;
 With the Crucified, communion
 In His grief and suffering give;
 Near the cross, with tears unfailing,
 I would join thee in thy wailing
 Here as long as I shall live.

Maid of maidens, all excelling!
 Be not bitter, me repelling;
 Make thou me a mourner too;
 Make me bear about Christ's dying,
 Share His passion, shame defying;
 All His wounds in me renew.

Wound for wound be there created;
 With the cross intoxicated
 For thy Son's dear sake, I pray—
 May I, fired with pure affection,
 Virgin, have through thee protection
 In the solemn Judgment Day.

Let me by the cross be warded,
 By the death of Christ be guarded,
 Nourished by divine supplies.
 When the body death hath riven,
 Grant that to the soul be given
 Glories bright of Paradise.

*Translated from the Latin of Jacopone da Todi by
 Abraham Coles [1813-1891]*

VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS *

COME, Holy Ghost! thou fire divine!
 From highest heaven on us shine!
 Comforter, be Thy comfort mine!

* For the original of this poem see page 3572.

Come, Father of the poor, to earth;
Come, with Thy gifts of precious worth;
Come, Light of all of mortal birth!

Thou rich in comfort! Ever blest
The heart where Thou art constant guest,
Who giv'st the heavy-laden rest.

Come, Thou in whom our toil is sweet,
Our shadow in the noonday heat,
Before whom mourning flieth fleet.

Bright Sun of Grace! Thy sunshine dart
On all who cry to Thee apart,
And fill with gladness every heart.

Whate'er without Thy aid is wrought,
Or skilful deed, or wisest thought,
God counts it vain and merely naught.

O cleanse us that we sin no more,
O'er parchèd souls Thy waters pour;
Heal the sad heart that acheth sore.

Thy will be ours in all our ways;
O melt the frozen with Thy rays;
Call home the lost in error's maze.

And grant us, Lord, who cry to Thee,
And hold the Faith in unity,
Thy precious gifts of charity;

That we may live in holiness,
And find in death our happiness,
And dwell with Thee in lasting bliss!

*Translated from the Latin of Robert II. of France by
Catharine Winkworth [1827-1878]*

VENI, CREATOR SPIRITUS *

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
 The world's foundations first were laid,
 Come visit every pious mind,
 Come pour thy joys on human-kind;
 From sin and sorrow set us free,
 And make thy temples worthy thee.

O source of uncreated light,
 The Father's promised Paraclete!
 Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
 Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
 To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
 Rich in thy seven-fold energy!
 Thou strength of His Almighty hand,
 Whose power does heaven and earth command!
 Proceeding Spirit, our defense,
 Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense,
 And crown'st thy gift with eloquence!

Refine and purge our earthly parts;
 But, O, inflame and fire our hearts!
 Our frailties help, our vice control,
 Submit the senses to the soul;
 And when rebellious they are grown,
 Then lay thy hand and hold them down.

Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
 And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
 And, lest our feet should step astray,
 Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,
 And practise all that we believe;
 Give us thyself, that we may see
 The Father, and the Son, by thee.

* For the original of this poem see page 3573.

Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to thee.

*Translated from the Latin of St. Gregory the Great(?) by
John Dryden [1631-1700]*

SONG TO DAVID

SUBLIME—invention ever young,
Of vast conception, towering tongue
To God the eternal theme;
Notes from yon exaltations caught,
Unrivaled royalty of thought
O'er meaner strains supreme.

His muse, bright angel of his verse,
Gives balm for all the thorns that pierce,
For all the pangs that rage;
Blest light still gaining on the gloom,
The more than Michal of his bloom,
The Abishag of his age.

He sang of God—the mighty source
Of all things—the stupendous force
On which all strength depends;
From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,
All period, power, and enterprise
Commences, reigns, and ends.

Tell them, I AM, Jehovah said
To Moses; while earth heard in dread,
And, smitten to the heart,
At once above, beneath, around,
All Nature, without voice or sound,
Replied, O LORD, THOU ART.

The world, the clustering spheres, He made;
 The glorious light, the soothing shade,
 Dale, champaign, grove, and hill;
 The multitudinous abyss,
 Where Secrecy remains in bliss,
 And Wisdom hides her skill.

The pillars of the Lord are seven,
 Which stand from earth to topmost heaven;
 His Wisdom drew the plan;
 His Word accomplished the design,
 From brightest gem to deepest mine;
 From Christ enthroned, to Man.

For Adoration all the ranks
 Of Angels yield eternal thanks,
 And David in the midst;
 With God's good poor, which, last and least
 In man's esteem, Thou to Thy feast,
 O blessed Bridegroom, bidd'st!

For Adoration, David's Psalms
 Lift up the heart to deeds of alms;
 And he, who kneels and chants,
 Prevails his passions to control,
 Finds meat and medicine to the soul,
 Which for translation pants.

For Adoration, in the dome
 Of Christ, the sparrows find a home,
 And on His olives perch:
 The swallow also dwells with thee,
 O man of God's humility,
 Within his Saviour's church.

Sweet is the dew that falls betimes,
 And drops upon the leafy limes;
 Sweet, Hermon's fragrant air:
 Sweet is the lily's silver bell,
 And sweet the wakeful tapers' smell
 That watch for early prayer.

Sweet the young nurse, with love intense,
Which smiles o'er sleeping innocence;

Sweet, when the lost arrive:
Sweet the musician's ardor beats,
While his vague mind's in quest of sweets,
The choicest flowers to hive.

Strong is the horse upon his speed;
Strong in pursuit the rapid glede,
Which makes at once his game:
Strong the tall ostrich on the ground;
Strong through the turbulent profound
Shoots Xiphias to his aim.

Strong is the lion—like a coal
His eyeball,—like a bastion's mole
His chest against the foes:
Strong the gier-eagle on his sail;
Strong against tide the enormous whale
Emerges as he goes.

But stronger still, in earth and air,
And in the sea, the man of prayer,
And far beneath the tide:
And in the seat to fate assigned,
Where ask is have, where seek is find,
Where knock is open wide.

Precious the penitential tear;
And precious is the sigh sincere,
Acceptable to God:
And precious are the winning flowers,
In gladsome Israel's feast of bowers
Bound on the hallowed sod.

Glorious the sun in mid career;
Glorious the assembled fires appear;
Glorious the comet's train:
Glorious the trumpet and alarm;
Glorious the Almighty's stretched-out arm;
Glorious the enraptured main;

Glorious the northern lights astream;
 Glorious the song, when God's the theme;
 Glorious the thunder's roar:
 Glorious Hosanna from the den;
 Glorious the catholic Amen;
 Glorious the martyr's gore:

Glorious—more glorious—is the crown
 Of Him that brought salvation down,
 By meekness called thy Son:
 Thou that stupendous truth believed;—
 And now the matchless deed's achieved,
 Determined, dared, and done!

Christopher Smart [1722-1771]

NOX NOCTI INDICAT SCIENTIAM

WHEN I survey the bright
 Celestial sphere;
 So rich with jewels hung, that night
 Doth like an Ethiop bride appear:

My soul her wings doth spread
 And heavenward flies,
 The Almighty's mysteries to read
 In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament
 Shoots forth no flame
 So silent, but is eloquent
 In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star
 Contracts its light
 Into so small a character,
 Removed far from our human sight,

But if we steadfast look
 We shall discern
 In it, as in some holy book,
 How man may heavenly knowledge learn.

It tells the conqueror
That far-stretched power,
Which his proud dangers traffic for,
Is but the triumph of an hour;

That from the farthest North,
Some nation may,
Yet undiscovered, issue forth,
And o'er his new-got conquest sway:

Some nation yet shut in
With hills of ice
May be let out to scourge his sin,
Till they shall equal him in vice.

And then they likewise shall
Their ruin have;
For as yourselves your empires fall,
And every kingdom hath a grave.

Thus those celestial fires,
Though seeming mute,
The fallacy of our desires
And all the pride of life confute:—

For they have watched since first
The world had birth;
And found sin in itself accurst,
And nothing permanent on earth.

William Habington [1605-1654]

“THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH”

From “The Spectator,” No. 465

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied Sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator’s power display;

And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly to the listening Earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
“The Hand that made us is divine.”

Joseph Addison [1672-1719]

UNIVERSAL PRAYER

DEO. OPT. MAX.

FATHER of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And, binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings Thy free bounty gives
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives,
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume Thy bolts to throw
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge Thy foe.

If I am right, Thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O, teach my heart
To find that better way!

Save me alike from foolish pride
And impious discontent
At aught Thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quickened by Thy breath;
O, lead me, whereso'er I go,
Through this day's life or death!

This day be bread and peace my lot;
 All else beneath the sun,
 Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,
 And let Thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar earth, sea, skies,
 One chorus let all Being raise,
 All Nature's incense rise!

Alexander Pope [1688-1744]

“O GOD! OUR HELP IN AGES PAST”

O God! our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home!

Under the shadow of Thy Throne
 Thy saints have dwelt secure;
 Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
 And our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth received her fame,
 From everlasting Thou art God,
 To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
 Are like an evening gone;
 Short as the watch that ends the night
 Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away;
 They fly, forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.

O God! our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be Thou our guide when troubles last,
 And our eternal home!

Isaac Watts [1674-1748]

"JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL"

JESUS lover of my soul,

 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high!
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 Oh receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

Wilt Thou not regard my call?
 Wilt Thou not accept my prayer??
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall,—
 Lo! on Thee I cast my care;
Reach me out Thy gracious hand,
 While I of Thy strength receive!
Hoping against hope I stand,—
 Dying, and behold I live!

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind!
Just and holy is Thy Name;
 I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,—
 Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within:—

Songs of Praise

Thou of life the Fountain art,
 Freely me let take of Thee;
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity!

Charles Wesley [1707-1788]

“A CHARGE TO KEEP I HAVE”

A CHARGE to keep I have,
 A God to glorify,
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky.

From youth to hoary age,
 My calling to fulfil,
 Oh, may it all my powers engage
 To do my Master's will!

Arm me with jealous care
 As in Thy sight to live;
 And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give!

Help me to watch and pray,
 And on Thyself rely,
 Assured, if I my trust betray,
 I shall forever die.

Charles Wesley [1707-1788]

CORONATION

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
 Let angels prostrate fall;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 To crown Him Lord of all!

Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
 And, as they tune it, fall
 Before His face who tunes their choir,
 And crown Him Lord of all!

Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the Strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call,
The God incarnate, Man divine,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Let every tribe and every tongue
That bound creation's call,
Now shout, in universal song,
The Crownèd Lord of all!

Edward Perronet [1721-1792]

“HOLY, HOLY, HOLY”

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our songs shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
 Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
 Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
 Perfect in power, in love, and purity!

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
 All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth and sky
 and sea;
 Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
 God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

Reginald Heber [1783-1826]

“THE SON OF GOD GOES FORTH TO WAR”

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
 A kingly crown to gain;
 His blood-red banner streams afar!
 Who follows in His train?
 Who best can drink his cup of woe,
 Triumphant over pain,
 Who patient bears his cross below,
 He follows in His train!

Thy martyr first, whose eagle eye
 Could pierce beyond the grave;
 Who saw his Master in the sky,
 And called on Him to save:
 Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
 In midst of mortal pain,
 He prayed for them that did the wrong!
 Who follows in His train?

A glorious band, the chosen few,
 On whom the Spirit came;
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
 And mocked the cross and flame!
 They met the tyrant's brandished steel
 The lion's gory mane:
 They bowed their necks, the death to feel!
 Who follows in their train?

A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid,—
Around the Saviour’s throne rejoice
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of Heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain!
O God! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

Reginald Heber [1783-1826]

“FROM GREENLAND’S ICY MOUNTAINS”

From Greenland’s icy mountains,
From India’s coral strand;
Where Afric’s sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand:
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error’s chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o’er Ceylon’s isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Can we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim;
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah’s Name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

Reginald Heber [1783-1826]

LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform;
 He plants His footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill
 He treasures up His bright designs,
 And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust Him for His grace;
 Behind a frowning Providence
 He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan His work in vain;
 God is His own interpreter,
 And He will make it plain.

William Cowper [1731-1800]

ROCK OF AGES

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure—
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone—
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring—
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked come to Thee for dress—
Helpless look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly—
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

Augustus Montague Toplady [1740-1778]

LOVE TO THE CHURCH

I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

I love Thy church, O God!
 Her walls before Thee stand,
 Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
 And graven on Thy hand.

If e'er to bless Thy sons
 My voice or hands deny,
 These hands let useful skill forsake,
 This voice in silence die.

For her my tears shall fall,
 For her my prayers ascend;
 To her my cares and toils be given
 Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heavenly ways,
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.

Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Thy hand from every snare and foe
 Shall great deliverance bring.

Sure as thy Truth shall last,
 To Zion shall be given
 The brightest glories earth can yield,
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

From the Latin of St. Ambrose by Timothy Dwight [1752-1817]

GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY TO ALL PEOPLE

ANGELS from the realms of glory,
 Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
 Ye who sang creation's story
 Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.



Shepherds, in the fields abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light;
Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of Nations;
Ye have seen His natal-star;
Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear
Suddenly, the Lord descending,
In His temple shall appear;
Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed, for guilt, to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you—break your chains;
Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

James Montgomery [1771-1854]

CHRIST OUR EXAMPLE IN SUFFERING

Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray!

Follow to the judgment hall,
View the Lord of Life arraigned;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustained!

Shun not suffering, shame, or loss,—
Learn of Him to bear the cross!

Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete!
“It is finished!” hear the cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die!

Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid His breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen! He meets our eyes!
Saviour, teach us so to rise!

James Montgomery [1771-1854]

“JUST AS I AM”

Just as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, of that free love,
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

Charlotte Elliott [1789-1871]

“BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS”

BLEST be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Jesus’ love;
The fellowship of Christian minds
 Is like to that above.

Before our Father’s throne
 We pour united prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,
 Our comforts, and our cares.

We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.

When we at death must part,
 Not like the world’s our pain;
But one in Christ, and one in heart,
 We part to meet again.

From sorrow, toil, and pain,
 And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
 Throughout eternity.

John Fawcett [1740-1817]

“IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST I GLORY”

In the Cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
 Never shall the Cross forsake me—
 Lo! it grows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the Cross the radiance streaming
 Adds more luster to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the Cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys, that through all time abide.

In the Cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

John Bowring [1792-1872]

“ABIDE WITH ME”

ABIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide;
 The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide!
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
 Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away:
 Change and decay in all around I see;
 O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance, I beg, a passing word,
But, as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,—
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me!

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings:
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, and abide with me!

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee:
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour.
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold then Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

Henry Francis Lyte [1793-1847]

THE HOUR OF PEACEFUL REST

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found alone in heaven.

There is a soft, a downy bed,
 Far from these shades of even—
 A couch for weary mortals spread,
 Where they may rest the aching head,
 And find repose, in heaven.

There is a home for weary souls
 By sin and sorrow driven;
 When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
 Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear but heaven.

There faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
 To brighter prospects given;
 And views the tempest passing by,
 The evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene in heaven.

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given;
 There rays divine disperse the gloom:
 Beyond the confines of the tomb
 Appears the dawn of heaven.

William Bingham Tappan [1794-1849]

THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on!
 The night is dark, and I am far from home—
 Lead Thou me on!
 Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on.
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now
 Lead Thou me on!
 I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

John Henry Newman [1801-1890]

“NEARER TO THEE”

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou send'st to me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Or if on joyful wing
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

Sarah Flower Adams [1805-1848]

“A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD” *

A MIGHTY fortress is our God,
 A bulwark never failing;
 Our helper He amid the flood
 Of mortal ills prevailing.
 For still our ancient foe
 Doth seek to work us woe;
 His craft and power are great,
 And, armed with cruel hate,
 On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,
 Our striving would be losing,—
 Were not the right man on our side,
 The man of God’s own choosing.
 Dost ask who that may be?
 Christ Jesus, it is He,
 Lord Sabaoth His name,
 From age to age the same,
 And He must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils filled,
 Should threaten to undo us,
 We will not fear, for God hath willed
 His truth to triumph through us.
 The Prince of Darkness grim,—
 We tremble not for him;
 His rage we can endure,
 For lo! his doom is sure:
 One little word shall fell him.

* For the original of this poem, see page 3581.

That word above all earthly powers,
No thanks to them, abideth;
The spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill,
God's truth abideth still,
His Kingdom is forever.

*From the German of Martin Luther, by
Frederick Henry Hedge [1805-1890]*

PRAYER TO THE TRINITY

LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing
Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy:
Thus provided,
Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

James Edmeston [1791-1867]

IN SORROW

GENTLY, Lord, oh, gently lead us,
 Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
 Through the trials yet decreed us,
 Till our last great change appears.
 When temptation's darts assail us,
 When in devious paths we stray,
 Let Thy goodness never fail us,
 Lead us in Thy perfect way.

In the hour of pain and anguish,
 In the hour when death draws near,
 Suffer not our hearts to languish,
 Suffer not our souls to fear;
 And, when mortal life is ended,
 Bid us in Thine arms to rest,
 Till, by angel bands attended,
 We awake among the blest.

Thomas Hastings [1784-1872]

“JUST FOR TO-DAY”

LORD, for to-morrow and its needs,
 I do not pray:
 Keep me, my God, from stain of sin,
 Just for to-day;
 Let me no wrong or idle word
 Unthinking say:
 Set Thou a seal upon my lips,
 Just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work,
 And duly pray;
 Let me be kind in word and deed,
 Just for to-day;
 Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
 In season, gay;
 Let me be faithful to Thy grace.
 Just for to-day.

In pain and sorrow’s cleansing fires,
Brief be my stay;
Oh, bid me if to-day I die,
Come home to-day;
So, for to-morrow and its needs,
I do not pray;
But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,
Just for to-day.

Samuel Wilberforce [1805-1873]

“THERE IS A HAPPY LAND”

THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King!
Loud let his praises ring,—
Praise, praise for aye!

Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father’s hand,
Love cannot die.
On, then, to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And, bright above the sun,
Reign, reign for aye.

Andrew Young [1807-1889]

THE VOICE FROM GALILEE

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
 " Come unto Me and rest;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon My breast."
 I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary, and worn, and sad,
 I found in Him a resting-place,
 And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold, I freely give
 The living water,—thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live."
 I came to Jesus and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's Light;
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright."
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him, my Star, my Sun;
 And in that Light of life I'll walk
 Till traveling days be done.

Horatius Bonar [1808-1889]

FAITH

My faith looks up to Thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Saviour divine!
 Now hear me while I pray,
 Take all my guilt away,
 O let me from this day
 Be wholly Thine!

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
 My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love for Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be.—
 A living fire!

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
 Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
 From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
 A ransomed soul!

Ray Palmer [1808-1887]

HE STANDETH AT THE DOOR

IN the silent midnight watches,
 List—thy bosom door!
How it knocketh—knocketh—knocketh
 Knocketh evermore!
Say not 'tis thy pulse's beating:
 'Tis thy heart of sin;
'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth,
 “Rise, and let Me in!”

Death comes on with reckless footsteps,
 To the hall and hut:
Think you Death will tarry, knocking,
 Where the door is shut?

Jesus waiteth—waiteth—waiteth,
 But the door is fast;
 Grieved, away my Saviour goeth;
 Death breaks in at last.

Then 'tis time to stand entreating
 Christ to let thee in:
 At the gate of Heaven beating,
 Wailing for thy sin.
 Nay!—alas, thou guilty creature!
 Hast thou, then, forgot?
 Jesus waited long to know thee;
 Now He knows thee not.

Arthur Cleveland Coxe [1818-1896]

“THERE IS A GREEN HILL”

THERE is a green hill far away,
 Without a city wall,
 Where the dear Lord was crucified,
 Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell
 What pains He had to bear,
 But we believe it was for us
 He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
 He died to make us good,
 That we might go at last to heaven,
 Saved by His precious blood.

There was no other good enough
 To pay the price of sin;
 He only could unlock the gate
 Of heaven, and let us in.

O dearly, dearly has He loved,
 And we must love Him too,
 And trust in His redeeming blood,
 And try His works to do.

Cecil Frances Alexander [1818-1895]

NEARER HOME

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before;

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross!
Nearer gaining the crown!

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the silent, unknown stream,
That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps
Come to the dread abysm:
Closer Death to my lips
Presses the awful chrism.

Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink;
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think;

Father, perfect my trust;
Let my spirit feel in death,
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of a living faith!

Phoebe Cary [1824-1871]

"ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS!"

ONWARD, Christian soldiers!

Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

Christ the Royal Master

Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,

See, His banners go!

Onward, Christian soldiers!

Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

At the sign of triumph

Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!

Hell's foundations quiver

At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise!

Like a mighty army

Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the Saints have trod;
We are not divided
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

Crowns and thrones may perish,

Kingdoms rise and wane,

But the Church of Jesus

Constant will remain;

Gates of hell can never

'Gainst that Church prevail;

We have Christ's own promise,

And that cannot fail.

“Onward, Christian Soldiers!” 355

Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

Sabine Baring-Gould [1834-

A DEDICATION

My new-cut ashlar takes the light
Where crimson-blank the windows flare;
By my own work, before the night,
Great Overseer, I make my prayer.

If there be good in that I wrought,
Thy hand compelled it, Master, Thine;
Where I have failed to meet Thy thought
I know, through Thee, the blame is mine.

One instant's toil to Thee denied
Stands all Eternity's offence;
Of that I did with Thee to guide
To Thee, through Thee, be excellence.

Who, lest all thought of Eden fade,
Bringest Eden to the craftsman's brain,
Godlike to muse o'er his own trade
And manlike stand with God again.

The depth and dream of my desire,
The bitter paths wherein I stray,
Thou knowest Who hast made the Fire,
Thou knowest Who hast made the Clay.

One stone the more swings to her place
In that dread Temple of Thy worth—
It is enough that through Thy grace
I saw naught common on Thy earth.

Take not that vision from my ken;
O, whatso'er may spoil or speed,
Help me to need no aid from men,
That I may help such men as need!

Rudyard Kipling [1865–

APPENDIX

**CONTAINING A FEW OF THE MORE FAMOUS
POEMS IN OTHER LANGUAGES, OF WHICH
TRANSLATIONS OR PARAPHRASES OC-
CUR IN THE FOREGOING PAGES**

APPENDIX

DIES IRÆ *

Ies iræ, dies illa, dies tribulationis et angustiæ, dies calamitatis et misericordiæ, dies tenebrarum et caliginis, dies nebulae et turbinis, dies tubæ et clangoris super viles munitas et super angulos excelsos! — Sophonias i. 15, 16.

DIES iræ, dies illa!
Solvet sæclum in favillâ,
Teste David cum Sybillâ.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus!

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulcra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit, et natura,
Quum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet, apparebit:
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum, miser! tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Quum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis!

* For a translation of this poem see page 3527.

Appendix

**Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ;
Ne me perdas illâ die!**

**Quærens me, sedisti lassus,
Redemisti, crucem passus:
Tantus labor non sit cassus!**

**Juste Judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis!**

**Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpa rubet vultus meus;
Supplicanti parce, Deus!**

**Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.**

**Preces meæ non sunt dignæ,
Sed tu bonus fac benigne
Ne perenni cremer igne!**

**Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hædis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextrâ**

**Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis!**

**Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis!**

**Lacrymosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favilla
Judicandus homo reus;
Huic ergo parce, Deus!**

Tommáso di Celano [1185?–1255?]

STABAT MATER DOLOROSA *

STABAT Mater dolorosa
 Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
 Dum pendebat filius;
 Cujus animam gementem,
 Contristatam et dolentem,
 Pertransivit gladius.

O quam tristis et afflita
 Fuit illa benedicta
 Mater unigeniti,
 Quæ mōrebat et dolebat,
 Pia mater, dum videbat
 Nati pœnas inclyti!

Quis est homo qui non fleret,
 Christi matrem si videret
 In tanto suppicio?
 Quis non posset contristari
 Piam matrem contemplari
 Dolentem cum filio?

Pro peccatis suæ gentis,
 Vedit Jesum in tormentis,
 Et flagellis subditum.
 Vedit suum dulcem natum,
 Morientem, desolatum,
 Dum emisit spiritum.

Eia mater, fons amoris,
 Me sentire vim doloris
 Fac, ut tecum lugeam.
 Fac ut ardeat cor meum
 In amando Christum Deum,
 Ut illi complaceam.

Sancta Mater, istud agas,
 Crucifixi fige plagas
 Cordi meo valide.

* For a translation of this poem see page 3529.

Appendix

Tui nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati,
Pœnas mecum divide.

Fac me vere tecum flere,
Crucifijo condolere,
Donec ego vixero;
Juxta crucem tecum stare,
Et tibi me sociare
In planctu desidero.

Virgo virginum præclara,
Mihi jam non sis amara;
Fac me tecum plangere;
Fac ut portem Christi mortem,
Passionis fac consortem,
Et plagas recolere.

Fac me plagis vulnerari,
Cruce hac inebriari,
Et cruento filii;
Inflammatus et accensus,
Per te, Virgo, sum defensus
In die judicii.

Fac me cruce custodiri,
Morte Christi præmuniri,
Confoveri gratia.
Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animæ donetur
Paradisi gloria.

Jacopone da Todi [? -1306]

VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS *

VENI, Sancte Spiritus,
Et emitte cœlitus
Lucis tuæ radium.

* For a translation of this poem see page 3530.

Veni, pater pauperum,
 Veni, dator munerum,
 Veni, lumen cordium.

Consolator optime,
 Dulcis hospes animæ,
 Dulce refrigerium.

In labore requies,
 In æstu temperies,
 In fletu solatium.

O lux beatissima!
 Reple cordis intima,
 Tuorum fidelium.

Sine tuo numine,
 Nihil est in homine,
 Nihil est innoxium.

Lava quod est sordidum,
 Riga quod est aridum,
 Sana quod est saucium,

 Flecte quod est rigidum,
 Fove quod est frigidum,
 Rege quod est devium.

Da tuis fidelibus,
 In te confidentibus,
 Sacrum septenarium;

Da virtutis meritum,
 Da salutis exitum,
 Da perenne gaudium!

Robert II. of France [971-1031]

VENI, CREATOR SPIRITUS *

VENI, Creator Spiritus,
 Mentes tuorum visita,
 Imple superna gratia,
 Quæ tu creasti pectora.

* For a translation of this poem see page 3532.

Appendix

Qui diceris Paraclitus,
 Altissimi donum Dei,
 Fons vivus, ignis, caritas,
 Et spiritalis unctio.

Tu septiformis munere,
 Dextræ Dei tu digitus,
 Tu rite promissum Patris,
 Sermone ditans guttura.

Accende lumen sensibus,
 Infunde amorem cordibus,
 Infirma nostri corporis
 Virtute firmans perpeti.

Hostem repellas longius,
 Pacemque dones protinus:
 Ductore sic te prævio
 Vitemus omne noxium.

Per te sciamus da Patrem,
 Noscamus atque Filium;
 Te utriusque Spiritum
 Credamus omni tempore.

Deo Patri sit gloria
 Et Filio qui a mortuis
 Surrexit, ac Paraclito,
 In sæculorum sæcula.

St. Gregory the Great (?) [540?–604]

URBS SYON AUREA *

From Horæ Novissima

URBS SYON aurea,
 Patria lactea,
 Cive decora,
 Omne cor obruis,
 Omnibus obstruis
 Et cor et ora.

* For a paraphrase of this poem see page 3445.

Nescio, nescio,
Quæ jubilatio,
 Lux tibi qualis,
Quàm socialia
Gaudia, gloria
 Quàm specialis.

Laude studens ea
Tollere, mens mea
 Victa fatiscit:
O bona gloria,
Vincor; in omnia
 Laus tua vicit.
Sunt Syon atria
Conjubilantia,
 Martyre plena,
Cive micantia,
Principe stantia;
 Luce serena;
Est ibi pascua,
Mitibus afflua,
 Præstita sanctis.

Regis ibi thronus,
Agminis et sonus
 Est epulantis.
Gens duce splendida,
Concio candida
 Vestibus albis
Sunt sine fletibus
In Syon ædibus,
 Ædibus almis;
Sunt sine crimine,
Sunt sine turbine,
 Sunt sine lite
In Syon ædibus
Editioribus
 Israëlita.

Urbs Syon inclyta,
Gloria debita
 Glorificandis,

Tu bona visibus
 Interioribus
 Intima pandis:
 Intima lumina,
 Mentis acumina
 Te speculantur,
 Pectora flammea
 Spe modò, postea
 Forte lucrantur.

Bernard of Cluny [1122?–1156?]

URBS BEATA HIERUSALEM *

URBS beata Hierusalem,
 Dicta Pacis Visio,
 Quæ construitur in cœlis
 Vivis ex lapidibus,
 Et ab angelis ornata,
 Ut sponsata comite.

Nova veniens e cœlo,
 Nuptiali thalamo
 Præparata, ut sponsata
 Copuletur Domino;
 Plateæ et muri ejus
 Ex auro purissimo.

Portæ nitent margaritis,
 Adytis patentibus;
 Et virtute meritorum
 Illuc introducitur
 Omnis qui ob Christi Nomen
 Hoc in mundo premitur.

Tunsionibus, pressuris
 Expoliti lapides
 Suis coaptantur locis
 Per Manum Artificis;
 Disponuntur permansuri
 Sacris ædificiis.

* For a paraphrase of this poem see page 3446.

Gloria et honor Deo
 Usquequo Altissimo,
 Una Patri, Filioque,
 Inclyto Paraclito,
 Cui laus est et potestas
 Per æterna sæcula.

Unknown

VIVAMUS, MEA LESBIA *

VIVAMUS, mea Lesbia, atque amemus,
 Rumoresque senum severiorum
 Omnes unius æstimemus assis.
 Soles occidere et redire possunt:
 Nobis, cum semel occidit brevis lux,
 Nox est perpetua una dormienda.
 Da mi basia mille, deinde centum,
 Dein mille altera, dein secunda centum,
 Deinde usque altera mille, deinde centum.
 Dein, cum milia multa fecerimus,
 Conturbabimus illa, ne sciamus,
 Aut ne quis malus invidere possit,
 Cum tantum sciet esse basiorum.

Gaius Valerius Catullus [87 B. C.?–54 B. C.?]

PERSICOS ODI †

PERSICOS odi,
 Puer, apparatus;
 Displicent nexæ
 Philyrâ coronæ:
 Mitte sectari,
 Rosa quo locorum
 Sera moretur.

Simplici myrto
 Nihil allabores
 Sedulus, curo:

* For a paraphrase of this poem see page 566.

† For a paraphrase of this poem see page 1919.

Neque te ministrum
Dedecet myrtus,
Neque me sub arcta
Vite bibentem.

Quintus Horatius Flaccus [65 B. C.-8 B. C.]

INTEGER VITÆ *

INTEGER vitæ scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauris jaculis neque arcu
Nec venenatis grava sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra;
Sive per Syrtis iter æstuosas
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.

Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditis,
Fugit inermem,
Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit æsculetis
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura,
Quod latus mundi nebulae malusque
Juppiter urget;
Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis, in terra domibus negata:
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

Quintus Horatius Flaccus [65 B. C.-8 B. C.]

* For a paraphrase of this poem see page 2780.

RECTIUS VIVES *

RECTIUS vives, Licini, neque altum
 Semper urgendo neque, dum procellas
 Cautus horrescis, nimium premendo
 Litus iniquum.

Auream quisquis mediocritatem
 Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti
 Sordibus tecti, caret invidenda
 Sobrius aula.

Sæpius ventis agitatur ingens
 Pinus et celsæ graviore casu
 Decidunt turres feriuntque summos
 Fulgura montis.

Sperat infestis, metuit secundis
 Alteram sortem bene præparatum
 Pectus. Informis hiemes reducit
 Juppiter, idem

Submovet; non, si male nunc, et olim
 Sic erit; quondam cithara tacentem
 Suscitat musam neque semper arcum
 Tendit Apollo.

Rebus angustis animosus atque
 Fortis appare; sapienter idem
 Contrahes vento nimium secundo
 Turgida vela.

Quintus Horatius Flaccus [65 B. C.–8 B. C.]

DE BREVITATE VITÆ †

(CARMEN AMŒBAEUM)

GAUDEAMUS igitur,
 Juvenes dum sumus;

* For a paraphrase of this poem see page 2849.

† For a paraphrase of this poem see page 2775.

Appendix

**Post jucundam juventutem,
Post molestam senectutem
 Nos habebit humus.**

**Ubi sunt, qui ante nos
 In mundo fuere?
Vadite ad superos,
Transite ad inferos,
 Ubi jam fuere.**

**Vita nostra brevis est,
 Brevi finietur,
Venit mors velociter,
Rapit nos atrociter,
 Nemini parceret.**

**Vivat academia,
 Vivant professores,
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quaelibet,
 Semper sint in flore!**

**Vivant omnes virgines,
 Faciles, formosæ,
Vivant et mulieres,
Teneræ, amabiles,
 Bonæ, laboriosæ!**

**Vivat et respublica
 Et qui illam regit,
Vivat nostra civitas,
Mæcenatum caritas,
 Quæ nos hic protegit!**

**Pereat tristitia,
 Pereant osores,
Pereat diabolus,
Quivis antiburschius,
 Atque irrisores.**

LAURIGER HORATIUS *

LAURIGER HORATIUS,
Quàm dixisti verum;
Fugit Euro citius
Tempus edax rerum!
Ubi sunt, o pocula
Dulciora melle!
Rixæ, pax et oscula
Rubentis puellæ?

Crescit uva molliter
Et puella crescit,
Sed poeta turpiter
Sitiens canescit.
Quid juvat æternitas
Nominis, amare
Nisi terræ filias
Licet, et potare.

Unknown

EIN FESTE BURG †

EIN feste Burg ist unser Gott,
Ein gute Wehr und Waffen,
Er hilft uns frei aus aller Not,
Die uns jetzt hat betroffen.
Der alt böse Feind
Mit Ernst ers jetzt meint,
Gross Macht und viel List
Sein grausam Rüstung ist,
Auf Erd ist nicht seins Gleichen.

Mit unsrer Macht ist nichts getan,
Wir sind gar bald verloren;
Es streit für uns der rechte Mann,
Den Gott hat selbst erkoren.

* For a paraphrase of this poem see page 2776.

† For a translation of this poem see page 3556.

Fragst du, wer der ist!
 Er heisst Jesus Christ,
 Der Herr Zebaoth,
 Und ist kein anderer Gott,
 Das Feld muss er behalten.

Und wenn die Welt voll Teufel wär
 Und wollt uns gar verschlingen,
 So fürchten wir uns nicht so sehr,
 Es soll uns doch gelingen.
 Der Fürst dieser Welt,
 Wie saur er sich stellt,
 Tut er uns doch nicht;
 Das macht, er ist gericht,
 Ein Wörtlein kann ihn fällen.

Das Wort sie sollen lassen stan
 Und kein Dank dazu haben.
 Er ist bei uns wohl auf dem Plan
 Mit seinem Geist und Gaben.
 Nehmen sie den Leib,
 Gut, Ehr, Kind und Weib,
 Lass fahren dahin,
 Sie habens kein Gewinn:
 Das Reich muss uns doch bleiben.

Martin Luther [1483-1546]

LIED *

Ins stille Land!
 Wer leitet uns hinüber?
 Schon wölkt sich uns der Abendhimmel trüber,
 Und immer trümmervoller wird der Strand.
 Wer leitet uns mit sanfter Hand
 Hinüber, ach! hinüber
 Ins stille Land?

Ins stille Land!
 Zu euch, ihr freien Räume
 Für die Veredlung! Zarte Morgenträume

* For a paraphrase of this poem see page 3242.

Der schönen Seelen! künftgen Daseins Pfand.
 Wer treu des Lebens Kampf bestand,
 Trägt seiner Hoffnung Keime
 Ins stille Land.

Ach Land! ach Land!
 Für alle Sturmbedrohten
 Der mildeste von unsers Schicksals Boten
 Winkt uns, die Fackel umgewandt,
 Und leitet uns mit sanfter Hand
 Ins Land der grossen Toten,
 Ins stille Land.

Johann Gaudenz von Salis-Seewis [1762-1834]

DIE WACHT AM RHEIN *

Es braust ein Ruf wie Donnerhall,
 Wie Schwertgeklirr und Wogenprall:
 "Zum Rhein, zum Rhein, zum deutschen Rhein!
 Wer will des Stromes Hüter sein?"

Chorus—Lieb Vaterland, magst ruhig sein,
 Fest steht und treu die Wacht am Rhein!

Durch Hunderttausend zuckt es schnell,
 Und aller Augen blitzen hell.
 Der deutsche Jüngling fromm und stark
 Beschirmt die heil'ge Landesmark.

Er blickt hinauf in Himmelsau'n,
 Wo Heldengeister niederschaun,
 Und schwört mit stolzer Kampfeslust:
 "Du, Rhein, bleibst deutsch wie meine Brust!"

"Und ob mein Herz im Tode bricht,
 Wirst du doch drum ein Welscher nicht.
 Reich wie an Wasser deine Flut,
 Ist Deutschland ja an Heldenblut.

* For a translation of this poem see page 2197.

“So lang ein Tropfen Blut noch glüht,
 Noch eine Faust den Degen zieht,
 Und noch ein Arm die Büchse spannt,
 Betritt kein Feind hier deinen Strand.”

Der Schwur erschallt, die Woge rinnt,
 Die Fahnen flattern hoch im Wind:
 Zum Rhein, zum Rhein, zum deutschen Rhein!
 Wir alle wollen Hüter sein!

Max Schneckenburger [1819-1849]

DES DEUTSCHEN VATERLAND *

Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?
 Ist's Preussenland? ist's Schwabenland?
 Ist's, wo am Rhein die Rebe blüht?
 Ist's, wo am Belt die Möve zieht?
 O nein! nein! nein!
 Sein Vaterland muss grösser sein.

Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?
 Ist's Baierland? ist's Steierland?
 Ist's, wo des Marsen Rind sich streckt?
 Ist's, wo der Märker Eisen reckt?
 O nein! nein! nein!
 Sein Vaterland muss grösser sein.

Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?
 Ist's Pommerland, Westfalenland?
 Ist's, wo der Sand der Dünen weht?
 Ist's, wo die Donau brausend geht?
 O nein! nein! nein!
 Sein Vaterland muss grösser sein.

Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?
 So nenne mir das grosse Land!

* For a translation of this poem see page 2198.

Ist's Land der Schweitzer? ist's Tirol?
Das Land und Volk gefiel mir wohl;
Doch nein! nein! nein!
Sein Vaterland muss grösser sein.

Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?
So nenne mir das grosse Land!
Gewiss es ist das Oesterreich,
An Ehren und an Siegen reich?
O nein! nein! nein!
Sein Vaterland muss grösser sein.

Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?
So nenne mir das grosse Land!
So weit die deutsche Zunge klingt
Und Gott im Himmel Lieder singt,
Das soll es sein!
Das, wacker Deutscher, nenne dein!

Das ist des Deutschen Vaterland,
Wo Eide schwört der Druck der Hand,
Wo Treue hell vom Auge blitzt
Und Liebe warm im Herzen sitzt—
Das soll es sein!
Das, wacker Deutscher, nenne dein!

Das ist des Deutschen Vaterland,
Wo Zorn vertilgt den wälschen Tand,
Wo jeder Franzmann heisset Feind,
Wo jeder Deutsche heisset Freund—
Das soll es sein!
Das ganze Deutschland soll es sein!

Das ganze Deutschland soll es sein!
O Gott vom Himmel sieh' darein,
Und gieb uns rechten deutschen Muth,
Dass wir es lieben treu und gut.
Das soll es sein!
Das ganze Deutschland soll es sein!

Ernst Moritz Arndt [1769-1860]

LA MARSEILLAISE *

ALLONS, enfants de la Patrie,
 Le jour de gloire est arrivé;
 Contre nous de la tyrannie
 L'étendard sanglant est levé,
 Entendez-vous dans ces campagnes
 Mugir ces féroces soldats?
 Ils viennent jusque dans vos bras
 Égorer nos fils, nos compagnes! . . .

Aux armes, citoyens! formez vos bataillons!

Marchons, marchons!
 Qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons!

Que veut cette horde d'esclaves,
 De traîtres, de rois conjurés?
 Pour qui ces ignobles entraves,
 Ces fers dès longtemps préparés?
 Français, pour nous, ah! quel outrage!
 Quels transports il doit exciter!
 C'est nous qu'on ose méditer
 De rendre à l'antique esclavage.

Quoi! ces cohortes étrangères
 Feraient la loi dans nos foyers?
 Quoi! ces phalanges mercenaires
 Terrasseraient nos fiers guerriers?
 Grand Dieu! par des mains enchaînées
 Nos fronts sous le joug se ploieraient!
 De vils despotes deviendraient
 Les maîtres de nos destinées.

Tremblez, tyrans, et vous perfides,
 L'opprobre de tous les partis,
 Tremblez! vos projets parricides
 Vont enfin recevoir leur prix!
 Tout est soldat pour vous combattre.
 S'ils tombent, nos jeunes héros,
 La terre en produit de nouveaux
 Contre vous tout prêts à se battre!

* For a paraphrase of this poem see page 2199.

Ballade des Dames du Temps Jadis 3587

Français, en guerriers magnanimes,
Portez ou retenez vos coups;
Épargnez ces tristes victimes
A regret s'armant contre nous.
Mais ces despotes sanguinaires,
Mais les complices de Bouillé,
Tous ces tigres qui sans pitié
Dechirent le sein de leurs mères! . . .

Nous entrerons dans la carrière
Quand nos ainés n'y seront plus;
Nous y trouverons leur poussière
Et la trace de leurs vertus!
Bien moins jaloux de leur survivre
Que de partager leur cercueil,
Nous aurons le sublime orgueil
De les venger ou de les suivre! . . .

Amour sacré de la Patrie,
Conduis, soutiens nos braves vengeurs:
Liberté, Liberté chérie,
Combats avex tes défenseurs!
Sous nos drapeaux que la Victoire
Accoure à tes mâles accents;
Que tes ennemis expirants
Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire! . . .
Aux armes, citoyens! formez vos bataillons!
Marchons, marchons!
Qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons!

Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle [1760-1836]

BALLADE DES DAMES DU TEMPS JADIS *

DICTES-MOY où, n'en quel pays,
Est Flora, la belle Romaine;
Archipiada, ne Thaïs,
Qui fut sa cousine germaine;

* For translations of this poem see pages 1724, 1725, 1726.

Echo, parlant quand bruyt on maine
 Dessus riviere ou sus estan,
 Qui beauté eut trop plus qu'humaine?
 Mais où sont les neiges d'antan!

Où est la tres sage Heloïs,
 Pour qui fut blessé et puis moyne
 Pierre Esbaillart à Sainct-Denys
 (Pour son amour eut cest essoyne)?
 Semblablement, où est la royne
 Qui commanda que Buridan
 Fust jetté en ung sac en Seine? . . .
 Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?

La royne Blanche comme ung lys,
 Qui chantoit à voix de sereine;
 Berthe au grand pied, Bietris, Allys;
 Harembourges, qui tint le Mayne,
 Et Jehanne, la bonne Lorraine,
 Qu'Angloys bruslerent à Rouen;
 Où sont-ils, Vierge souveraine? . . .
 Mais où sont les neiges d'antan!

ENVOI

Prince, n'enquerez de sepmaine
 Où elles sont, ne de cest an,
 Que ce refrain ne vous remaine:
 Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?

François Villon [1431-14?]

BALLADE DE FRÈRE LUBIN *

POUR courir en poste à la ville
 Vingt fois, cent fois, ne scai combien,
 Pour faire quelque chose vile,
 Frère Lubin le fera bien;
 Mais d'avoir honneste entretien,
 Ou mener vie salutaire,
 C'est à faire à un bon chrestien,
 Frère Lubin ne le peut faire.

* For a translation of this poem see page 1806.

Pour mettre (comme un homme habile)
 Le bien d'autrui avec le sien,
 Et vous laisser sans croix ne pile,
 Frère Lubin le fera bien.
 On a beau dire, je le tien,
 Et le presser de satisfaire,
 Jamais ne vous en rendra rien;
 Frère Lubin ne le peut faire.

Pour desbaucher par un doux stile
 Quelque fille de bon maintien,
 Point ne faut de vieille subtile,
 Frère Lubin le fera bien.
 Il presche en theologien;
 Mais pour boire de belle eau claire,
 Faites la boire à vostre chien,
 Frère Lubin ne le peut faire.

ENVOI

Pour faire plus tost mal que bien,
 Frère Lubin le fera bien,
 Et si c'est quelque bon affaire,
 Frère Lubin ne le peut faire.

Clément Marot [1495-1544]

LE GRENIER *

JE viens revoir l'asile où ma jeunesse
 De la misère a subi les leçons.
 J'avais vingt ans, une folle maîtresse,
 De francs amis et l'amour des chansons.
 Bravant le monde et les sots et les sages,
 Sans avenir, riche de mon printemps,
 Leste et joyeux, je montais six étages.
 Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans!

C'est un grenier, point ne veux qu'on l'ignore.
 Là fut mon lit, bien chétif et bien dur;
 Là fut ma table; et je retrouve encore
 Trois pieds d'un vers charbonnés sur le mur.

* For a translation of this poem see page 447.

Apparaïsez, plaisirs de mon bel âge,
 Que d'un coup d'aile a fustigés le temps,
 Vingt fois pour vous j'ai mis ma montre en gage.
 Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans!

Lisette ici doit surtout apparaître,
 Vive, jolie, avec un frais chapeau;
 Déjà sa main à l'étroite fenêtre
 Suspend son schal, en guise de rideau.
 Sa robe aussi va parer ma couchette;
 Respecte, Amour, ses plis longs et flottans.
 J'ai su depuis qui payait sa toilette.
 Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans!

À table un jour, jour de grande richesse,
 De mes amis les voix brillaient en chœur,
 Quand jusqu'ici monte un cri d'allégresse:
 À Marengo Bonaparte est vainqueur.
 Le canon gronde; un autre chant commence.
 Nous célébrons tant de faits éclatans.
 Les rois jamais n'envahiront la France.
 Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans!

Quittons ce toit où ma raison s'enivre.
 Oh! qu'ils sont loin ces jours si regrettés!
 J'échangerais ce qu'il me reste à vivre
 Contre un des mois qu'ici Dieu m'a comptés,
 Pour rêver gloire, amour, plaisir, folie,
 Pour dépenser sa vie en peu d'instans,
 D'un long espoir pour la voir embellie.
 Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans!

Pierre-Jean de Béranger [1780-1857]

LE ROI D'YVETOT *

Il était un roi d'Yvetot
 Peu connu dans l'histoire,
 Se levant tard, se couchant tôt,
 Dormant fort bien sans gloire,

* For a paraphrase of this poem see page 1780.

Et couronné par Jeanneton
D'un simple bonnet de coton,
Dit-on.

Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!
Quel bon petit roi c'était là!
La, la.

Il faisait ses quatre repas
Dans son palais de chaume,
Et sur un âne, pas à pas,
Parcourait son royaume.
Joyeux, simple et croyant le bien,
Pour toute garde il n'avait rien
Qu'un chien.

Il n'avait de goût onéreux
Qu'une soif un peu vive;
Mais, en rendant son peuple heureux,
Il faut bien qu'un roi vive.
Lui-même, à table et sans suppôt,
Sur chaque muid levait un pot
D'impôt.

Aux filles de bonnes maisons
Comme il avait su plaire,
Ses sujets avaient cent raisons
De le nommer leur père.
D'ailleurs il ne levait de ban
Que pour tirer, quatre fois l'an,
Au blanc.

Il n'agrandit point ses états,
Fut un voisin commode,
Et, modèle des potentats,
Prit le plaisir pour code.
Ce n'est que lorsqu'il expira
Que le peuple, qui l'enterra,
Pleura.

On conserve encor le portrait
De ce digne et bon prince:

C'est l'enseigne d'un cabaret
 Fameux dans la province.
 Les jours de fête, bien souvent,
 La foule s'écrie en buvant
 Devant:
 Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah!
 Quel bon petit roi c'était là!
 La, la.

Pierre-Jean de Béranger [1780-1857]

FANTAISIE *

Il est un air pour qui je donnerais
 Tout Rossini, tout Mozart, tout Weber,
 Un air très vieux, languissant et funèbre,
 Qui pour moi seul a des charmes secrets.
 Or, chaque fois que je viens à l'entendre,
 De deux cents ans mon âme rajeunit;
 C'est sous Louis treize . . . et je crois voir s'étendre
 Un coteau vert que le couchant jaunit.

Puis un château de brigue à coins de pierres,
 Aux vitraux teints de rougeâtres couleurs,
 Ceint de grands parcs, avec une rivière
 Baignant ses pieds, qui coule entre les fleurs.

Puis une dame à sa haute fenêtre,
 Blonde, aux yeux noirs, en ses habits anciens . . .
 Que dans une autre existence, peut-être,
 J'ai déjà vue! . . . et dont je me souviens.

Gérard de Nerval [1808-1855]

L'ART †

Oui, l'œuvre sort plus belle
 D'une forme au travail
 Rebelle,
 Vers, marbre, onyx, email.

* For a translation of this poem see page 900.

† For a paraphrase of this poem see page 2954.

Point de contraintes fausses!
Mais que, pour marcher droit,
 Tu chausses,
Muse, un cothurne étroit.

Fi du rythme commode,
Comme un soulier trop grand,
 Du mode
Que tout pied quitte et prend!

Statuaire, repousse
L'argile que pétrit
 Le pouce
Quand flotte ailleurs l'esprit.

Lutte avec le carrage,
Avec le paros dur
 Et rare,
Gardiens du contour pur;

Emprunte à Syracuse
Son bronze où fermement
 S'accuse
Le trait fier et charmant;

D'une main délicate
Poursuis dans un filon
 D'agate
Le profil d'Apollon.

Peintre, fuis l'aquarelle,
Et fixe la couleur
 Trop frêle
Au four de l'émailleur.

Fais les sirènes bleues,
Tordant de cent façons
 Leurs queues,
Les monstres des blasons;

Dans son nimbe trilobe
La Vierge et son Jésus,
 Le globe
Avec la croix dessus.

Appendix

Tout passe.—L'art robuste
Seul a l'éternité.

Le buste.
Survit à la cité.

Et la médaille austère
Que trouve un laboureur
Sous terre
Révèle un empereur.

Les dieux eux-mêmes meurent.
Mais les vers souverains
Demeurent
Plus fort que les airains.

Sculpte, lime, cisèle;
Que ton rêve flottant
Se scelle
Dans le bloc résistant!

Théophile Gautier [1811-1872]

CARCASSONNE *

JE me fais vieux, j'ai soixante ans;
J'ai travaillé toute ma vie
Sans avoir, durant ce temps,
Pu satisfaire mon envie.
Je vois bien qu'il n'est ici-bas
De bonheur complet pour personne.
Mon voeu ne s'accomplira pas:
Je n'ai jamais vu Carcassonne!

On voit la ville de là-haut
Derrière les montagnes bleues,
Mais, pour y parvenir, il faut,
Il faut faire cinq grandes lieues,
En faire autant pour revenir;
Ah, si la vendange était bonne!
Le raisin ne veut pas jaunir:
Je ne verrai pas Carcassonne!

* For a translation of this poem see page 420.

On dit qu'on y voit tous les jours,
Ni plus ni moins que les dimanches,
Des gens s'en aller sur les cours,
En habits neufs, en robes blanches.
On dit qu'on y voit des châteaux
Grands commes ceux de Babylone,
Un évêque et deux généraux!
Je ne connais pas Carcassonne!

Le vicaire a cent fois raison:
C'est des imprudents que nous sommes.
Il disait dans son oraison
Que l'ambition perd les hommes.
Si je pouvois trouver pourtant
Deux jours sur la fin de l'automne—
Mon Dieu, que je mourrais content
Après avoir vu Carcassonne!

Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, pardonnez-moi
Si ma prière vous offense;
On voit toujours plus haut que soi,
En vieillesse comme en enfance.
Ma femme, avec mon fils Aignan,
A voyagé jusqu'à Narbonne;
Mon filleul a vu Perpignan,
Et je n'ai pas vu Carcassonne!

Ainsi chantait près de Limoux
Un paysan courbé par l'âge.
Je lui dis: "Ami, levez-vous;
Nous allons faire le voyage."
Nous partimes le lendemain,
Mais, que le Bon Dieu lui pardonne,
Il mourut à moitié chemin:
Il n'a jamais vu Carcassonne!

Gustave Nadaud [1820-1893]

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Born at Gravesend, England, June 10, 1832; died, March 24, 1904.

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Born at New York City, June 24, 1834; died at Strawberry Farms, Monmouth County, N. J., November 9, 1865.

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Born at Laleham, England, December 24, 1822; died at Liverpool, England, April 15, 1888.

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Born at Stockport, Cheshire, England, in 1836; died at London, December 18, 1889.

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AUSTIN, ADAM

A Scotch poet, born about 1726; died in 1774.

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AUSTIN, ALFRED

Born at Headingley, Leeds, England, May 30, 1835; Poet Laureate since 1896; present address, Ashford, Kent.

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Born at the castle of Kinaldie, near St. Andrews, Scotland, in 1570; died at London, England, February 28, 1638. The name is sometimes spelled Aytoun.

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AVTOUN, WILLIAM EDMONSTOUNE

Born at Edinburgh, Scotland, June 21, 1813; died at Blackhills, near Elgin, August 4, 1865.

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Born at London, England, January 22, 1561; died there, April 9, 1626.

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Born at Stamford, Conn., February 17, 1876; present address, Pleasantville, N. Y.

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BAILEY, PHILIP JAMES

Born at Basford, Nottingham, England, in 1816; died in 1902.

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Born in Lanarkshire, Scotland, September 11, 1762; died at Hampstead, England, February 23, 1851.

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An American writer, born in 1849, and now living at Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Born at Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1808; died there in December, 1877.

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Born in Massachusetts about 1758; graduated from Harvard in 1777; afterwards a judge in Worcester county. Given as the author of "Yankee Doodle" on the authority of Edward Everett Hale.

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BANKS, GEORGE LINNÆUS

Born at Birmingham, England, March 2, 1821; died at London, May 3, 1881.

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BANNERMAN, FRANCES

An English writer, living in London.

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Born in Leicestershire, England, June 20, 1743; died near London, March 9, 1825.

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Born at Exeter, England, January 28, 1834; and still living in Devonshire.

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Born at Clontarf, County Dublin, Ireland, and still living at Dublin.

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Born in Fifeshire, Scotland, December 8, 1750; died at London, May 6, 1825.

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Born at Norbury, Shropshire, England, in June, 1574; died in Staffordshire, March 3, 1627.

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Born at Rushay, Dorsetshire, England, in March, 1801; died at Came, Dorset, October 7, 1886.

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Born at Carlisle, England, January 31, 1784; died at Woodbridge, February 19, 1849.
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Born at East Machias, Me., December 16, 1850; present address, Boston, Mass.
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Born at Falmouth, Mass., August 12, 1859; present address, Wellesley, Mass.
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Born at Bath, England, October 13, 1797; died at London, April 22, 1839.
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An English writer, born May 15, 1859, and now living in London.
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Born at Wye, England, in July, 1640; died at London, April 16, 1689.
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Born at Glasgow, Scotland, May 7, 1871, and now living at Craigendoran, Dumbartonshire, Scotland.
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Born at Demerara, British Guiana, August 13, 1809; died in New York City, September 12, 1864.
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Born at Cork, Ireland, in 1785; date of death unknown.
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- BENNETT, HENRY HOLCOMB**
Born at Chillicothe, Ohio, December 5, 1863, and still lives there.
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Born at Chillicothe, Ohio, May 17, 1865; present address, Charleston, S. C.
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BENNETT, WILLIAM COX	BISHOP, SAMUEL
<i>Born at Greenwich, England, October 14, 1820; died at Blackheath, England, March 4, 1895.</i>	<i>Born at London, England, September 21, 1731; died there, November 17, 1795.</i>
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<i>Born at Canterbury, England, April 24, 1862; present address, Cambridge, England.</i>	<i>Born at Longworth, Berkshire, England, June 7, 1825; died at Teddington, England, January 20, 1900.</i>
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<i>An English writer, concerning whom nothing is known, except that he contributed two sonnets to Davison's "Poetical Rapsodie," published in 1602.</i>	<i>Born near Carlisle, Cumberland, England, in 1747; died at Carlisle, April 5, 1794.</i>
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<i>Born in Ireland about 1735; died, an exile in France, about 1812.</i>	<i>Born at Great Yarmouth, England, May 15, 1804; suicided at London, February 15, 1845.</i>
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	<i>Born at Mannheim, Germany, March 21, 1841, the daughter of a banker named Cohen, but took the name acquired by her mother by her second marriage; taken to London at the age of eight, and died there, November 26, 1896.</i>
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An English writer, born March 22, 1852, and now living near Midhurst, Sussex.
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Born at Charleston, S. C., December 30, 1868; present address, New York City.
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<i>An English writer, born November 29, 1836; now living in London; editor of Punch since 1880.</i>	
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BYERS, SAMUEL HAWKINS MARSHALL <i>Born at Pulaski, Pa., July 23, 1838; now living at Des Moines, Iowa.</i>		
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BYRD, WILLIAM <i>Born at London, England, about 1538; died, probably at Stondon, England, July 4, 1623.</i>		
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BYROM, JOHN <i>Born at Broughton, England, February 29, 1692; died at Manchester, England, September 26, 1763.</i>		
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CABLE, GEORGE WASHINGTON <i>Born at New Orleans, La., October 12, 1844; present address, Northampton, Mass.</i>		
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CALDWELL, WILLIAM WARNER <i>Born at Newburyport, Mass., October 28, 1823.</i>		
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CALVERLEY, CHARLES STUART <i>Born at Martley, Worcestershire, England, December 22, 1831; died at London, February 17, 1884.</i>		
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*An American writer living at Evans-
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Born at Fredericton, N. B., April 15, 1861; present address, New Canaan, Ct.
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Born at Lancaster, Mass., April 6, 1823; died at Galesburg, Ill., in 1908.
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Born at Daresbury, Eng., Jan. 27, 1832; died at Guildford, Eng., Jan. 14, 1898.
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Born at Osawatomie, Kansas, April 3, 1859; present address, Stanford Uni-versity, Cal.
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Born in Essex, England, date un-known; died at London, in February, 1619.
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- CANTON, WILLIAM**
Born on the Island of Chusan, in the China Sea, October 27, 1845; present address, Berkhamsted, England.
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- CHENEY, JOHN VANCE**
Born at Groveland, N. Y., December 29, 1848; present address, San Diego, Cal.
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Born at London, England, November 6, 1671; died there, December 12 1757.
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<i>Born at Bath, England, about 1742; died at Birmingham, England, May 2, 1808.</i>		
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Born at Keighly, Yorkshire, England, December 8, 1823; came to America in 1850; died in New York City, November 30, 1912.

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COLMAN, GEORGE, THE YOUNGER

Born at London, England, October 21, 1762; died there, October 26, 1836.

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Born at Washington, Conn., May 22, 1868, and now living in New York City.

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Born at New York City, March 8, 1859, and still living there.

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Born at Bardsley, near Leeds, England, in February, 1670; died at London, January 19, 1729.

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CONSTABLE, THOMAS

Born at Craigcrook, near Edinburgh, Scotland, June 29, 1812; died at Edinburgh, May 26, 1881.

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Born at Martinsburgh, Va., October 26, 1816; died there, January 20, 1850.

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Born at West Hartford, Conn., February 17, 1827; died at Pittsfield, Mass., July 18, 1892.

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An American writer, born in 1831; died at New London, Conn., in 1886.

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An American writer, born in New York City, and still living there.

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Born at Stoke-on-Trent, England, in 1826; died at Shorelands, Kent, England, October 12, 1887.	
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Born at Providence, R. I., February 24, 1824; died on Staten Island, N. Y., August 31, 1892.	
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- DAVIS, MARY EVELYN MOORE**
Born at Talladega, Ala., in 1852; died at New Orleans, La., in 1909.
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- DAVIS, THOMAS OSBORNE**
Born at Mallow, Ireland, October 14, 1814; died at Dublin, September 16, 1845.
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Born at London, England, about 1575; date of death unknown.
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Born at Curragh Chase, County Limerick, Ireland, August 28, 1788; died there, July 5, 1846.
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Born at Cork, Ireland, March 19, 1828; died in a convent in 1869.
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Born at Philadelphia, Pa., May 24, 1852; present address, Copenhagen, Denmark.

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Born at Arbury Farm, Chilvers Colom, Warwickshire, England, November 22, 1819; died at London, December 22, 1880.

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Born at Minto House, Teviotdale, Scotland, in 1727; died there, March 29, 1805.

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An English hymn-writer, born March 17, 1789; died at Brighton, September 22, 1871.

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Born at Ware Park, Hertfordshire, England, in June, 1608; died at Madrid, Spain, June 26, 1666.
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- FAWCETT, EDGAR**
Born at New York City, May 26, 1847; died at London, England, in 1904.
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Born at Lidget Green, near Bradford, England, January 6, 1740; died in the parish of Halifax, England, July 25, 1817.
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An Irish writer; no biographical data available.
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An English writer, now living at London.
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Born at Watsford, Hertfordshire, England, about 1549; died at London, March 11, 1611.
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Born at Boston, Mass., in 1802; died there in 1896.
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<i>Born at Tarbes, France, August 31, 1811; died at Paris, October 23, 1872.</i>		
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<i>Born at London, England, November 18, 1836; drowned, May 29, 1911.</i>		
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<i>Born at Flushing, N. Y., June 29, 1858; present address, New York City.</i>		
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<i>Born at Bordentown, N. J., February 8, 1844; died at New York City, November 18, 1909.</i>		
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<i>Born at Jackson, Ohio, Oct. 9, 1869; present address, Indianapolis, Ind.</i>		
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<i>Born at Hartford, Conn., July 3, 1860; present address, New York City.</i>		
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<i>A Scotch-American writer, now living at Portland, Indiana.</i>		
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GLEN, WILLIAM		
<i>Born at Glasgow, Scotland, November 14, 1789; died there in December, 1826.</i>		
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<i>Born at Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, Scotland, October 31, 1758; died at Letterkenny, County Donegal, Ireland, in 1801.</i>		
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<i>Born at London, England, in 1712; died there, November 25, 1785.</i>		
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<i>Born in Westchester county, N. Y., April 5, 1863; present address, New York City.</i>		
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Born at Pallas, County Longford, Ireland, November 10, 1728; died at London, April 4, 1774.

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GOODALE, DORA READ

Born at Mt. Washington, Mass., October 29, 1866; now living at Redding, Conn.

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GOODCHILD, JOHN ARTHUR

Born at Ealing, Middlesex, England, February 26, 1851; now living at Bordighera, Italy.

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GORDON, ADAM LINDSAY

Born at Fayal, Azores, in 1833; shot himself at New Brighton, Australia, June 24, 1870.

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GOSSE, EDMUND WILLIAM

Born at London, England, September 21, 1849, and still living there.

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No biographical data available.

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Born at Lancaster, Mass., in 1789; died at Newburyport, Mass., September 5, 1865.

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Born in Scotland in 1612; died May 21, 1650.

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Born at Dublin, Ireland, July 22, 1846; now living at Wimbledon, England.

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Born at Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1837; died in New York State in 1888.

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Born at London, England, December 27, 1716; died at Cambridge, England, July 30, 1771.

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Born at Providence, R. I., February 10, 1802; died at Cleveland, Ohio, January 4, 1868.

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GREENE, HOMER

Born at Ariel, Pa., January 10, 1853; now living at Honesdale, Pa.

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Born at Norwich England, about 1560; died at London, September 3, 1592.

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Born at Simsbury, Conn., July 3, 1856; now living at Lexington, Mass.

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GREENWELL, DORA

Born at Greenwell Ford, Durham, England, December 6, 1821; died, March 29, 1882.

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Born at London, England, September 22, 1788; died at Fulham, England, August 24, 1841.
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- HOOKER, WILLIAM BRIAN**
Born at New York City, November 2, 1880, and now living at Farmington, Conn.
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An American writer of the first half of the nineteenth century, concerning whom no biographical data are available.
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Born at Stoke Bishop, Gloucestershire, England, April 9, 1865; died of poison, self-administered, at Madras, India, October 4, 1904.
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An Irish writer, still living.
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An English writer, born March 26, 1859, and now living at Cambridge.
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[“MARGARET VANDEGRIFT”]

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Born at Salem, Mass., October 10, 1822; died at North Andover, Mass., February 19, 1882.

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Born at Edinburgh, Scotland, February 5, 1844; still lives there.

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Born at East Bloomfield, N. Y., October 19, 1835; now living at Junction City, Kansas.

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Born at Boonville, N. Y., November 6, 1882; now living at Utica, N. Y.

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An Irish writer, concerning whom no biographical data are available.
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KENDALL, MAY

Born at Bridlington, Yorkshire, England, in 1861, and still living there.

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|--|------|
| Ballad, He said: "The shad- ows darken down" | 1060 |
|--|------|

KENNEY, JAMES

Born in Ireland in 1780; died at London, July 25, 1849.
The Old Story over Again.. 828

KEPPEL, CAROLINE

A Scotch writer, born in 1735; date of death unknown.
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KEY, FRANCIS SCOTT

Born in Frederick County, Md., August 9, 1780, died at Washington, D. C., January 11, 1843.
The Star-Spangled Banner.. 2124

KILMER, JOYCE

Born at New Brunswick, N. J., December 6, 1886, and now living at Mahwah, N. J.

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| Ballade of my Lady's Beauty | 557 |
| The King's Ballad..... | 1095 |

KIMBALL, HARRIET MC EWEN

Born at Portsmouth, N. H., in November, 1834; and still living there.

- | | |
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| White Azaleas..... | 1418 |
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KING, BEN [JAMIN FRANKLIN]

Born at St. Joseph, Mich., March 17, 1857; died at Bowling Green, Ky., April 7, 1894.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|------|
| How Often..... | 1884 |
| If I Should Die To-night...
. | 1884 |

KING, HENRY

Born at Worminghall, Buckinghamshire, England, in January, 1592; died at Chichester, England, September 30, 1669.

- | | |
|---|------|
| A Contemplation upon Flow-
ers | 1417 |
| On the Life of Man | 2729 |

KINGSLEY, CHARLES

*Born in Devonshire, England, June 12, 1819; died at Eversley, England, Janu-
ary 23, 1875.*

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| Airly Beacon | 1022 |
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| Margaret to Dolcino | 1181 |
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KINNEY, COATES

Born near Penn Yan, Yates County, N. Y., November 24, 1826; died in Ohio in 1904.

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KIPLING, RUDYARD

Born at Bombay, India, December 30, 1865; now lives in Sussex, England.
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Certain Maxims of Hafiz	1843	LAMAR, MIRABEAU BUONAPARTE
Commonplaces	1880	<i>Born at Louisville, Ga., August 16, 1798; died at Richmond, Texas, December 19, 1859.</i>
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Danny Deever	2221	
Dedication, A	3566	
"Fuzzy-Wuzzy"	2459	
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Gipsy Trail, The	1629	<i>Born at London, England, February 10, 1775; died at Edmonton, England, December 27, 1834.</i>
Gunga Din	2222	Anger 107
Jane Smith	1858	Hester 3319
Jam-pot, The	1871	Housekeeper, The 1468
L'Envoi	3284	Old Familiar Faces, The 437
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Mandalay	2532	
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Recessional	2176	<i>Born at London, England, in 1764; died in 1847.</i>
Vampire, The	1027	Anger 107
		Choosing a Name 13
KNOWLES, FREDERIC LAWRENCE <i>An American writer, born in 1869, died in 1905.</i>		LANDON, LÆTITIA ELIZABETH
"If Love Were Jester at the Court of Death"	3260	<i>Born at London, England, August 14, 1802; died at Cape Coast Castle, Africa, October 15, 1838.</i>
Last Word, The	653	The Shepherd Boy 254
Laus Mortis	3267	
Love Triumphant	1119	LANDOR, WALTER SAVAGE
Memory, A	1118	<i>Born at Warwick, England, January 30, 1775; died at Florence, Italy, September 17, 1864.</i>
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To Mother Nature	1261	Around the Child 342
KNOX, WILLIAM <i>Born at Firth, Roxburghshire, Scotland, August 17, 1789; died at Edinburgh, November 12, 1825.</i>		Brier, The 1420
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LAIGHTON, ALBERT <i>Born at Portsmouth, N. H., in 1829; died there in 1887.</i>		One White Hair, The 348
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Marshes of Glynn, The.... 1382
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- LANIER, SIDNEY and CLIFFORD**
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- LANIGAN, GEORGE THOMAS**
Born on the St. Charles river, Canada, December 10, 1845; died at Philadelphia, Pa., February 5, 1886.
A Threnody..... 2001
- LARCOM, LUCY**
Born at Beverly, Mass., in 1824; died at Boston, April 17, 1893.
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- LATHROP, GEORGE PARSONS**
Born at Oahu, Sandwich Islands, August 25, 1851; died in 1898.
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Born at New York City, July 22, 1849; died there in 1887.
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Born at Liverpool, England, January 20, 1866; now living in New York City.
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Born at New Orleans, La., October 30, 1884; now living at Honolulu, Hawaii.
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- LEAR, EDWARD**
Born at London, England, May 12, 1812; died at San Remo, Italy, in 1888.
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Nonsense Verses..... 1989
- Owl and the Pussy-cat, The** 1984
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- LEARNED, WALTER**
Born at New London, Conn., June 22, 1847; still lives there.
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Born near Dublin, Ireland, March 26, 1838; died there October 22, 1903.
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Born at London, England, January 6, 1845; died at the Bagni di Lucca, Italy, September 7, 1907.
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Born near Sheffield, England, January 3, 1856; now living in Bucks, England.
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- LEIGH, HENRY SAMBROOKE**
Born at London, England, March 29, 1837; died there, June 16, 1883.
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- LELAND, CHARLES GODFREY**
Born at Philadelphia, Pa., August 15, 1824; died in 1903.
El Capitan-General 1958
Hans Breitmann's Party ... 2084
The Legend of Heinz von Stein 1960
- LEVER, CHARLES JAMES**
Born at Dublin, Ireland, August 31, 1806; died at Triest, Austria-Hungary, June 1, 1872.
"The Pope He Leads a Happy Life" 2069
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- LEWIS, MATTHEW GREGORY**
Born at London, England, July 9, 1775; died at sea, of yellow fever, May 14, 1818.
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An English writer, born in 1848.
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Born at Brooklyn, N. Y., June 27, 1864; now living in New York City.
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- LOVEMAN, ROBERT**
Born at Cleveland, Ohio, April 11, 1864; present address, Dalton, Ga.
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- LOVER, SAMUEL**
Born at Dublin, Ireland, February 24, 1797; died at St. Heliers, Jersey, July 6, 1868.
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Born at Boston, Mass., October 8, 1816; died at Schenectady, N. Y., September 12, 1891.
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An English writer, now living in London.
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An American writer, born in 1858; died at Philadelphia, Pa., in 1891.
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- LUTHER, MARTIN**
Born at Eisleben, Prussian Saxony, November 10, 1483; died there, February 18, 1546.
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Born in the Weald of Kent, England, about 1554; died at London in November, 1606.
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Born at Kelso, Scotland, June 1, 1793; died at Nice, France, November 20, 1847.
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Born at Cincinnati, Ohio, November 2, 1826; killed in the battle of Chickamauga, September 20, 1863.
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Born at Hagley, Worcestershire, England, January 17, 1790; died there, August 22, 1773.
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- LYTTON, EDWARD GEORGE EARLE LYTTON BULWER [FIRST BARON LYTTON]**
Born at London, England, May 25, 1803; died at Torquay, Devonshire, England, January 18, 1873.
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- LYTTON, EDWARD ROBERT LYTTON BULWER [FIRST EARL OF LYTTON] [OWEN MEREDITH]**
Born at London, Eng., Nov. 8, 1831; died at Paris, France, Nov. 24, 1891.
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Born in County Tipperary, Ire., 1871; now living at East Cambridge, Mass.
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- MACCARTHY, DENIS FLORENCE**
Born at Dublin, Ireland, May 26, 1817; died at Blackrock, near Dublin, April 7, 1882.
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- McCARTHY, JUSTIN HUNTLY**
Born at Liverpool, England, in 1860; now living at London.
 A Ballad of Dead Ladies.... 1726
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- MC CREEERY, JOHN LUCKEY**
Born at Sweden, Monroe County, N. Y., December 21, 1835; died at Duluth, Minn., September 8, 1906.
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Born at Dublin, Ire., April 8, 1823; died at Bristol, Eng., April 25, 1905.
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- MACDONALD, GEORGE**
Born at Hunily, West Aberdeenshire, Scotland, December 10, 1824; died at Ashtead, England, September 18, 1905.
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An American writer, still living.
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- MCGROARTY, JOHN STEVEN**
Born in Luzerne County, Pa., August 20, 1862; now living at Los Angeles, Cal.
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Born at Perth, Scotland, March 27, 1814; died at London, December 24, 1889.
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An American writer still living.
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Born at Clyde, N. Y., January 31, 1829; died at Bath, Steuben county, N. Y., September 13, 1887.
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- MAGINN, WILLIAM**
Born at Cork, Ireland, July 10, 1793; died at Walton-on-Thames, England, August 21, 1842.
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- MAHONY, FRANCIS SYLVESTER [FATHER PROUT]**
Born at Cork, Ireland, in 1804; died at Paris, France, May 18, 1866.
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- MAITLAND, DOLLIE, see RADFORD MRS. ERNEST**
- MALONE, WALTER**
Born in De Soto county, Miss., February 10, 1866; present address, Memphis, Tenn.
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- MANGAN, JAMES CLARENCE**
Born at Dublin, Ireland, May 1, 1803; died in Meath Hospital, June 30, 1849.
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- MANNING, FREDERIC**
An English writer, now living at Edenham, Bourne, Lincolnshire.
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- MANSFIELD, RICHARD**
Born in the island of Helgoland, May 24, 1857; came to America at the age of seventeen; died in 1907.
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- MARKHAM, EDWIN**
Born at Oregon City, Ore., April 23, 1852; now living at West New Brighton, Staten Island.
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Born at Canterbury, England, in February 1564; killed in a street fight at Deptford, England, June 1, 1593.
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Born at Cahors, France, in 1495; died at Turin, Italy, in 1544.
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- MARRYAT, FREDERICK**
Born at London, England, July 10, 1792; died at Langham, Norfolk, England, August 9, 1848.
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- MARSTON, PHILIP BOURKE**
Born at London, England, August 13, 1850; died there, February 13, 1887.
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Born at Owasco, N. Y., January 2, 1856; now living in New York City.
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- MARVELL, ANDREW**
Born at Winestead, in Holderness, Yorkshire, England, March 31, 1621; died at London, August 18, 1678.
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<i>Born in Shropshire, England, in 1874, and now living at London.</i>	<i>Born at Boston, Mass., in 1811; died at Stamford, Conn., October 1, 1874.</i>
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MASON, CAROLINE ATWATER	MEYNELL, ALICE
<i>Born at Providence, R. I., July 10, 1853; now living at Beverly, Mass.</i>	<i>An English writer, born about 1853, and now living at London.</i>
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<i>Born near Tring, England, May 29, 1828; died at South Norwood, England, October 29, 1907.</i>	Lady Poverty, The 2801
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MAY, CURTIS	<i>Born at Langholm, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, September 28, 1735; died at Forest Hill, near Oxford, England, October 28, 1788.</i>
<i>No biographical data available.</i>	The Sailor's Wife 1183
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MAYNE, JOHN	MIDDLETON, THOMAS
<i>Born at Dumfries, Scotland, March 26, 1759; died at London, England, March 14, 1836.</i>	<i>Born, probably at London, England, about 1570; died at Newington Butts, England, in 1627.</i>
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<i>Born in Hampshire, England, in 1828; died at London, May 18, 1909.</i>	<i>Born at Columbia, Pa., September 15, 1846, and still living there.</i>
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<i>Born at Dawlish, Devonshire, England, November 8, 1806; died at London, February 9, 1874.</i>	<i>Born in Wabash District, Indiana, November 10, 1841; died at Oakland Heights, Cal., February 17, 1913.</i>
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Born at Murfreesboro, Tenn., January 16, 1856, and now living at Louisville, Ky.
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Born at Leamington, England, in 1857, and now living at Paris, France.
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Born at Mountmellick, Queen's County, Ireland, May 31, 1847; came to America in infancy; died at Genoa, Italy, in 1908.
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Born at Mid-Calder, Midlothian, Scotland, July 16, 1784; died at Glasgow, September 26, 1846.
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- ROGERS, ROBERT CAMERON**
Born at Buffalo, N. Y., January 7, 1862; died, April 20, 1912, at Santa Barbara, Cal.
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- ROGERS, SAMUEL**
Born at Stoke Newington, England, July 30, 1763; died at London, December 18, 1855.
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Born at Glasshouse, Shinrone, King's County, Ireland, in 1857; now living at Hampstead, England.
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- ROMANES, GEORGE JOHN**
Born at Kingston, Can., May 20, 1848; died at Oxford, Eng., May 23, 1894.
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- ROONEY, JOHN JEROME**
Born at Binghamton, N. Y., March 19, 1866; now living at New York City.
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- ROSCOE, WILLIAM CALDWELL**
Born at Liverpool, England, September 20, 1823; died at Richmond, Surrey, England, July 30, 1859.
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- ROSE, ALEXANDER MACGREGOR**
Born at Tomantoul, South Banffshire, Scotland, August 17, 1846; died at Montreal, Canada, May 10, 1898.
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- ROSS, ALEXANDER**
Born in parish of Kincardine O'Neil, Aberdeenshire, Scot., April 13, 1699; died at Lochlee, Angus, Scot., May 20, 1784.
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An English writer, born about 1575; died at London, May 5, 1623.
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- SACKVILLE, CHARLES [SIXTH EARL OF DORSET AND MIDDLESEX]**
An English writer, born January 24, 1638; died at Bath, England, January 29, 1706.
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Born in the Grisons, Switzerland, December 26, 1762; died there, January 29, 1834.
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Born at Saco, Me., April 22, 1810; died at Boston, Mass., about 1875.
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Born at Highgate, Vt., June 2, 1816; died at Albany, N. Y., March 31, 1887.
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Born at Durham, England, October 18, 1800; died at Bournemouth, England, March 27, 1886.

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Born at Kenneth Square, Chester County, Pa., January 11, 1825; died at Berlin, Germany, December 19, 1878.

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TAYLOR, JEFFREYS

Born at Lavenham, Suffolk, England, October 30, 1792; died at London, October 8, 1853.

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TAYLOR, JOSEPH RUSSELL

Born at Circleville, Ohio, July 10, 1868, and now living at Columbus, Ohio.

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TAYLOR, RACHEL ANNAND

No biographical data available.

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TAYLOR, TOM

Born at Bishop-Wearmouth, near Sunderland, England, October 19, 1817; died at Wandsworth, England, July 12, 1880.

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TAYLOR, VIOLA

No biographical data available.

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TENNYSON, ALFRED [FIRST BARON TENNYSON]

Born at Somersby, Lincolnshire, England, August 7, 1809; died at Aldsworth House, near Haslemere, Surrey, England, October 6, 1892.

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TENNYSON, FREDERICK

*Born at Louik, Ireland, June 5, 1807,
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1898.*

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THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE

*Born at Calcutta, India, July 18,
1811; died at London, England, De-
cember 24, 1863.*

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Sorrows of Werther	816	The High Tide at Gettysburg
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THAXTER, CELIA LEIGHTON		
<i>Born at Portsmouth, N. H., in 1835; died at the Isles of Shoals, August 28, 1894.</i>		
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<i>An American writer; no biographical data available.</i>		
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<i>Born at Boston, Mass., January 16, 1859, and now living at Cambridge, Mass.</i>		
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<i>Born at Aberdeen, Scotland, about 1780; died at Hawkhill, Dundee, Scotland, February 29, 1848.</i>		
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THOMAS, EDITH MATILDA		
<i>Born at Chatham, Medina county, Ohio, August 12, 1854; now living at West New Brighton, Staten Island.</i>		
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<i>Born at Preston, England, Dec. 18, 1859; died at London, Nov. 13, 1907.</i>		
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THOMPSON, JAMES MAURICE		
<i>Born at Fairfield, Ind., in 1844; died in 1901.</i>		
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<i>Born at Richmond, Va., October 23, 1823; died at New York City, April 30, 1873.</i>		
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TICKNOR, FRANCIS ORRAY		
<i>Born in Baldwin county, Ga., in 1822; died near Columbus, Ga., in 1874.</i>		
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TILTON, THEODORE

Born at New York City, October 2, 1835; died there in 1907.
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TIMROD, HENRY

Born at Charleston, S. C., December 8, 1829; died at Columbia, S. C., October 6, 1867.

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TIPPLE, E. H.

An English writer, living in India.
Hot Weather in the Plains—India 3032

TODHUNTER, JOHN

Born at Dublin, Ireland, December 30, 1839, and now living at London, England.
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TODI, JOCOPONE DA

Born at Todi, in the province of Perugia, Italy, about the middle of the thirteenth century; died in 1306.
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TOPLADY, AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE

Born at Farnham, Surrey, England, November 4, 1740; died at London, August 11, 1778.
Rock of Ages 3547

TORRENCE, FREDERIC RIDGELEY

Born at Xenia, Ohio, November 27, 1875, and now living in New York City.
The Conclusion of the Whole Matter 2777

TOWNSEND, MARY ASHLEY

Born at Lyons, N. Y., in 1832, and died in 1901.
Embryo 2900

TRAILL, HENRY DUFF

Born at Morden Hill, Blackheath, England, August 14, 1842; died at London, February 21, 1900.
After Dilettante Concetti 1876

TRENCH, HERBERT

Born at Avoncore, County Cork, Ireland, in November 1865, and now living at Richmond Hill, Surrey, England.

A Charge 2787
"I Heard a Soldier" 907

TROUBETZKOY, AMÉLIE RIVES, see RIVES, AMÉLIE.

TROWBRIDGE, JOHN TOWNSEND

Born at Ogden, Monroe county, N. Y., September 18, 1827; and now living at Arlington, Mass.

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TUCKER, ST. GEORGE

Born in the island of Bermuda, July 10, 1752; died at Warminster, Nelson county, Va., November 10, 1828.

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TURNER, CHARLES TENNYSON

Born at Somersby, Lincolnshire, England, July 4, 1808; died at Cheltenham, England, April 25, 1892.

Letty's Globe 253
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TURNER, ELIZABETH

An English writer for children, who died in 1846.

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TYNAN, [HINKSON] KATHARINE

Born at Cloodalkin, County Dublin, Ireland, in 1861, and now living at Clanberg, Shankill, County Dublin, Ireland.

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U**UPSON, ARTHUR WHEELOCK**

Born at Camden, N. Y., January 10, 1877; died in 1908.

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Song, "Flame at the core of the world" 1117
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UPTON, JAMES

Born at Winslow, Cheshire, England, December 10, 1670; died at Taunton, England, August 13, 1749.

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USHER, JOHN

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Born at New York City, and still living there.

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VAUGHAN, HENRY

Born at Newton-by-Usk, in the parish of Llansaintffraed, Brecknockshire, Wales, April 17, 1622; died there, April 23, 1695.

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VAUTOR, THOMAS

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VAUX, THOMAS, [SECOND BARON VAUX OF HARROWDEN]

An English writer, born in 1510; died at London, in October, 1556.

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VENABLE, WILLIAM HENRY

Born in Warren County, Ohio, April 29, 1836; and now living at Cincinnati, Ohio.

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VERE, EDWARD DE [SEVENTEENTH EARL OF OXFORD]

An English writer, born April 2, 1550; died at Newington, Middlesex, England, June 24, 1604.

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VERY, JONES

Born at Salem, Mass., August 28, 1813; died there, May 8, 1880.

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VILLON, FRANÇOIS

Born at Paris in 1431; died about 1484.

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WADDINGTON, SAMUEL

Born at Boston Spa, Yorkshire, England, November 9, 1844, and now living at London.

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WALLER, EDMUND

Born at Coleshill, Hertfordshire, England, March 3, 1606; died at Beaconsfield, England, October 21, 1687.

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Born at Limerick, Ireland, in 1810; died at Bishop Stortford, England, January 19, 1894.

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WALSH, WILLIAM

Born at Abberley, Worcestershire, England, in 1663; died at London, March 18, 1708.

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WALTON, IZAAK

Born in Staffordshire, England, August 9, 1593; died at Winchester, England, December 15, 1683.

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WARD, ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

Born at Boston, Mass., August 31, 1844; died there, January 28, 1911.

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WARD, LYDIA AVERY COONLEY

Born at Lynchburg, Va., January 31, 1845, and now living at Wyoming, N. Y.

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WARNER, CHARLES DUDLEY

Born at Plainfield, Mass., September 12, 1829; died in 1900.

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WARTON, THOMAS

Born at Basingstoke, England, in 1728; died May 21, 1790.

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WASSON, DAVID ATWOOD

Born at West Brooksville, Me., May 4, 1823; died at West Medford, Mass., January 21, 1887.

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WASTELL, SIMON	WEBBE, CHARLES
<i>Born, probably at Wasdale, Cumberland, England, date unknown; died at Northampton, England, in January, 1632.</i>	<i>An English writer, living in the latter half of the seventeenth century.</i>
<i>Man's Mortality</i> 3193	<i>Against Indifference</i> 593
WATSON, MINOR	WEBSTER, AUGUSTA
<i>No biographical data available.</i>	<i>Born at Poole, Dorset, England, January 3, 1837; died at Kew, England, September 5, 1894.</i>
<i>Constancy</i> 3261	<i>The Pine</i> 1364 <i>The Violet and the Rose</i> 1457
WATSON, ROSAMUND MARRIOTT	WEBSTER, JOHN
<i>Born at London, England, in 1863, and still living there.</i>	<i>An English writer, born about 1580, and died about 1625.</i>
<i>Ave atque Vale</i> 339	<i>A Dirge</i> 3218
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WATSON, WILLIAM	WELLS, CAROLYN
<i>Born at Burley-in-Warfedale, Yorkshire, England, August 2, 1858; now living at London.</i>	<i>Born at Rahway, New Jersey, about 1868, and still living there.</i>
<i>Dawn on the Headland</i> 1268	<i>Four Limericks</i> 2020
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WATTS, ISAAC	WERNER, ALICE
<i>Born at Southampton, England, July 17, 1674; died at Theobalds, Herts, England, November 25, 1748.</i>	<i>Born at Trieste, Austria-Hungary, June 26, 1859, and now living at London.</i>
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<i>Born at St. Ives, Huntingdonshire, England, October 12, 1832; died at Putney Hill, England, June 7, 1914.</i>	<i>Born at Epworth, Lincolnshire, England, December 28, 1707; died at London, March 29, 1788.</i>
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WAUGH, EDWIN	WEST, JOHN [FIRST EARL DE LA WARR]
<i>Born at Rochdale, Lancashire, England, January 29, 1817; died at New Brighton, England, April 30, 1890.</i>	<i>Born in England, April 4, 1693; died at London, March 16, 1766.</i>
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WEATHERLY, FREDERIC EDWARD	WESTWOOD, THOMAS
<i>Born at Portishead, Somersetshire, England, October 4, 1848, and now living at London.</i>	<i>Born at Enfield, England, November 26, 1814; died in Belgium, March 13, 1888.</i>
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	<i>An English writer, now living at London.</i>
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	<i>Born at Seville, Spain, July 11, 1775; died at Liverpool, England, May 20, 1841.</i>
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<i>Born at West Hills, Long Island, N. Y., May 31, 1819; died at Camden, N. J., March 26, 1892.</i>	<i>Born at Dublin, Ireland, September 24, 1789; brought to United States in 1797; died at New Orleans, La., September 10, 1847.</i>
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<i>Born at Boston, Mass., September 15, 1824; died at Milton, Mass., in 1906.</i>	<i>Born at Berlin, Conn., February 27, 1787; died at Troy, N. Y., April 15, 1870.</i>
Equinoctial	"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" 1553
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WHITNEY, HELEN HAY	WILLIAMS, [SIR] CHARLES HANBURY
<i>An American writer, now living in New York City.</i>	<i>Born, probably at Pontypool, Monmouthshire, England, December 8, 1708; committed suicide, November 2, 1759.</i>
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<i>An American writer, born in 1838.</i>	<i>Born at Portland, Me., January 20, 1806; died at Idlewild, near Newburgh, N. Y., January 20, 1867.</i>
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<i>Born at Clapham, near London, England, September 7, 1805; killed by a fall from his horse near Dorking, England, July 19, 1873.</i>	<i>Born at Little Genesee, Alleghany county, N. Y., April 10, 1837; died at Alfred, N. Y., February 2, 1867.</i>
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WILCOX, ELLA WHEELER	WILMOT, JOHN [SECOND EARL OF ROCHESTER]
<i>Born at Johnson Center, Wisconsin, in 1855; now living at Short Beach, Conn.</i>	<i>Born at Ditchley, Oxfordshire, England, April 10, 1647; died there, July 26, 1680.</i>
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<i>Born at Brentworth, Hampshire, England, June 11, 1588; died at London, May 2, 1667.</i>		
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Born in Kent, England, about 1503; died at Sherborne, Dorsetshire, England, October 10, 1542.

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Y**YATES, EDMUND**

Born at Edinburgh, Scotland, July 3, 1831; died at London, England, May 20, 1894.

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YBARRA, THOMAS

An American writer, still living.

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YEATS, WILLIAM BUTLER

Born at Dublin, Ireland, June 13, 1865, and now living at London, England.

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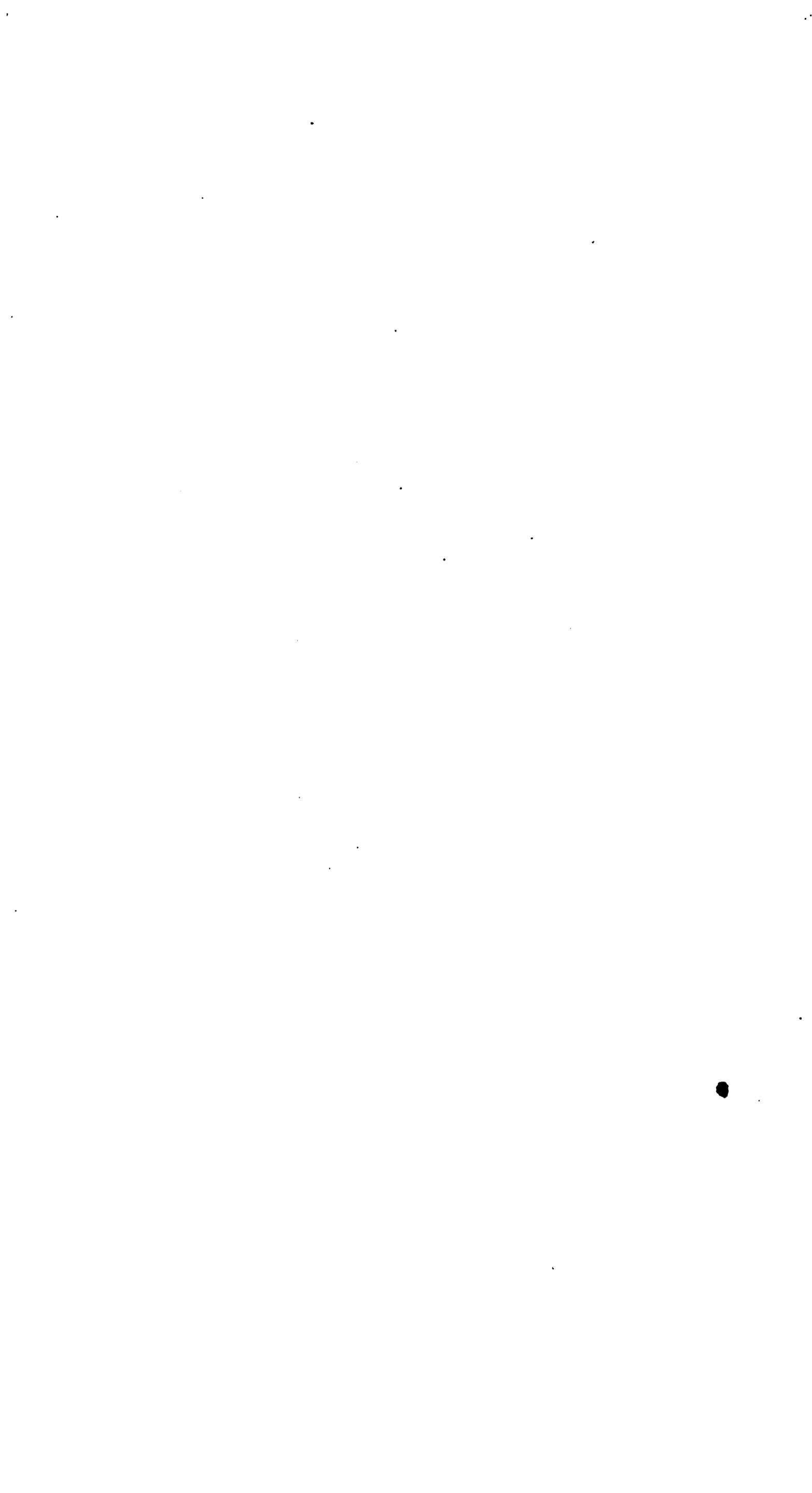
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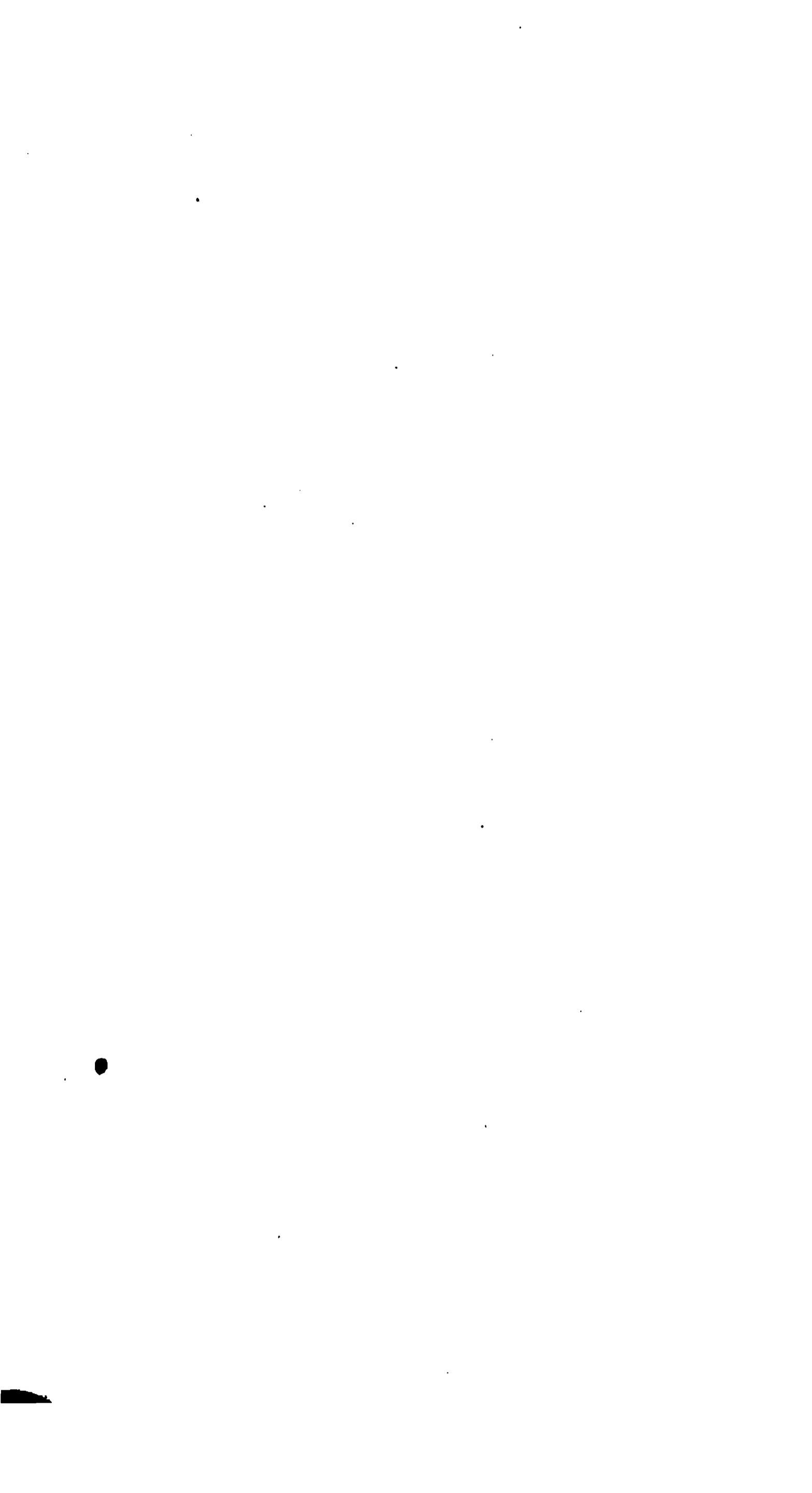
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